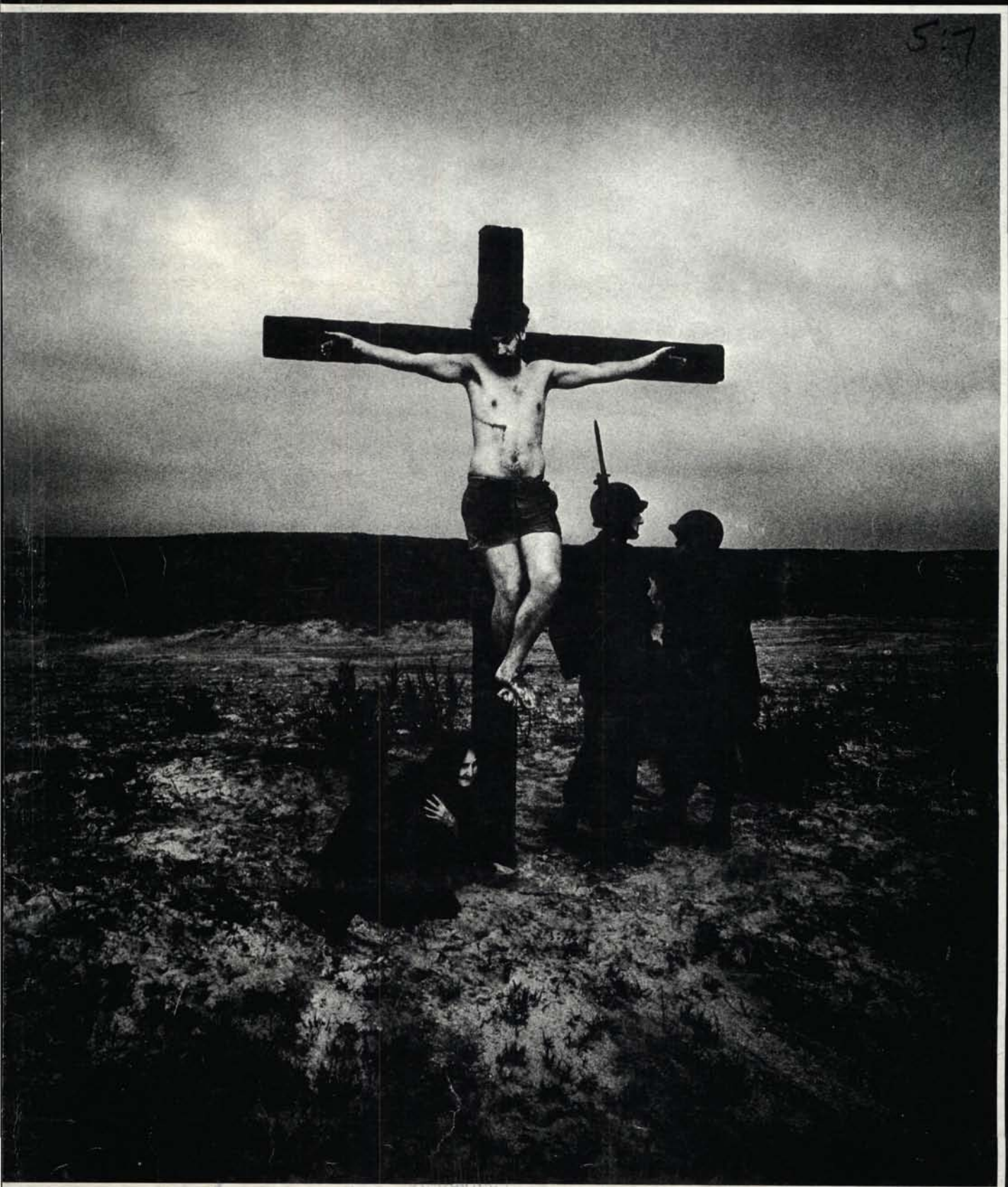
January 1967

Ramparts

Double Issue/75¢



Carl Fischer

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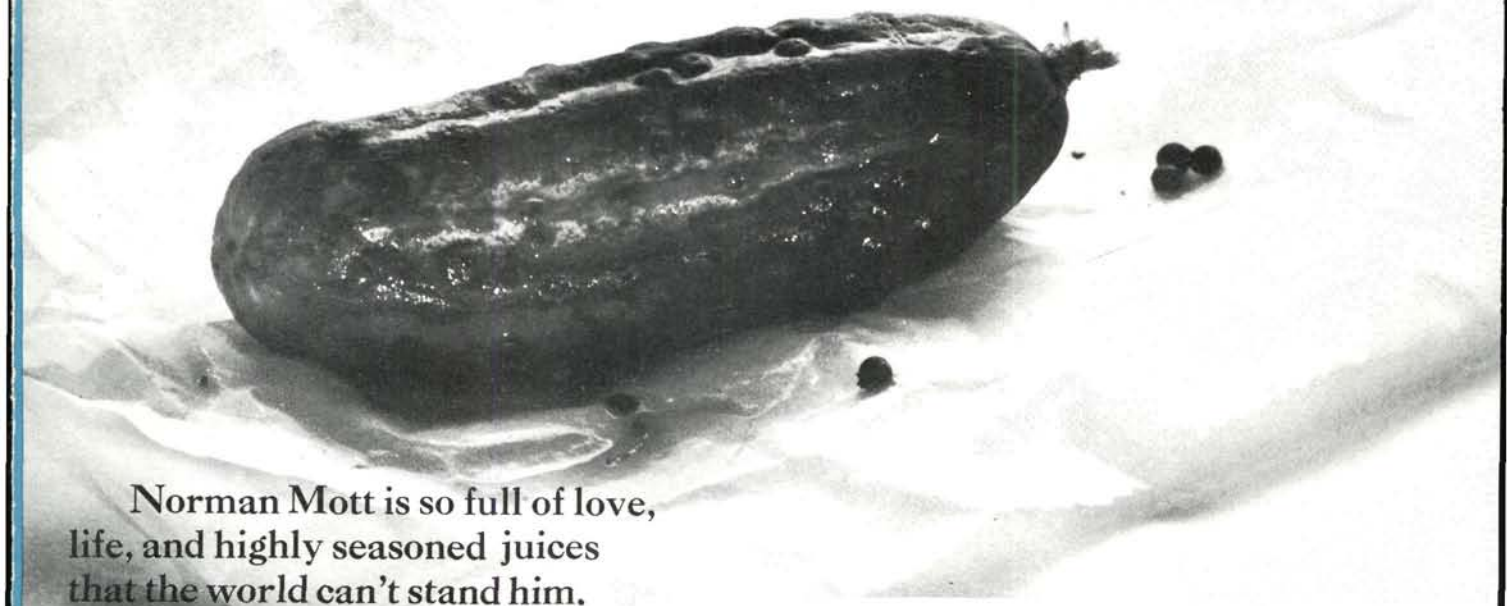
Norman Mott is fat and juicy Just like a kosher pickle.



Norman Mott is so full of love, life, and highly seasoned juices that the world can't stand him.

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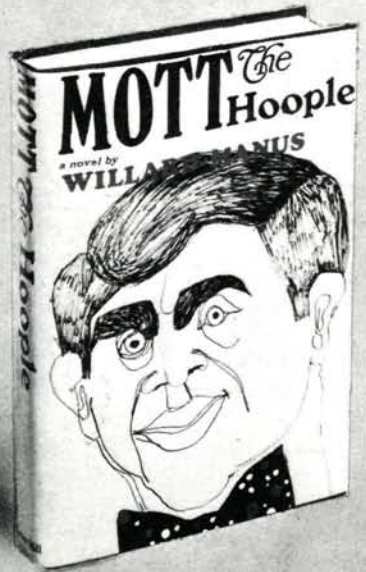
"Mott the Hoople ... is a very winning novel, one of the funniest I've read in years."—*LIFE*



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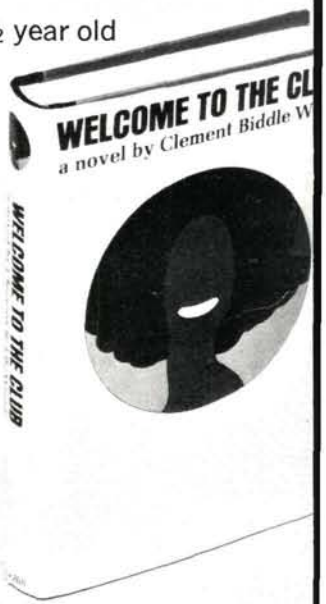
—*London Daily Express*



Welcome to the Club by Clement Biddle Wood $4.95

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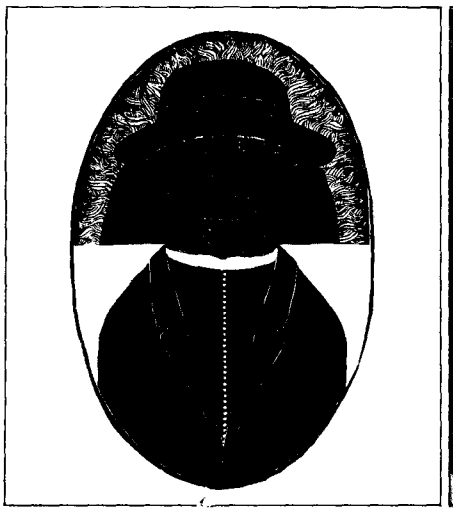

[Page 31] Bishop Pike

[Page 35] LBJ: Black Power

[Page 44] The Children

[Page 69] The Minutemen

Ramparts

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 7 JANUARY 1967

[DOUBLE ISSUE]

MARGINALIA 5

SOREL'S BESTIARY: *Max Lerner* 2

(A separate Marginalia Index on page 5)

ESSAYS

THE BISHOP'S NOT FOR BURNING 31
by Lester Kinsolving

JOHNSON AND THE OIL MEN 35
by Robert G. Sherrill

THEOLOGY & SEX 37
by Marc Oraison
Translated by Leslie Timan

THE MINUTEMEN 69
by Bill Turner

SPECIAL REPORTS

THE CHILDREN OF VIETNAM
Preface 44
by Dr. Benjamin Spock
Photographs and Text 45
by William F. Pepper

THE CASE FOR THREE ASSASSINS 77
by David Welsh & David Lifton

Apologia:

THIS ISSUE is what is called in the magazine business a Double. That means roughly the same thing real people mean when they say it in bars. We have been moved to this excess not by the holiday spirit (humbug), but by the little man (Scrooge) who runs our computer. He reminded us that due to unavoidable circumstances like train wrecks we skipped an issue last fall, and this is by way of making things even. All 104 pages here might hardly suffice to print the share rentals listings in the Christmas Playboy, but we find such quantitative comparisons tedious.

There is a best seller that isn't in print and that nobody can buy, and we suppose we are to blame: *Time of Assassins* by Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. Levittown, N.Y.: Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. 4 Vols. I:495 pp., II:387 pp., III:691 pp., IV: 460 pp. $24. It is, in case you haven't guessed, a phony, reviewed in a satirical review of Warren Commission books in the November RAMPARTS. (See also Letters, p. 5). We thought the satire obvious, but we have been wrong before and booksellers across the country have been besieged with orders for Leboeuf. Although sorry about all that, we are restraining the market society urge to talk to a ghostwriter friend about whipping out something to fill the demand.

Though the Leboeuf caper gave RAMPARTS an embarrassed moment or two, things, ladies, were worse at the Boston Globe. Two Globe ace reporters went out of their way to dismiss many of the Warren Commission critics, including and especially RAMPARTS, as irresponsible and unbelievable. Then the authors postulated that the Commission should be reopened anyway, because despite these crackpots, what they considered substantive questions had been raised in really serious works about the assassination, among which, the Globe reported, was the study of Ulov G. K. Leboeuf of Levittown . . .

Three years ago we sat with Broadway producer Herman Shumlin in his New York office as he explained why he was producing Rolf Hochhuth's "The Deputy," out of his own sense of frustration at not having realized what was happening in Germany before it was too late, and his conviction that we must not be allowed to forget what monstrous things man is capable of doing to his fellow man in the name of his country. What the United States is doing in Vietnam today, to children, is similarly monstrous. If we need a rationale for printing the article beginning on page 44 it is Mr. Shumlin's. We only hope, in this case, that it is not too late. W.H.

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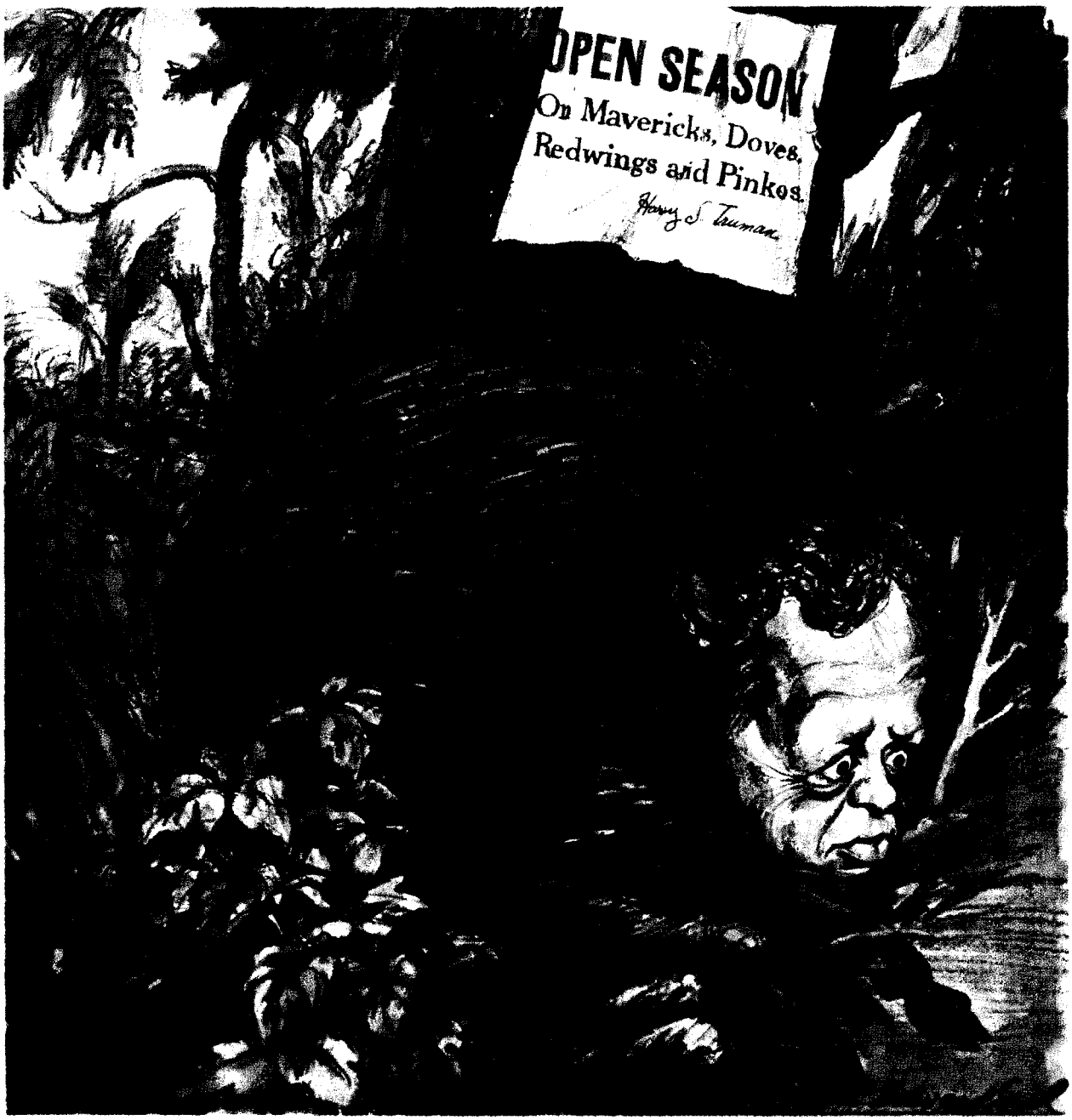

SOREL'S BESTIARY

Common Boar

(*pontificus maximus*)

NUMBER 8

The Common Boar (or Slow Lerner as he is sometimes called) can be recognized by his short stature, unkempt appearance, and his small but sensitive snout, which enables him to tell exactly which way the wind is blowing. He is also known for swimming along with the tide, which may account for the fact that he once jumped headlong into the Bay of Pigs. Psychoanalytic naturalists attribute this behavior to intense Castro-ation anxiety. Although not a hunter by disposition, this pig once joined with lower species to prey upon the Horned-Rimmed Rosenberg (*vita extincta*).

Pontificus is in great demand for cocktail parties, television panels, and Hadassah gatherings due to his ability to deal with the insignificant in a profound and condescending manner. While boars are quite common in the academic community, this one must feed alone at the academic trough due to his malodorous position on Vietnam. The young boar is colored with distinctive Marx, but the mature animal would rather be fed than red.

text by Larry Josephson

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☐ Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Retail price $18.85. Your price only $12.90 plus shipping and handling.

☐ Macbeth by William Shakespeare. Retail price $17.85. Your price only $12.90 plus shipping and handling.

TRS-5

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SHOULD WE ALSO FLOOD THE SISTINE CHAPEL SO TOURISTS CAN GET NEARER THE CEILING?

EARTH began four billion years ago and Man two million. The Age of Technology, on the other hand, is hardly a hundred years old, and on our time chart we have been generous to give it even the little line we have.

It seems to us hasty, therefore, during this blip of time, for Man to think of directing his fascinating new tools toward altering irrevocably the forces which made him. Nonetheless, in these few brief years among four billion, wilderness has all but disappeared. And now these:

1) There are proposals before Congress to "improve" Grand Canyon. Two dams would back up artificial lakes into 148 miles of canyon gorge. This would benefit tourists in power boats, it is argued, who would enjoy viewing the canyon wall more closely. (See headline). Submerged underneath the tourists would be part of the most revealing single page of earth's history. The lakes would be as deep as 600 feet (deeper for example, than all but a handful of New York buildings are high) but in a century, silting would have replaced the water with that much mud, wall to wall.

There is no part of the wild Colorado River, the Grand Canyon's sculptor, that would not be maimed.

Tourist recreation, as a reason for the dams, is in fact an afterthought. The Bureau of Reclamation, which has backed them, has called the dams "cash registers." It expects the dams would make money by sale of commercial power.

They will not provide anyone with water.

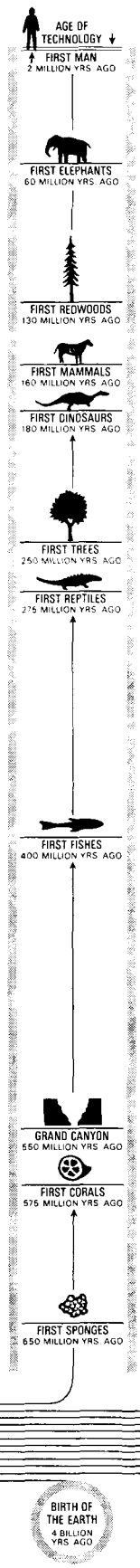
2) In Northern California, four lumber companies have nearly completed logging the private virgin redwood forests, an operation which to give you an idea of its size, has taken fifty years.

Where nature's tallest living things have stood silently since the age of the dinosaurs, much further cutting could make creation of a redwood national park absurd.

The companies have said tourists want only enough roadside trees for the snapping of photos. They offered to spare trees for this purpose, and not much more. The result would remind you of the places on your face you missed while you were shaving.

3) And up the Hudson, there are plans for a power complex —a plant, transmission lines, and a reservoir near and on Storm King Mountain—effectively destroying one of the last wild and high and beautiful spots near New York City.

4) A proposal to flood a region in Alaska as large as Lake Erie would eliminate at once the breeding grounds of more wildlife than conservationists have preserved in history.



5) In San Francisco, real estate interests have for years been filling a bay that made the city famous, putting tract houses over the fill; and now there's a new idea—still more fill, enough for an air cargo terminal as big as Manhattan.

There exists today a mentality which can conceive such destruction, giving commerce as ample reason. For 74 years, the Sierra Club (now with 46,000 members) has opposed that mentality. But now, when even Grand Canyon is endangered, we are at a critical moment in time.

This generation will decide if something untrammelled and free remains, as testimony we had love for those who follow.

We have been taking ads, therefore, asking people to write their Congressmen and Senators; Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall; The President; and to send us funds to continue the battle. Thousands *have* written, but meanwhile, Grand Canyon legislation still stands a chance of passage. More letters are needed and much more money, to help fight the notion that Man no longer needs nature.*

David Brower, Executive Director
Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco

- ☐ Please send me more details on how I may help.
- ☐ Here is a donation of $_____ to continue your effort to keep the public informed.
- ☐ Send me "Time and the River Flowing," famous four color book which tells the complete story of Grand Canyon, and why T. Roosevelt said, "leave it as it is." ($25.00)
- ☐ Send me "The Last Redwoods" which tells the complete story of the opportunity as well as the destruction in the redwoods. ($17.50)
- ☐ I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is $14.00 for entrance and first year's dues.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

*The previous ads, urging that readers exercise a constitutional right of petition, to save Grand Canyon, produced an unprecedented reaction by the Internal Revenue Service threatening our tax deductible status. IRS says the ads may be a "substantial" effort to "influence legislation." Undefined, these terms leave organizations like ours at the mercy of administrative whim. (The question has not been raised with any organizations that favor Grand Canyon dams.) So we cannot now promise that contributions you send us are deductible—pending results of what may be a long legal battle.

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is nonprofit, supported by people who, like Thoreau, believe "In wildness is the preservation of the world." The club's program is nationwide, includes wilderness trips, books and films—as well as such efforts as this to protect the remnant of wilderness in the Americas. There are now twenty chapters, branch offices in New York (Biltmore Hotel), Washington (Dupont Circle Building), Los Angeles (Auditorium Building), Albuquerque, Seattle, and main office in San Francisco.

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Marginalia

LETTERS: L'Affaire Leboeuf 5

EDITORIALS:
Mr. Orwell, Meet Mr. Wirtz 8
A War Against Children 10

EPHEMERA 10

THE SOUTH:
Election Night in Lowndes County *by David Welsh* 12

THE WAR: Bubble Gum Soldiers 16

SOCIETY: The Yellow Submarine *by Paul Krassner* 18

MANNERS AND MORALS: Hair *by Ralph J. Gleason* 20

AUTOBIOGRAPHY:
Memoirs of a Southern Gentleman *by Julian Bond* 21

TRAVEL:
Testing in Tahiti *by G. M. Feigen* 22

ISSUES AND ANSWERS:
An Interview with Dick Gregory 24

BOOKS:
The Emperor's Court *by Adam Hochschild* 25
The Masses Rise Again *by Susan Griffin Levy* 27

ART: Posters for Peripatetics *by Dugald Stermer* 28

L'Affaire Leboeuf

SIRS:

Your editorial and cover story in the November issue are completely nullified by the cheap farce which appears in the book review section. That shoddy "spoof" betrays RAMPARTS' utter lack of commitment where the assassination and the Warren Report are concerned.

This travesty is not only a self-confession of foul taste, cynicism, and opportunism – it is a gratuitous and vicious attack on every researcher and critic of the Warren Report.

It is appalling that the same magazine that produced "Mississippi Eyewitness" could have degenerated to such self-satisfied depravity, such flippancy about serious issues, and such intellectual and moral gangrene.

For all your grandiose crusading against evil, the publication of that sordid lampoon places you in the same camp with the outright pornographers and other befouled merchants who are assassins of the human spirit.

SYLVIA MEAGHER
New York City

SIRS:

RAMPARTS has become famous for its deadly serious critiques of our society's foibles but it is a healthy sign that you have not lost your sense of humor in the process. The Leboeuf spoof was delightfully fresh.

HERBERT WILLIAMSON
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

What made you run that Brackman and Levine piece in the same issue that demands a re-opening of the Kennedy murder investigation? Not that Ephemera wasn't witty and a very polished professional bit of bright college years, but did it do the rest of your issue any good?

Were Brackman and Levine so deucedly clever as to be making some sort of comment on the actual turgid governmentese of the Warren Report in a highly oblique but doubtless devastating way?

That Ephemera column makes me a little suspicious. Could the entire issue be a parody of Vladimir Nabokov's prose techniques? Or did the Powers That Be make you give Brackman and Levine, if not equal space, then their day in court, too?

TONY VELIE
New York City

SIRS:

I have just read with disgust the extremely unfunny and totally stupid bit of drivel by Brackman and Levine. It is a serious discredit to RAMPARTS and at sharp variance with its usual standards that valuable space was given to such worthless and malicious trash.

RAYMOND MARCUS
Los Angeles, California

SIRS:

After reading the Brackman-Levine "review" of Leboeuf's intriguing book on the Kennedy assassination, I came across the following passage in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle which provides further evidence for Leboeuf's theory of the conspiracy:

A.D. 617. This year was Ethelfrith, king of the Northumbrians, slain by Redwald, king of the East-Angles; and Edwin, the son of Ella, having succeeded to the kingdom, subdued all Britain, except the men of Kent alone, and drove out the Ethelings, the sons of Ethelfrith, namely, Enfrid, Oswald, Oswy, Oslac, Oswood, Oslaf, and Offa.

It appears that the assassination of

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Kennedy is part of a continuing blood feud between the descendents of Edwin and of Ethelfrith. Leboeuf is correct in distinguishing five Oswalds, and, in fact, it is quite possible that a 6th, a descendent of Offa, may have been involved. (It is a little too far-fetched to consider that the Enfrid family had anything to do with the conspiracy.)

Obviously, the scope of the Warren Commission's investigation was far too limited to have uncovered the historical basis for the assassination. Why were there no Anglo-Saxon scholars or genealogists hired by the Commission? Certainly "Warren is in trouble."

JONATHAN BECKWITH
Cambridge, Massachusetts

THE ASSASSINATION

SIRS:

The November issue has left me breathless. Most of the reaction around here seems to hinge between nervous chagrin and restless anticipation at your disclosures of the incredible lapses in the Warren Report. While it is true that nearly all concerned Americans are aware that *something* went wrong in the official report, your magazine has nevertheless performed an excellent public service in reporting the efforts of Penn Jones, Jr., in printing the questions raised in David Welsh's article. I used to think that we would never in our lifetimes know the truth of the assassination. Now I feel there is a chance that we might. A word of caution: remember the fate of others probing into the tragic events, and take all necessary precautions . . .

MICHAEL H. AGRANOFF
New York City

SIRS:

I read with great concern the article in your November 1966 issues "In the Shadow of Dallas." Like so many others, I had felt uneasy about the results of the Warren Commission's findings, but felt that "someone else" would protest about it.

I've read many articles on the subject since the Commission's report, but none have struck me with such a sense of urgency as yours did.

Now I feel that it is everyone's duty to see to it that there is some new type of investigation into this matter. I feel that we must do our best to have the truth ready to present to our children when they are old enough to understand the impact of this act.

PATRICIA A. SCHNEIDER (MRS.)
Los Angeles, California

SIRS:

I have been very much interested in the medical aspects of this case, and am surprised that no physicians have spoken up to question the veracity of events described.

For example, to expect a single bullet to have passed through the President, then through the governor's chest, smashing a rib, then through his arm shattering a bone, then penetrate the thigh, striking the femur and bouncing back out is preposterous.

Anyone having experience with bullet wounds knows that bullets do not bounce out of tissues. Once a bullet penetrates, the soft tissues close over the track, and it is not easy to find the track, or even extract the bullet, even when grasped firmly with an instrument.

You may be interested to know that in the Journal of the American Medical Association, Vol. 187 #1, p. 15 there is a brief report of the Kennedy autopsy findings; the following is a quotation from the same:

The first bullet hit Kennedy in the upper part of the right shoulder. The bullet did not go through his body and was recovered during the autopsy.

The second bullet hit Texas Governor John B. Connally who was riding in the President's car.

The third bullet hit Kennedy in the back of the right side of the head, a small fragment of this bullet also angled down and passed out through Kennedy's throat, it was reported.

We now have, admittedly, three bullets fired. It is not clear who gave this report to the American Medical Association, but the article states that the autopsy report was turned over to the Secret Service.

What is most implausible is the brief explanation of the neck wound having been caused by a fragment of the bullet striking the skull. This would require this fragment to traverse a fantastic course—traversing through the brain and the inferior portion of the skull, then performing a horizontal path out through the neck.

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The doctors at the Parkland Hospital who first saw and treated the President described a large laceration of the pharynx and trachea which indicates a larger wound internally than the small one on the anterior surface of the neck. Therefore, I believe the path of this bullet traveled from front to back.

This then would seem to indicate four bullets. One in the President's right shoulder, one through the governor, one though the President's neck and one in the head.

NATHAN JACOBS, M.D.
Sierra Madre, California

SIRS:

I'll make anybody a bet of a few dollars to a plugged nickel that nothing ever comes of Penn Jones' article on the Kennedy assassination. Simply because there is nothing more to tell.

Remember the Lindbergh kidnapping? There are still people who think that was a frame-up.

How kooky can you get?

FRANK CRUM
White City, Oregon

SIRS:

Despite Time magazine's assessment of your articles on the Kennedy assassination I found the unanswered and otherwise uninvestigated questions enormously disturbing. I hope there will be more from Mr. Jones.

As a long-time reader of RAMPARTS I am convinced, with each issue, it's worth 75¢ if only to see Mr. Stermer's magnificent work.

RICHARD HENDEL
Providence, Rhode Island

SIRS:

You, and others who publish information on the Kennedy assassination are doing the nation a good service and I hope you can flush the truth from the situation. The Warren Commission's report was and is an insult to the intelligence of the American people, and to their sense of decency.

Not to change the subject, but your use of the mystic filth of Allen Ginsberg was also an insult to your readers, be they clean or dirty. After four years of naval service and some Merchant Marine service, I am not easy to shock, but your November issue did shock me.

I do not question the "right" of Mr. (?) Ginsberg to masturbate if he wishes; but in public? And on a typewriter? And in the pages of *your* magazine?

If you wish to help A. G. with this kind of "writing" that is your privilege, but to do it with both of you in the bathroom, with the door *shut* and the blinds pulled. Meanwhile I look forward to the remainder of your work on the Dallas affair.

REVEREND JOHN M. MYERS
Oakland, California

COLOR CHICAGO WHITE

SIRS:

Not a Chicagoan, I can't comment on the accuracy of Gene Marine's "I've Got Nothing Against the Colored, Understand." [RAMPARTS, November 1966]. What I can believe, even feel, is the sense of frustration about which he writes. Gene Marine's article reveals a sense of anguish that is rooted in his honesty and sincerity. And they are qualities which urge me to believe and appreciate what he says.

What I cannot appreciate is his monumental gaffe of flippantly awarding Flatbush to Queens! Brooklynites are generous, but not that generous.

BERARD GUINNESSEY
Washington, D.C.

SIRS:

I'm writing to compliment you on your superb November issue. I can think of no issue of any magazine that held my interest in every article from cover to cover.

I was much impressed with Gene Marine's article on last summer's race riots in Chicago Lawn and Cicero. I also feel sick and angry and helpless when I meet one of the Rons or Father Foleys, some of whom are relatives.

ROBERT E. HOWDEN
Bellewood, Illinois

SIRS:

Amen to the conclusion of Gene Marine's report on the white citizens of Cicero, Illinois: They must be told what the laws of this country are, and told to obey 'em. Especially the recent immigrants from Czechoslovakia, etc. They took an oath to support the Constitution. Show it to them in black and white. At present they don't seem to believe it exists.

PETER SEEGER
Beacon, N. Y.

GOLLY GEE . . . AGAIN?

SIRS:

Re: Issue on California Politics [Oct.]:

Too much muck—not enough raking.

ALICE FISCHGRUND
Menlo Park, California

SIRS:

Now that lust for sensationalism has cut all ties between RAMPARTS and responsible reporting, I would love to see you do an article on Senator Fulbright — along the same general lines as the one which so deliciously vivisected Pat Brown. So if you decide you must mention Fulbright's stand on Vietnam, do it in one well-concealed sentence. You know, like the one which so skillfully hid Brown's tireless and courageous fight against Proposition 14 in 1964.

Mostly, of course, I shall expect you to bear down on Fulbright's failure, as an Arkansas senator, to lead the fight for miscegenation and then to fill in with juicy morsels and goodies that make for witty writing and result in Fulbright's appearing like a dolt.

Please try to do this not just any time that constructive criticism might make a good story, but when the senator runs for re-election. And if he happens to run against a far-out right wing buffoon, remember to reassure your readers that there's no real difference between the two candidates.

I thought you did that beautifully in the Brown-Reagan job. Like emphasizing the 16-year appointments of University Regents and not mentioning a word about the State Board of Education. You know, of course, that the neanderthal Rafferty has been held in check by people like Tom Braden and Bill Norris, both of whose appointments expire next December. So what the hell; Reagan appoints more Raffertytypes and maybe our kids' books get redone a bit.

That leaves out (as it should) all possibility that political people in a pluralistic society might sometimes have to compromise with reality. And above all it gets the real message across: if we want to be saved from perdition, we'd better elect the Keatings and Scheers. For they are pure and messianic, and only they can turn this lousy, grubby earth into an Instant Paradise.

HAROLD WILLENS
Los Angeles, California

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SIRS:

Congratulations on your contribution to the election of our brave new chromium governor! Magnificent job!!

I wonder that you can look yourselves in the mirror in the morning. You have given us a new motto—when presented with two evils, by all means choose the worst.

MARJORIE C. BRUCE
Berkeley, California

MISCELLANY

SIRS:

When you express an opinion—and it must only be an opinion—that "Mr. (Penn) Jones maintains the only extant collection of barbed wire we know of in the U.S. . . ." [Apologia, November 1966], then you have really flipped as informed men and women.

I give you:

The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society Museum, Canyon, Texas, which has a fine collection, all mounted and catalogued. Cited is C. Boone McClure's *History of the Manufacture of Barbed Wire*, P-P Historical Review, Vol. XXXI, 1958.

Also *Huaco Wire Sales Co.*, Waco, Texas . . . and there are many other large collections and men and women buying and selling it.

HARRY E. CHRISMAN
Denver, Colorado

SIRS:

Great is not enough, but wait until a better piece of praise have I.

So simply let me urge you to sustain the lively great publication you now afford the reading audience. Success you richly deserve, readers you can always get.

JIM CUNNINGHAM
New York Daily News
New York City

SIRS:

Niki St. Phalle and Jean Tinguely may be artists but when they created "She" [RAMPARTS, November 1966] it made them sick, very sick artists. A healthy person does not require such bizarre spectacles for happiness.

FRANCES BORYS
Chester, Montana

Mr. Orwell, Meet Mr. Wirtz

ALTHOUGH MR. WILLARD WIRTZ, the secretary of labor, has enjoyed a reasonably functional but undistinguished career in that post, he delivered a speech last month that automatically qualified him as Presidential timber for 1984.

The secretary suggested that every youth in the nation be allowed to register at the age of 18 with an "opportunity board" which would channel him, like through a carrot sorter, into some form of military service, education or employment.

Mr. Wirtz suggested that the program would be socially constructive and more popular than going to Nazareth to register for the census and that therefore there would be no need for compulsion against deviant and nonconforming 18-year-olds. On the other hand, he warned, ". . . the affording of this opportunity warrants the insistence on the obligation to use it."

We would have thought Mr. Wirtz had merely blown his mind were it not for the fact that his Orwellian suggestion fits a pattern of recent pronouncements by aging New Frontiersmen.

Not the least of these is Secretary of Defense McNamara, a man who considers himself a liberal and who many Washington liberals consider a progressive. Mr. McNamara, who has already suggested the feasibility of some form of universal military training, but with options for the squeamish for a stint in the Job Corps or Forest Corps, recently announced that the Armed Services would begin lowering mental and physical standards for acceptance into that compulsory profession as part of a "humanitarian" salvage system for lower income and minority youth.

Mr. McNamara termed an "inequity" the prospect that these underprivileged kids might otherwise be denied the educational, moral and vocational opportunities that the Armed Forces could provide them.

If all this sounds to you suspiciously like the seeds of a movement to utilize the coercive military system to cope with burgeoning social problems and to head off social unrest, we suspect you are right.

What may be the official rationale for this trend among Kennedy-style liberals came, bang-bang after McNamara and Wirtz, in a pernicious article in the New Republic by the former New Frontier brain truster, Mr. Daniel Moynihan.

Mr. Moynihan believes that the day has passed for popular movements, the civil rights movement and anti-poverty movements among them, to force effective national reforms. Now the injured and oppressed of society should hand over their causes to the more sophisticated "professional reformer."

Such a "professional reformer," (and presumably Mr. Moynihan would, if pressed, include himself in that select group), would be quick to see, for instance, the opportunities that the Selective Service System affords for social change, he suggested.

One of the most effective ways for Negroes to make it in this society, Mr. Moynihan said, is the Army way. The sight of Negroes fighting in Vietnam, he said, "may be the single most important psychological event in race relations in the 1960's," since "acquiring a reputation for military valor is one of the oldest known routes to social equality."

Mr. Moynihan is enough of a serious intellectual to openly admit the logical extension of his position: "Expectations of what can be done in America are receding. Very possibly our best hope is seriously to use the Armed Forces as a socializing experience for the poor."

This is the new, tough, liberal pragmatism: Any political program, or even populist uprising, that might suggest any change in the social priorities of society is Utopian and hopeless. There can be no really equalizing legal opportunities for the Negro or the poor. The practical and close-at-hand solution is the military, which has the advantage of working. Isn't it working in Vietnam? Isn't the Defense Depart-

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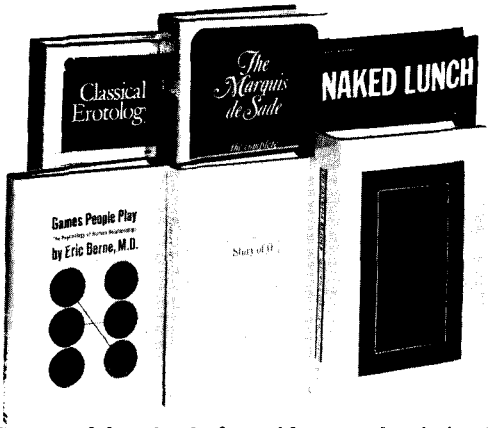

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ment the biggest institution in America?

Frankly, this scares the hell out of us.

Every totalitarian society has found a social purpose to justify its militarism. The Germans, after all, argued that Nazism ended unemployment.

The amazingly easy adjustment of liberal intellectuals like Mr. Moynihan to the failure of this democracy to cope with its social problems is disturbing, indeed; the tendency of these same intellectuals to look to the massive military establishment for the answers their own programs have been unable to provide is thoroughly frightening.

It is perhaps predictably within the essential plurality of this society that such a proto-figure as the conservative governor-elect of California, Mr. Ronald Reagan, should rise unexpectedly in the cause of sanity on this issue. Mr. Reagan, sounding more like Robert Taft or Arthur Vandenberg than the former star of "Bedtime for Bonzo," expressed his opposition to a peacetime draft and suggested that voluntary enlistment should be able to provide the necessary military manpower. This, he said, was the patriotic way.

We feel no more comfortable with the ultimate extension of Mr. Reagan's argument about patriotism than we do with Mr. Moynihan and Mr. Wirtz's position about extended and less selective national service.

But we do not feel it is in the best interest of this society to give the Defense Department, which already has established close to a stranglehold on American life, any new domestic missions. Soldiers, after all, have been known to become crusaders.

A WAR AGAINST CHILDREN

No American can read the article in this issue by Mr. William Pepper and not be horrified by the atrocities that are daily committed in our name.

The war in Vietnam has reached its ultimate and most barbarous stage, with the massiveness of American fire power being brought to bear in rural areas occupied largely by women and children.

The statistics are monstrous. Tens of thousands of Vietnamese children have been terribly burnt by American napalm and are receiving scandalously inadequate treatment. Many are gradually dying. A quarter million children are already dead in this wasteful war, and another three-quarters of a million have been wounded or maimed since 1961.

This destruction of children is not one of those sad but inescapable accidents of war. It is a direct and necessary result of the Johnson Administration's policy of unrestricted and massive bombing of the Vietnam countryside.

This is a policy that, in the face of evidence presented in this magazine, must be halted and halted immediately.

There are certain issues beyond political considerations. The killing of children is one of them.

THE PESSIMIST

Surely even among those whose behavior seems most reprehensible, there must be more mistaken men than maddened monsters, and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, reportedly an avid reader of Yeats in his few spare moments, must occasionally ponder that poet's question, "Was it needless death after all?"

It almost seemed so in early November, when the embattled secretary, during a private defense seminar at Harvard, confessed that "we have yet to pacify a single village in Vietnam." Asked about civilian casualties, Mr. McNamara admitted that "we have no idea" how many or how serious they are; the Saigon government, it seems, doesn't keep track, because "they don't have the same attitude toward human life that we do."

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice? . . .

Possibly the most surprising of the secretary's remarks was his statement that he is "fully in agreement" with the position on Vietnam of Senator Robert Kennedy. However, when questioned further to learn whether this meant that the secretary differed with President Johnson, Mr. McNamara retreated into evasion.

The urbane secretary even blew his cool at one point, under attack from anti-war undergraduates who sought to confront him when he visited with the resident intellectuals at Harvard's Kennedy Institute. The students crowded around McNamara who, obviously disturbed, at one point shouted, "Listen, I went to college too! I was tougher than you guys are then, and I'm tougher than you are now!"

A possible cause of McNamara's pessimism may have been the open hostility exhibited by Harvard students, many of them the sons of prominent citizens. Certainly it must be disconcerting to see the nephew of retiring Senator Leverett Saltonstall standing on top of an automobile shouting, "You're a murderer!"

THE SKIN-IN

In New York's Central Park, it is against the law – or, more accurately, it is in violation of an arbitrarily promulgated regulation of the Parks Commission – for a man to take off his shirt in the hope of getting a summer tan. Nor can a young lady (or an old one) appear in even the most modest bathing dress. Hardly a hardship in winter, this archaic regulation contributes enough additional discomfort during the sticky New York summer so that a protest-minded acquaintance – an English professor who is also a veteran of Mississippi and the peace movement –once attempted, unsuccessfully, to organize a massive display of civil disobedience, to be known as a skin-in.

Within easy walking distance of the park, a lady named Dolores di Salvo operates a 54th Street emporium of booze and entertainment known as the Crystal Room, which is not exactly Sardi's East but not exactly a dive, either. Largely a dispenser of routine libation to middle-aged men, the Crystal Room provides as entertainment one active but not highly talented female dancer, more or less exotic, and one peroxided and whiskey-voiced female vocalist of limited and mildly suggestive repertoire. There are also, inevitably, waitresses in net stockings.

A few weeks ago, Dolores decided

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that it was time for Manhattan to regain its slipping place in the cultural sun, and instructed the waitresses (not without a few advance whispers to strategically placed newsmen) to slip off their halters. New York went topless.

For the benefit of readers in Butte, Montana, and other benighted areas, sophisticated San Franciscans distinguish, rather pointedly, between "topless" and "really topless" (they also distinguish between young ladies the size of whose breasts is artifically enlarged by silicone injection and those whose exhibited endowments are natural, but New York has yet to have to cope with this distinction). Some of the more blaringly trumpeted attractions of San Francisco's Topless Row are really topless, some are not.

Mrs. Gaye Spiegelman, for example – loudly billed as "the topless mother of eight" – keeps a part of her otherwise exposed breasts secret from all except, presumably, the eight offspring and their begetter. In a word, she wears what have long been known on the burlesque circuit as "pasties." She is topless, but not really topless.

So, too, were Dolores' girls in the Crystal Room. The lonely middle-aged customer with a fixation on his mother had to amend his fantasies to account for incongruous patches of purple sequins. The artifice did not, however, deter New York's finest, who promptly –and perhaps with fixations on *their* mothers in the Bronx – busted Dolores' girls for things like lewd display in public.

Following a not unfamiliar pattern among those who see a possible source of profit endangered, Dolores discovered that she and her girls, as Americans, are endowed not only with mammary glands but with certain inalienable rights. An attorney appeared and began to discuss hallowed Amendments by number. Not uncourageously, Dolores put her girls right back to work, still scantily sequinned, and the fuzz simply kept busting them.

There is always, of course, the possibility that the young and progressive image of the Lindsay administration might blur a little with the contention that the female breast is *per se* lewd. Possibly with this thought in mind, the mayor, who has such powers in New York and whom no one would call middle-aged, decided that a change in cabaret rules was called for. Hence, in New York, one not only cannot get sun in Central Park, but if one is female one cannot display in public "the breast or any part of the lower torso."

(Just to add complications, the New York state body which passes on movies allows both bare breasts – without pasties – and *all* of the lower torso, providing only that the latter is seen from behind; ads for the movies, however, must have the breasts covered. But then public morality is not supposed to make any sense anyway. A federal court recently okayed as not obscene a Customs-seized movie called "491," partly on the ground that it wasn't advertised as obscene – thus madly compounding the confusion of the Ginzburg decision.)

All of this will doubtless go to several courts – one suspects more behind the flurry of activity than merely Dolores' altruistic concern for the constitutional right of her waitresses to get sequins into somebody's Scotch and water – and Californians may soon be flocking to a Manhattan "Topless Row" with the same avidity with which New

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Yorkers now seek out San Francisco's Broadway. It hardly matters.

What is likely to strike a successfully weaned observer is the frequency with which public toplessness is described as a symptom of cultural decadence – a word which invariably sets the educated to thoughts of Seutonius and Gibbon. It takes little imagination to see the most idealistic efforts of Medicare and the War on Poverty as attempts to assure every citizen a slice of the *panem*, and from *panem* to *circenses* is an easy association indeed.

"For the convenience of the lazy plebeians," Gibbon wrote, "the monthly distributions of corn were converted into a daily allowance of bread"; and, a few pages later, "the vast and magnificent theaters of Rome were filled by three thousand female dancers"—which leaves Dolores and San Francisco with a little way to go yet. It appears, however, that the courts may follow the Roman precepts; Gibbon goes on to report of the ladies that "when all strangers were banished from the city, the merits of contributing to the public pleasures exempted them from a law which was strictly executed against the professors of liberal arts." As with, one presumes, Central Park.

If further comment is necessary, leave that to Gibbon also: "Such was the state of Rome under the reign of Honorius, at the time when the Gothic army formed the siege, or rather the blockade, of the city."

The Trip

The President of the United States has finally defined the nation's aims.

Johnson told American troops at Camp Stanley, Korea, "Don't forget, there are only 200 million of us in a world of three billion. They want what we've got and we're not going to give it to them."

Viewed objectively – from the point of view say, of an anthropologist from Mars, or even of a sane and concerned official in Whitehall or the Quai d'Orsay – such a statement borders on madness. Certainly the American press should have spread this astonishing remark across its front pages and televised it, repeatedly if necessary, into every living room.

Had they done so, of course – the Presidency being occupied as it is by a petulant man of adolescent insecure vanity and ruthless vindictiveness – contacts built up by reporters over years of careful professional work could disappear overnight. Thus today's news is sacrified to the possibility of other news tomorrow, an understandable if bizarre concept.

But it is difficult to imagine what could be more important to American readers than the story of the President's performance on his Asian trip. His frighteningly xenophobic statements to troops in Korea and Vietnam were only part of his unreported activity.

At a pre-Manila party for the press, President Johnson – who may have stayed at the party a little longer than a prudent official surrounded by reporters should – told a group that neither Rusk nor McNamara knows what's going on in Vietnam. Fascinated reporters were pressing around to find out what he meant when Mrs. Johnson hurried over and led the President away.

The President described the conference itself, at another party, as "a visit to my prime ministers" – a remark that must surely have reached the ears of other heads of state, even though it did not reach most Americans – and during the conference he acted as though it were true. Every other government was required to clear all statements, even those intended for home consumption, with the American delegation, which reserved the right to make changes – and did.

As revealing – and, to some, frightening – as are these manifestations of Johnsonian arrogance, the major failure of the American press was in not telling in detail the story of the massive crowd that "welcomed" President Johnson to Korea. Korean police began to round up the crowd at four a.m., bringing in truckloads of people from outlying provinces to swell the mass and then scouring the side streets of the capital, bayonets fixed, to force still more people into the demonstration. When school children, who had been forced in the first place to attend, tried to get closer to President Johnson, the Seoul police drove them off by beating them with rifle butts.

Reporters were there and heard and saw all of these things. The "we-ain't-going-to-give-it-to-them" speech was taped by at least 15 radio and television reporters. Granting the precariousness of their professional positions, we can nevertheless wonder what the piece of future news might be for which they're saving themselves.

ELECTION NIGHT IN LOWNDES COUNTY

We assert that by definition man is born with human rights. And to secure his civil rights "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them *shall seem most likely to affect their safety and happiness."*

– Declaration of Independence of the Black Panther Movement, Lowndes County, Alabama

ROARING INTO THE STILL ALABAMA NIGHT, west on Highway 80 out of Montgomery, into black country. Pulling up to the black farmer's cottage, headlights flicking on-off, on-off, don't shoot, don't shoot. On the table by the door a loaded shotgun and eight shells – "the heat."

"It's about two and a half miles on down the road," said the man.

The driver made a move to leave, paused on the porch, waited. There are times, when strangers meet and pass, when they want to go beyond the functional question and the functional answer and . . . make contact.

The black men talked, in brief statements, with long pauses between.

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One of these couples is going to need a lawyer.

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-Life Magazine

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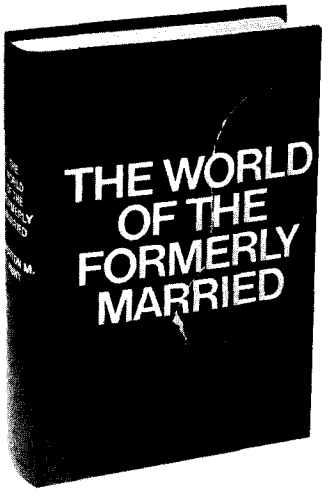

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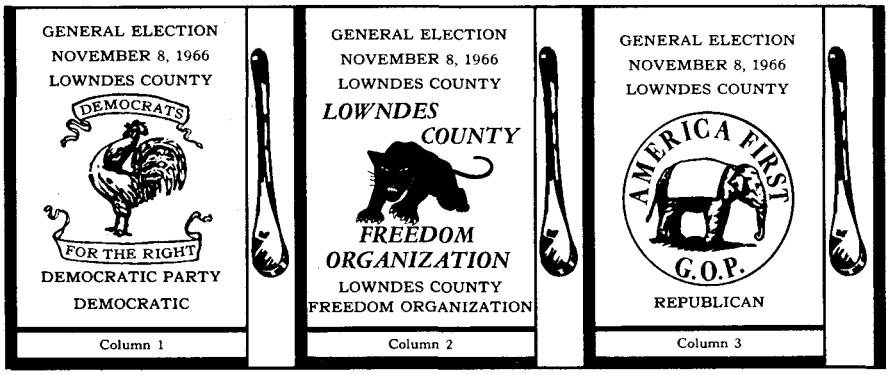

"Hear they almost killed a man down in Fort Deposit."

"Andrew Jones."

"The white man better not try any of that here."

"The white man knows he won't get away with any of that here."

Eight dark, sturdy men grouped about the front yard, standing alert, controlled, motionless, their bodies backlit from the cottage windows, their feet rooted in the red-clay soil; men who live in a permanent state of war, or armed truce, in country occupied by a cruel and oppressive enemy; men who, with their brothers, have formed an unofficial civilian militia and defense guard for the protection of their families – caught in a frieze in that scruffy front yard. The night was still. No one seemed to want to move. Timeless, that moment of mute communication, until one became aware of the farmer speaking. "Just take the gravel road that winds around by the church and on across the highway – about two and a half miles."

"More like ten miles, looks like," thought the city boy at the wheel, steering south on county road 17, past fields heavy with cotton and dead corn stalks, then turning into the beaten grass yard filled with cars and milling people.

The guard stiffened. Seeing a white face he raised his shotgun and advanced slowly toward the stranger's car. They stood, in confrontation, ten feet apart, face to face beside the car. No smiles were exchanged, no pleasant words.

"What do you want?" – low like that, and even.

The stranger identified himself and stated his purpose. The guard, unimpressed, sent a young woman inside the building to check, his eyes and gun still calmly trained on the interloper. In a few minutes the woman returned, moving gracefully, unhurriedly between them, placed her hands on the hips of the youthful guard and murmured something. The guard lowered his gun as casually as he had raised it and walked away.

It was election night at Black Power Headquarters, Lowndes County, Alabama, where blacks were not only voting for the first time, but presenting their own candidates for county offices: a black sheriff for Lowndes County, where the sheriff is power in its most visible form.

[HEADQUARTERS]

IT HAD THE AIR of a victory celebration, despite what looked like certain defeat for sheriff aspirant Sidney Logan Jr. and the six other "Black Panther" candidates of the Lowndes County Freedom Organization. Only it was like no victory celebration American electoral politics had ever seen. There were no vapid speeches, no fulsome promises, no heartfelt thanks to the dedicated campaign workers. There was no entertainment, no food, no booze, not even a soft drink in sight. No social crutches, just people. Knots of people, solemnly discussing politics and war and race, and black control; listening to election results over the radio; or whooping it up in the corner, capping a laugh with a slap to a brother's outstretched hand.

A blackboard stretched across one wall, chalked with job assignments for each precinct. Beside it, a tattered Logan handbill threatened to dislodge the common pin which held it to the wall:

For Sheriff
Sidney Logan Jr.
A MAN FOR A MAN-SIZED JOB

Sidney Logan promises to treat every man as a man, and to give you protection with respect and dignity. Here is his platform:

1. Each person arrested will have all the privileges that are legally his.
2. No person will be forced to submit evidence because of fear of bodily harm.
3. The sheriff will be at all elections so that every voter can vote without interruption.
4. The sheriff will rid Lowndes County of the law officials who have committed crimes either behind the badge or under the sheet.

It was almost as if one had stumbled into a camp of Fidel Castro's guerrillas in the Sierra Maestra. The crowded room bristled with guns, borne by young men in blue jeans, with a hint of Malcolm in their eyes. And the young women in simple dresses, hair "natural." It was in their eyes, too. The Young Turks clustered around Stokely Carmichael, the chairman of SNCC, who listened more than he talked, tired, letting the others talk. A tall man wearing an abbreviated Jomo Kenyatta-style fur jacket and a large gold ring in his ear gestured with a shotgun as he talked, about the white people, about the struggle. Carmichael, his blue denim uniform badly in need of repair, listened, laughed, punctuated.

[WHAT WE WANT]

IN HIS INCISIVE STATEMENT, "What We Want" (N. Y. Review of Books, Sept. 21, 1966), which may well become the Manifesto of black liberation, Carmichael says:

"Ultimately, the economic foundations of this country must be shaken if black people are to control their lives. The colonies of the United States – and this includes the black ghettos within its borders, north and south – must be liberated. For a century, this nation has been like an octopus of exploitation, its tentacles stretching from Mississippi and Harlem to South America, the Middle East, southern Africa and Vietnam; the form of exploitation varies from area to area but the essential result has been the same – a powerful few have been maintained and enriched at the expense of the poor and voiceless colored masses. This pattern must be broken."

Carmichael and other SNCC organizers have no delusions of grandeur. They know they presently command only a small following among their people. They know that the black mi-

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nority, for all its numbers, is still virtually powerless against the white majority. They have seen that the "civil rights" movement, having won no more than token advances, has reached an impasse. But if sympathizers have responded to the impasse with glib optimism and rank despair, Carmichael, SNCC and the militant black Southerners of Lowndes County, having moved beyond the legalistic dialectics of "civil rights," refuse to fall into either trap. Nothing they see warrants optimism, and there is no room left for despair. Working slowly, methodically, "under the low sky of iron necessity," as the poet said, they talk about *struggle*.

[ELECTION]

BLACK PEOPLE organizing politically for power – this, in SNCC's view, is Priority One in the struggle. Integration, acts of Congress, alliances with whites – all are premature and meaningless until blacks can speak from a position of strength. In Lowndes County, where blacks represent 81 per cent of the 15,000 people and 72 per cent of the voting age population, it means taking the reins of power in their own backyard.

Political control of the county will not solve the core problems. Per capita annual income for blacks will not rise substantially above its present $943, and 86 white families will still own 90 per cent of the land. But a black sheriff could end the white terror. A black tax assessor could assess fairly the property of those 86 families. With a black coroner in office, race murders could no longer be written off as "accidental death" or "heart attack." A black board of education could work to provide quality schools, for the first time, to children of both races. Not much, maybe, but for Lowndes County, it's a lot.

On November 8, while Lurleen Wallace, speaking out on the atheist threat, the socialist threat and the beatnik threat, was capturing the Alabama governorship by a 2 to 1 majority, more than 1700 Afro-Americans walked into polling stations in the eight precincts of Lowndes County and voted. Rowland Evans and Robert Novak were right – in Lowndes County it was an act of extremism to vote.

When black people began registering in Lowndes County last year, under the watchful eye of federal registrars appointed under the Voting Rights Act of 1965, the whites retaliated. And the response of the federal registrars, the FBI and the Justice Department was, typically, "We can do nothing." Blacks were threatened, and if they tried to register were thrown off the plantations, or shot at. Some of the displaced families moved in with friends or relatives who owned their own land, or moved out of the county altogether. Others moved their families and meager possessions into Tent City, a small settlement of farm workers living in faded green tents on the edge of a black farmer's land. Tent City is still there, a living monument to a people's courage. On a warm day at twilight, the people who live there sit outside in camp chairs and receive visitors, just as they did when they had a porch.

By Election Day 1966, some 2750 blacks were registered voters – about 400 more than the official count for whites. But numbers are only part of the story. More than a third of the registered black people did not go to the polls; some of those who did voted for the white man. Beyond that, there were widespread irregularities, despite the use of voting machines for the first time in county history. Poll watchers

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from the Freedom Organization were harassed. Sometimes, while black poll watchers were not present, whites who had already voted were seen reentering the polling place, some three and four times.

But the most common irregularity was the "assistance" given the many illiterate black voters in casting their secret ballot, a procedure sanctioned by Alabama law. According to a Justice Department source, this practice alone may have affected as much as 20 per cent of the black vote. The person chosen as "helper" by a high proportion of voters, the man who accompanied them behind the curtain and pulled the lever, was none other than the white election official; many said their boss man had told them to request the official's help. One voter who was told to, and didn't, was evicted from his house on the white man's land shortly after the election.

When the votes were tallied, Sidney Logan Jr. trailed the incumbent sheriff by 1426 to 1943, and the other six black candidates for county office lost by comparable margins. But their showing won them something very concrete. Their organization is now a legally constituted third party, with the Black Panther as its symbol.

In two predominantly black counties of Alabama, Negroes won the general election as nominees of the state Democratic party. Macon County (Tuskegee) now has its first black sheriff since Reconstruction, a black tax collector and a black member of the board of revenue; Greene County elected a Negro minister, running as a Democrat, to the board of education. But the independent black candidates in the black belt counties of Lowndes, Dallas, Greene, Perry, Wilcox and Sumter – where the candidates were responsible to no one but the people they sought to represent – will perhaps prove more significant. Their "freedom organizations" form one base for the future creation of a national Black Panther party, one of SNCC's announced objectives.

In Greene County, where blacks have a 2 to 1 edge in registered voters, the names of independent black candidates for sheriff and tax assessor were stricken from the ballot. A federal court ruled recently that the names should have been on the ballot, and ordered the election for these two offices postponed. The election, when it is held, may result in a Black Panther sheriff for Greene County.

In Dallas County, where blacks number 40 per cent of registered voters, the independents were roundly defeated by 8 to 1 margins. Their failure was a direct result of an alliance between whites and the Negro establishment of Selma, led by the Dallas County Voters League. The Voters League worked industriously for the election of moderate racist Wilson Baker for sheriff over extreme racist Jim Clark. They also endorsed the state Democratic ticket, including Lurleen Wallace.

"We did not give any endorsement to Negroes," said Reverend Frederick Reese, a League official. "First of all we felt they could not win. And we felt they did not necessarily represent the calibre of person that we think should have been running for office, in many instances."

"Those DCVL cats want to be white so bad, it shows in everything they say and do," said a SNCC person. "Well, they'll stay on top of their little second-class kingdom for just so long, and then it's all over baby. The black folk won't want them around, and the whites *for sure* won't want them. They'll be like a man without a country."

But it was the carrot-and-stick system of white domination, a century old, of which the Voters League is only a symptom, that was responsible for the poor showing of black candidates in Dallas County. Open intimidation of voters and poll watchers, arrest of SNCC workers for inciting to riot (getting out the vote) – it's all there, just as if the 1965 "Battle of Selma" had never happened. It showed the futility, in terms of practical political organizing, of the kind of integrationist grandstanding that brought national attention to Selma just two years ago. And it explains why Stokely Carmichael and Sidney Logan aren't begging the whites for *anything*, not any more.

– David Welsh

Bubble Gum Soldiers

The author of this article is a Private First Class in the U.S. Army, now serving in Vietnam. Shortly after he wrote this account of 4th Infantry Division draftees facing combat duty in Vietnam, units of the Division suffered heavy casualties in fierce fighting near the Cambodian border.

PEOPLE ASSUME that "our boys in the service" almost all believe in this war, which just isn't true. In this country there are a small number of people who are really gung-ho in favor of the war, a small number articulately opposed to it, and a large number confused and apathetic who lie somewhere in between. It's the same in the Army; men don't stop thinking when they get into uniform. As the Army is forced to take more draftees and more college students, dissenters in uniform are becoming a major military headache.

It's true that some soldiers actually want to fight in the war—but they are precious few. Before my company of 250 had been told it was being sent to Vietnam, only six of its members had volunteered to go. Three of these told me they were doing it for the money.

For the last few months before I left the United States, I was stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington, a base from which thousands of men have been leaving on the long journey to Vietnam each month. Most of them are not happy about it.

A unit, part of the U.S. 4th Infantry Division, shipped out for Vietnam early last summer. Hundreds of men desperately pulled strings to keep from going. During the month beforehand I worked as a personnel clerk. Each day my desk was flooded with applications for hardship discharges or compassionate reassignments (being discharged

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from the Army or assigned to a base in the U.S. because of some family emergency). The number of these requests rose rapidly as the troopships' sailing date drew closer. By the end the hardship discharge/compassionate reassignment request rate was more than several times the normal flow.

Tactics got more desperate as the shipping-out date approached. One poor fellow took an overdose of sleeping pills when everything else failed. They just pumped out his stomach and put him on the boat. Another G.I. showed up on crutches at the last minute claiming he'd sprained his ankle. One private I knew quietly made a standing offer of $500 to any clerk in my office who would change his orders so he wouldn't be sent to Vietnam.

Men were due back from a final, brief home leave the day before the boats left for Vietnam. When the troopships finally sailed, 146 men had not come back. Some of these straggled in when the ships were safely gone. Most claimed they had been held up by the airlines strike, which was then on. But there was an unspoken assumption in my office that hardly anyone had been delayed who didn't want to be. Some of these 146—I don't know how many—never came back at all.

Once, several months later, I had the job of tracking down an enlisted man who had been shipped to Vietnam with that unit. I found the Army had a record of his getting on the ship, but had none of his getting off in Saigon. I later heard of others like him. I hope they were good swimmers.

A subtle despair, a fear people don't understand, permeated the base. Of course I wasn't in the Army in World War II, but I imagine the mood was pretty different then. Though there undoubtedly were men afraid of being killed or wounded in combat, there surely wasn't the same pervasive doubt. Someone attacked *us* at Pearl Harbor, and I'm sure you wouldn't have found many soldiers who would seriously argue that fighting back wasn't justified.

This mood of fear and discontent now shows up in many ways. For example, there were posters of the Army's Commander-in-Chief—LBJ to you civilians—all over Fort Lewis. You never saw one that wasn't defaced. Usually the President had bubble-gum on his nose, sometimes there was a moustache or horns.

Another thing is the attitude toward the men who manage to avoid getting shipped out for Vietnam. If a guy can beat the system by filing C.O. papers, by claiming a dying mother, by going AWOL, by *any* means, he's not scorned by his fellow enlisted men, he's envied.

WHEN WE JOINED or got drafted, we were all given the usual Army recruiter's pitch about how we'd be given jobs that would use our various skills. When we were inducted, the Army desperately needed infantrymen for Vietnam—cannon fodder—and everyone was hastily trained as a combat soldier. This happened to a friend of mine here who was a professional pilot with 350 hours flying time before he got drafted. A guy I know who graduated from Columbia and speaks fluent Russian is a mortar man. Another fellow with a B.S. in chemistry is in a chemical warfare company—as a truck driver. The Army needs men to fight and die in those rice paddies, and they're taking us.

Morale was already low while our unit was going through infantry training, and it did not improve one day when a soldier complained of chest pains in the middle of a PT exercise. He was forced to keep exercising anyway, and then collapsed and died—of a heart attack at the age of 19.

Then there were the chaplains. I remember one who taught a class in "character guidance" while I was still in basic training. He began with a slightly off-color joke to prove he was one of the boys. Then he lectured us on the virtue of obedience, and about how this virtue was institutionalized in the Army chain of command. You had an obligation to obey your company commander, who was responsible to the battalion commander, and so on up the line until you got to the secretary of defense and then the President, who, it turned out, took his orders from God Himself. Thus, the chaplain reasoned, disobeying an order ultimately meant disobeying the Almighty.

Another time we heard a talk by a chaplain who wore a .45 on his hip. He told us it was not against God's law to kill a Viet Cong. "After all," he said, making an analogy, "if a mad dog foaming at the mouth attacked you, you'd shoot him, wouldn't you?"

HELPLESS PEASANTS in Czarist Russia used to cut off their trigger fingers to avoid being drafted. It takes sheer desperation to make men maim themselves, but I understand now how they felt.

Sometimes I no longer feel able to compromise with my beliefs. One day I simply told my superiors, "Look, I'm just not going to type anything more. I don't believe in it and I won't do it." But an officer said to me, "Here's a stack of papers to be typed, and you'll stay here until you do them." I gave in.

There is little you can do. Once you're in the Army, the alternatives to fighting are too grim: You can refuse to cooperate, and be put in the stockade, but then they simply put you on the ship under armed guards—I saw that happen to men at Fort Lewis. You can desert, and spend five years in prison if you're caught. Or, to try to avoid jail, you can leave the United States forever. I considered these things but decided I couldn't face any of them. Sometimes I worry about explaining that to my children. I got on the troopship when it was time to leave, unable to express my real feelings any more effectively than by putting bubble gum on Johnson's nose.

THE YELLOW SUBMARINE

WHILE A REPORTER asks if "Yellow Submarine" is a drug song and a Beatle replies, "You have a dirty mind," the not necessarily psychedelic branch of the New Left is initiating a revolutionary change in the nature and style of protest by launching a yellow submarine in the Hudson River.

There are those who contend that "yellow submarine" is an underground name in England for the capsule which LSD comes in; there are others who contend that the lyrics have definit

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political implications; there are still others who contend that the Beatles live in a yellow submarine.

If you want to purchase a Polaris submarine, it will cost you exactly $108,284,621.99.

The New York Workshop in Non-Violence builds its yellow submarine at a total debit of $51.73.

The Polaris can obliterate a collection of 16 major cities with nuclear missiles carrying more explosive power than was fired by both sides in all of World War II.

The yellow submarine is filled with bread, balloons, wine, flowers and messages of love, desperation, peace and hope to everybody in the world.

"You know what's wrong with this demonstration?" a navigator asks. "There's no cops."

The march is scheduled to begin at 1 o'clock in the afternoon at Tompkins Square on the east side and wend its way westward across the city to the Gansevoort Pier, but the police have been told 1:30 because these things never start out on time.

Clothes are brightly colored, balloons are yellow, crysanthemums are purple, children are involved, musical instruments range from a kazoo to a trombone, and one would never guess that there is a continuing crisis situation which has somehow precipitated this joyousness.

Officers of the law smile as they escort these friendly kooks who are the beautiful underbelly of a defeated civilian review board.

What hostility there is seems to be directed against the beatnik syndrome rather than the communist conspiracy. Even the political types among us resent those sincere *schmucks* who are exploiting the occasion to give out partisan literature. It's just bad taste.

A girl ties a balloon to the aerial of an automobile which a man in blue is ticketing for improper parking. Someone else places a daisy in the lapel of a bum sleeping his down-and-outness away against a fence.

On the pier, Jackson MacLow speaks into the WBAI-FM radio microphone:

Why are we launching a yellow submarine?

Because we've retched long enough at the procession of gray ones.

To make a merry splash.

Because (they say) the *last* Polaris has been launched. (Thank God for small potatoes!)

Because the idea of a submarine is fun and a yellow one's like Jules Verne with Santa Claus as Captain Nemo.

Because the idea of going about securely under the water is wonderful fun and we want to save it from the killers with their "North Stars." (Some "North Stars.")

Because our movement for peace and freedom needs more of the spirit of the Beatles' song and less of the garbage of *Realpolitik*—red, white, and black.

Because a gesture of love—no matter how sardonic—is in order at this time.

Because we want to paint *all* the submarines yellow and dismantle all their weapons and let the fish scientists and the rest of the sea scientists and even some kids have a ball looking around down there.

Because we're sick of the war.

Because we're waging peace.

Because we don't think the devil has all the merry tunes.

But is our yellow submarine *submersible*?

Whaduhyuhwant?!———Perfection??

¶ WE ARE BEING carefully observed by Coast Guardsmen on a vessel in the water and a helicopter hovering above. After all, who *are* these strange creatures standing on their pier passing around a socialist pumpkin?

Why is that young victim of the Late Show posing on the dock and shouting, "Mr. Christian! I shall hang you from the highest yardarm!"

What is the precise meaning of that button which says "Burn Pot, Not People?"

We call out to the Coast Guard: "Can you help us put our yellow submarine into the current?" No response. Maybe they'll arrest us for polluting the water.

We launch it, simultaneously releasing all the yellow balloons, and they float away together like a flock of disciplined birds. The Circle Line tour guide has a difficult time explaining this ceremony to the passengers on his ship.

The yellow submarine is unlaunched after a while so that it can be carried again in the big Fifth Avenue Parade two weeks later. At a meeting the night before, there will be a serious discus-

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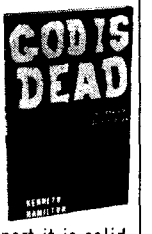

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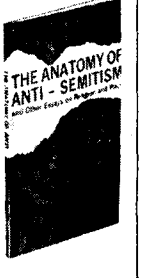

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sion about whether or not there should be red balloons this time.

I speak to some key figures: David McReynolds of the War Registers League says, "I'd like to see less yelling, 'Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?' " Ed Sanders of the Fugs says, "I'm going to masturbate before the next march." Allen Ginsberg says, "I want to get out of the hate bag."

Ginsberg will be token poet—it is a fight to get the Respectables to include him—and he will be saved for last, after all the indignant speakers have finished preaching to the converted, accompanying his wiry black beard with an Uncle Sam hat and Gandhi pajamas, a nice Jewish boy declaring the end of the war with a Hindu chant.

The Old Left looks disdainfully at the joy parade. "You are not offering any alternatives," they complain. "You're just being positive."

And of course they're right.

The launching of the yellow submarine is obviously non-violence purely for the sake of non-violence.

—Paul Krassner

Hair

RANDOM HOUSE, Dictionary of English Language: Long hair, *Informal*,—n. 1) *Sometimes Disparaging:* an intellectual. 2) a person, usually gifted, who is very interested in or devoted to the arts, esp. a performer, composer, or lover of classical music.

Today, in the world of shifting values, the label "long hair" is almost exclusively pejorative, especially in the mouth of anyone who isn't wearing it. To have long hair is to scare the living hell out of adults.

Nothing since leprosy has caused such intense revulsion in this society as long hair on boys. School principals from New York to Dallas demand that kids cut their hair. It has become a public issue. Even the sacred principle "a kid's got a right to make a buck" doesn't help. A plea that long hair is essential to a job in a rock 'n roll band and short hair will ruin the image is useless. A rock band in Dallas even made up a song and sang it to the judge in their own defense. "Keep your hands off it, it doesn't belong to you," they shouted, but it didn't work.

If the kids won't cut it voluntarily, the people will sieze them and shear their locks. Students at Stanford University, usually a center of learning, did this to the student body president this year. J. Edgar Hoover, who can't keep civil rights workers from being beaten up when they're registering people to vote, finds that long hair indicates a criminal tendency.

At San Jose State College, not 20 miles from Stanford, a member of a group called The Laughter Train thinks long hair is beautiful. "If I spend hours washing my hair and rinsing it with beer and all that stuff so it will be clean and lovely and wave in the wind" she says, "I don't want to see some guy with his hair all slicked down with goo. I want him to have long, clean hair too."

Malvina Reynolds, the composer of "Little Boxes," has written a song called "Don't Be So Bloody Neat." She introduces it by reciting the rash of convictions of civic officials in 1965 for malfeasance, fraud and theft. "Not one of them," she points out, "has long hair."

MOST AMERICANS are barbershop oriented, hair-dressing addicted and clean-shaven dedicated. They are brainwashed from advertising into a religious belief that a little dab'll do ya and if only you use Brylcreem, like the commercial says, it'll happen. What'll happen? Sex, that's what. Clean, crew-cut, non-hairy sex.

There is a vague uneasiness in the presence of a human being whose role is undefined. Is it male or female? "You a boy or a girl?" they holler at the long hairs. Even though it may be hard to make the distinction from ten feet away, it becomes clear if you get close enough, I'm sure.

At a folk music festival, a panel on The Beatles included an anthropology professor. The Beatles, he said, projected a feminine image with their long hair. He believed it, obviously, even if his youthful audience hooted in disdain. Male America has long lusted after symbols of masculinity in increasing intensity, from the Marlboro man with his tattooed hand to the automobile ads that put a tiger behind the wheel as well as in the tank, just as it has, from Ernest Hemingway to Robert Ruark, shunned any possible appearance of femininity.

The Rolling Stones' Hair

Long hair implies the threat to masculinity that black skin implies, I suspect. And if you're frightened, you fight back. American women, I notice, share the feelings of the young girl from San Jose. They almost never object to it.

The rock revolution is blasting away at some deep things in the American psyche. The long hair of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones is only part of it. The Stones carried it even further than the Beatles and got to the heart of the matter by posing in drag for a publicity picture for their single record "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby, Standing In the Shadows?"

One of the things that has happened to the young American male is that his interest in mod clothes, in tight pants and ruffled shirts and Carnaby Street jackets has led him to invade the men's clothing stores formerly the exclusive turf of the Camp. Where older brother wouldn't be caught dead for fear he'd be called gay, the rock youth bravely enters to buy big buckle belts and mauve shirts.

There are many implications in the Rolling Stones' stance and in that of the Beatles; the freeing of the sexes from that particular kind of inhibition is only one. But it is one which still challenges their elders right where it hurts the most.

—Ralph J. Gleason

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MEMOIRS OF A
SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

26 year old Julian Bond was recently re-elected to the Georgia Legislature from Atlanta. Previously, the legislature had denied him his seat because of his views on the war in Vietnam. His case is now being heard by the U. S. Supreme Court.

by Julian Bond

FOR THOSE NORTHERN STUDENTS who came South in the early '60s, their part of the Movement began with a television picture of neatly-dressed Negro college students stoically enduring the taunts and cigarette burns of scruffy, t-shirted white hoodlums at a lunch counter in Richmond or Raleigh or Nashville. The Negro faces showed a new fight. Bob Moses remembered a 1960 newspaper photo that showed a new determination. "This was their Movement" and Bob, like the others, wanted to be a part of it.

For me the beginning was a morning chapel-cutting session in a drug store across the street from Morehouse College on the third or fourth day of February 1960.

To a great many people, the Southern Negro college resembles a Catholic school Amos & Andy style; with social rules fit to control a community of buggerers and nymphomaniacs, a student-faculty relationship resembling the one between a soft-hearted drill instructor and his charges, and, frequently, an academic level which makes one wonder if higher education will ever save the race after all.

But these same colleges—and they are all not entirely like that—have kept a steady stream of flesh moving into the parts of the Southern Civil Rights Movement that are "Negro" and "student."

From the first sit-in at Greensboro on February 1, 1960 (how peeved we were to discover that the students had acted on the urgings of a white store-owner rather than as a result of the all-midnight Ghandi reading sessions which the New York Times mooned over in its annual "how it all began story") to the days of Black Power, the drive and push have come largely from Washington's Howard University, Nashville's Fisk and Tennessee State A. & I. University, Atlanta's Morehouse, Clark, Spelman and Morris Brown Colleges, Atlanta University and the Interdenominational Theological Center.

These schools went through stages like wine coming of age, and all but Howard and Spelman have soured.

The cue for action in 1960 came from Greensboro; from Ezell Blair, the leader of the Greensboro four, from James Lawson, who challenged and went down before Martin Luther King Jr. and the conference where the Temporary Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee was formed on Easter weekend, from King himself and from Ella Baker who was pushed out as the Rev. Wyatt Tee Walker came in to re-establish a dying SCLC as the central force in the national Civil Rights Movement.

In Atlanta, it came from a newspaper, I sat in Yates & Milton drug store at Fair and Chestnut streets, across Fair from Clark and Morehouse Colleges and Atlanta University, on Chestnut a block from Spelman.

Yates & Milton, called "the corner" by those students who made it what a student center would have been if the colleges could have conquered their pride and built a Center-wide center, has seats on a main floor and booths on a raised platform in the rear. It was a place to go to cut daily chapel, then required at all of the colleges.

As I sat cutting chapel, a stocky, football-player-gone-soft type approached and thrust an ink-smeared copy of the Atlanta Daily World, the oldest Negro daily in America, in front of me. A right-hand headline read something like "Greensboro Students Sit-in For Third Day" (which means the date of the paper must have been February 5th since the World is always two days late with wire news).

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"Have you been reading this?"

I had been slowly overcoming the fear of my geography—I had declined a downtown shopping trip when I first moved to Atlanta in 1957, because I had a Northern Negro newspaper view of the South, which meant that lynchings, beatings and other abuses became daily occurrences in downtown Atlanta in my mind. I envied my classmates who were born and raised in Atlanta; they had what then seemed to be a courage I lacked; they worked as waiters on weekends under vicious racists and laughed to tell about it; they stood outside and gave the finger to passing white motorists or picked out a fair-skinned girl and embraced her there, trying to cause an incident.

"Yes, I have," I said.

"Don't you think something like that should happen here?" he demanded.

"It probably will," I said, hoping to dismiss him.

"Don't you think someone should make it happen here?" He had begun to stutter.

"Someone probably will."

"Let's make it happen!" He squeezed into the booth across from me. "You take this side (indicating a row of booths) and I'll take the other. Invite everyone to a meeting at noon in Sale Hall Annex."

I was disturbed. I imagined that the others in the drugstore were—like myself—interested in other things. I thought an appeal to meet about something that had happened in Greensboro (which at that time I thought was in Virginia) would be like asking everyone to strip nude and march on the state Capitol.

But we got a good response. About 30 students met in Sale Hall Annex, a concrete block building on the Morehouse campus where I was a sophomore. We talked, as I remember, about what to do. Send a telegram of support? Have a larger meeting? Sit-in ourselves?

The meeting was dominated—in a democratic way—by the student who had approached me in the drugstore. His name was Lonnie King, Jr., one of the almost ten unrelated Kings who were to pop into the Movement across the South in the next five years. He was a Navy veteran, Morehouse football star, and for the next three years was to lead and direct one of the largest, most aggressive student movements in the South.

That meeting turned into other meetings. Inter-school chauvinism forced the invitation of other schools—each student body afraid that the other was taking over.

We planned first for sit-ins at all of Atlanta's dime stores, and Lonnie King and myself were detailed to survey the scene. We stood at each row of white-only lunch counters, pad and pencil in hand, counting seats. Some stores had nearly 75 "white" seats, often in two sections on opposite sides of the store. Salespersons bristled and solicitously asked if they could help us. Men who looked like store detectives followed us around.

We met for nearly two weeks, daily, the group steadily growing. Each of the student body presidents joined—except for one on a state scholarship—and faces began to become people.

The Atlanta Movement foundered on its own success. Lunch counters and movie theatres integrated, Lonnie King off to law school, the Movement had nowhere to go. *To be continued*

Testing in Tahiti

Startled San Franciscans took a second look at the giant billboards which blossomed in the city's downtown area in 1963: "FRANCE PLANS TO TEST AN H-BOMB NEAR TAHITI. I PROTEST. G.M. Feigen." Dr. Feigen, Ramparts' travel editor and a frequent visitor to Tahiti, was outraged at France's nuclear ambitions in that unspoiled area.

Neither Dr. Feigen's sentiments nor France's plans have changed appreciably since then. Dr. Feigen's latest trip to Tahiti was made last summer during France's 1966 bomb tests.

WARM IN THE WINDLESS, humid air, drowsy from a bottle of Hinano, the dark quenching Tahitian beer, I took a cab along the Papeete waterfront, along the Quai Bir Hackeim. The harbor was jammed with freighters and French Naval vessels; the warehouses were overflowing with test supplies, and the wharves were crowded with stacks of lumber and piles of materials labelled "secret." One enormous white tourist ship, the Sandefjord, lay at anchor, umbilically connected to the quai by thick yellow hawsers. Closer in, the inevitable assortment of motor sailers, commercial fishers, and untidy yachts were more reminiscent of yesterday.

I had six more days before I was scheduled to leave for Bora Bora. My first task was to find the right driver. It takes a heap of serendipity to locate a good driver—a man who is curious and unafraid, competently bilingual, touched with cupidity, politicality, and aggression. I found him. His name was Chave. Half Tahitian and half Filipino. He was short, even in high-heeled boots; he wore cowboy pants and a flowery shirt. I played with the word "scoundrel" until I saw him smile, openly, ingenuously. He charged too much, even without figuring the exchange of 87 Polynesian francs per U.S. dollar, but he proved to be worth it.

We cruised around the docks and the districts for two days, stopping to talk to people, as if accidentally, while shopping or asking directions. On the Rue Paul Gauguin there was a sign on a store window praising de Gaulle; it was mutilated and covered with graffitti. I went in. The proprietor was a middle-

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aged Chinese who spoke French with a weird Sino-Tahitian accent. At first he blamed the sign on the wild kids; then he decided to expand: "Many people here not like de Gaulle; too much people, too high prices." "You French?" he asked, afraid he had said too much. "No, you not French. You talk French but not like Franny."

IN FRONT of the imposing new Post Office on the Rue Pomare the scene was a poll-taker's delight. Everyone needs stamps. There I discovered the polarity of opinion, even though most people refused to discuss the bomb. Those who talked were mainly Tahitians; those who were against testing were strongly against it. They were afraid of the fallout, afraid the government was concealing the truth, afraid of bad changes it would make in their lives and afraid it would hurt tourism. Who would come to a test zone for a vacation? Those who approved of the testing approved weakly and not politically. They all disliked the French test personnel but felt it was good for the economy of the islands. It brought money and work.

The coconut radio, that informal network of gossip, was busier than ever, now not so much with gossip, but with political rumors. You picked it up from the taxis, the hotel loungers, bartenders, hostesses, the indolent creative exiles, divorcees, and remittance men. It told you more than official bulletins or newspapers. The test will take place in the lagoon at Mururoa Atoll, an uninhabited island 775 miles to the southeast. There the French have erected three concrete blockhouses, an airfield and a gigantic tower for radio. The blockhouses are secret and sealed off, so the Frannies can observe the test safely. Two American naval ships were first outside the danger zone, "spying," and an American Air Force unit was going up on Pago Pago for "special duty." Foreign submarines were sighted in the outer waters.

There would be six blasts in this series, and more in '67 or '68. An H-bomb would be tested in '68; they were working on nuclear submarines, ground-to-ground ballistic missiles, and eventually tactical nuclear missiles.

Fallout was a big bugaboo. No one trusted the official announcements. The newspaper, Le Journal de Tahiti, stated in a lead article that M. Pierre Messmer, Ministre des Armées, reassured all the citizens of French Polynesia that "the conditions of safety are the first consideration; the blast will not take place until meteorologic conditions are such that the fallout will not harm any inhabited zone or any isolated individual." He also said that the French program will not change the "natural radiation situation." The trouble was that nobody believed him.

MISTRUST; mistrust and suspicion established the mood. Worry about the unknown islanders of the Tuamotus, the Marquesas, the Gambiers and Australs, more and more vulnerable and impotent with their distance from Papeete. Who really knew where this fallout would go? Visions of the mysterious radiation sickness coming insidiously to Mangareva or Rai Vavae, in spite of French "reassurances," disturbed the Tahitians who were unwilling to trade their simple security for a new harbor, a false prosperity, and a lot of noise.

We spent two more days circling the island. Chave was a good man. He talked about the paradox of Tahiti – they wanted independence but could not afford it. There was no industry except fishing, copra, vanilla and now tourism; it was not enough. But someday! He trusted me with a lot of stuff—enough to help me find the man I was looking for. As we drifted along toward Vairao, at the southeast neck of the figure 8 that was Tahiti, I saw an intensely exciting panorama, that burned into my memory. In the distance, sitting majestically on that spectacular blue sea, was the mighty engine of war, the formidable, ominous aircraft carrier, Maréchal Foch, riding at anchor. At first I could see it head on, a gray-towered rhombus, scarcely moving. As we rounded the point, the enormous craft lay broadside, queen of the French flotilla, capable extension of the arm of France. In that moment, I saw the whole blueprint of the French dream.

I learned about the Tahitian dream from a man I will name Imet Roo. I am calling him Roo because I need a pseudonym for him. I would not want any harm to come to this warm, determined Tahitian of pure lineage, and heart. We met on one of those nights when nature composes well and throws the senses into a restless harmony. The moonlight outlined an acceptably mysterious house, dimly-lit, and nestled in the dark green of Tahitian midnight. Inside, the atmosphere suited the circumstances. Overhead, on the ceilings, quick lizards caught and ate all kinds of insects, as if employed by the household. An old French fan twirled and passed around the same warm air in tiny waves of cool. Roo sat there waiting. He was a leader of the Autonomy Group—who wanted independence regardless.

He had checked me out, and accepted my credentials. We talked. Out of this man came a flow of logical reasoning laced with emotion; he was innocent, incorruptible, determined. He was a revolutionary only in principle, for he knew that no blood would have to be shed. The happy, relaxed, fun-loving people would have to be united.

The French did not yet realize that the real chain reaction from the bomb project was political fallout. In fact, the hell-bent-for-oblivion nuclear experiment had a pandemic backlash. The people feared that the fish would be poisoned; they wanted to be indemnified for the risks to which they felt they were being exposed. As Roo stated, Polynesia did not seek the honor of serving as

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a center for nuclear experiments. Since the Tahitian budget is in a constant state of deficit, France should contribute to the support of the 85,000 citoyens of the Society Islands. "There is a deep desire among the people," he said turning his classical Polynesian face upwards, "to handle their own affairs. We need not break with French culture, but we must break with France."

Apparently the French see only the superficial reactions provoked by the nuclear experiments, but they both mask and reveal a consolidation of the deep, up-to-now vague urges for autonomy.

"We admire M. de Gaulle for his courage in the Big War. But we remember, too, that American lives were given to the reconquest of the South Sea Islands. De Gaulle has lived too long. His grande frappe is an obsession. He regards our land as an expensive exhibit; he calls us French, but we are 'natives.' It is over, this imperialism. The face of Africa expresses this."

His program? Unity and activism. "We are going to unseat M. Alfred Poroi, mayor of Papeete since 1942. We will elect Aua Pambrun, who is anti-bomb. Then we will have a general plebiscite. We will win. It will be difficult economically but your own Declaration of Independence did not worry about economics. We will find a way."

I left Roo feeling elated, and in a ferment of ideas and feelings. The whole nuclear program was "succeeding," but it was absurd. How little it mattered that yet another country had the arsenal, except for statistics. Here was another pinpoint on the map being used as a crucible for experiments of oblivion. Here was a nucleus of hope and rejection among the men and women who really owned the land; who came there by canoe centuries ago, across a dangerous ocean, to live in their own way. And now they would try to put out this miserable fire inside.

—G. M. Feigen

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AN INTERVIEW WITH DICK GREGORY

[ON 'BLACK POWER']

I THINK THE REACTION to the use of the term "Black Power" is a normal reaction in a country where 10 per cent of the population has no business with Black Power and the only reason we have Black Power is because of the racist segregationist pattern in the country that keeps a segment of the people trapped in one area — which has created Black Power. You don't worry about a gorilla jumping on you when you walk down the street because you know that humans outnumber gorillas, but when I take my daughter to the zoo, I get a sneaking suspicion that if I'm ever going to be jumped on by gorillas, it's gonna happen there, because you're dealing with animal power.

To me it's like standing in a valley looking up at a mountain, seeing the snow, and knowing that spring is going to come around and the snow's going to melt and is going to come rushing down the mountainside; and if there's not the right facilities, like hydroelectric dams and irrigation systems, that water's going to sweep into town and just wipe everything away. And this is the way I look at the call to Black Power, as channeling this energy.

It's very, very interesting, because this is the first time in history, probably of the world, that there's a tremendous revolution going on, and this revolution is not going to change the institution. Maybe that's where the Negro has been wrong. Maybe this is why we might all be killed: because this goes against the grain of all revolutions — you go in to change, not to keep and accept it. And I think this is the beauty of this revolution — that everybody has missed — in that we're not trying to change one iota. We're saying, "Just cut me in on what belongs to me."

[ON INTERRACIAL SEX]

LIKE WE HAVE 19 laws in America that say that black can't marry white, which are very good laws for a racist country like this. You have millions of people that feel this way which is also a very good feeling for a racist country. But the only mistake they've made is they've gone against nature. Whitey can pass laws that say Negroes can't catch TB, cancer or polio, which are very good laws if he wants them, for a racist country. But nature's not going to respect them. So if nature didn't want me to have a white woman, she'd have made her like a tree. I can't screw a tree, and a chicken can't rape my mamma.

[ON CIVIL RIGHTS LAWS]

I THINK A CIVIL RIGHTS BILL is a racist attitude, which, for the first time, exposed that Negroes are very racist, too. . . . The fact that the Constitution spells out what the attitude of man's inhumanity to man should be, and the fact that he can give him something less than this, and even make a law out of it, is like being shot on your income tax, and having a bunch of your friends run to Congress and legalize the short payment that you didn't pay, and then having all of America accept this short payment. And so what's really going to have to happen is that the Constitution has to be implemented to its fullest — *not* civ

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rights legislation. I think the fact that the civil rights bill was defeated was a step in a good direction, *unconsciously*. Nobody seemed to realize what was going on, but in the history of this country man has treated other men wrongly, and he's always been against the Constitution, and he's always broken the law. This is not the Negro's job – to see to it that their Constitution works right. It is the job of the federal government. And, it's very insulting for the federal government to say, "All right, you Negro civil rights leaders, go on out there and get those rights." And the guy who's telling you to go out and get them is the guy who *can* get them for you.

What was about to happen with this new civil rights legislation was, for the first time, they were going to have a law to legalize segregated housing. Sixty per cent of the housing was going to be segregated by law. And this makes about as much sense as my coming to your house, cutting off both your ears, and you run to the law enforcement agencies, and they say: "Well, this can't happen." And they pass a law that Dick Gregory can't cut off but one ear. So for the first time in the history of chopping off ears, now I can get your ear legal, you know.

So I think that maybe the civil rights movement has gone as far as it can go. Maybe non-violence has gone as far as it can go in talking to *one* group. Maybe non-violence was invented, in theory, by Hegel and Kant. Maybe their ideas of non-violence meant that a whole area or community had to be non-violent – not just *one* side. I think this has been the biggest mistake in the non-violent movement – that Negroes seem willing to die at the hands of Negroes, to keep *them* non-violent, but they don't seem willing to die at the hands of whites to teach *them* non-violence. I think non-violence is either going to have to be an attitude of America, and not just the Negro, or we're going to say that we are better than white people, and because if we feel that we *are* better than white people, we can teach the Negro non-violence.

[ON REVOLUTION]

Nature is very sweet and very gentle. She gives you all the time through the evolutionary period to get straight, but if you're not straight by the time that revolution hits, then you're destroyed. A woman can't wait, after the evolution period, which is nine months, and make a deal because she hasn't paid her Blue Cross or Blue Shield or because she's not married. When that water bag busts, revolution starts and evolution stops – and all the armies in the world can't keep that baby up in there.

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Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

THE EMPEROR'S COURT

More so than the citizens of any of history's other great empires, Americans have an insatiable desire to be privy to the secrets of the emperor's court. A sizable number of books–T. H. White's *Making of the President* books, and Allen Drury's novels, for instance–have been published to fill that need. The Inside books essentially don't talk about the great issues of the day but about the people who deal with them. They are a 20th century non-fiction equivalent of Victorian novels of manners.

The latest contribution to the literature of the Inside is the work of newspaper columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak (whose column, incidentally, is called "Inside Report"). Evans and Novak's *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power* (The New American Library, 754 pp., $7.95) is an exhaustive political biography of the President, the most complete to date, that qualifies as the best Inside book of the year.

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Minister, I want you to meet a member of *my* Supreme Court," he said to a foreign guest at a White House state dinner), and has practically no consistent political principles.

The book is a pleasant change from the slippery half-truths which sometimes fill the authors' newspaper columns: it is highly competent reporting, objective and fair by conventional standards, has little editorializing, and is packed with vivid detail.

The best part of the book is a description of how Johnson ran the Senate. The way he collected political I.O.U.'s by appointing this senator to a committee, arranging a foreign junket for that one, slipping a key amendment into a bill to please another, is all told in fascinating detail.

So is Johnson's knack for fence-sitting on important issues. When the Senate was considering an early version of Medicare in 1960, Johnson waited to see which way the political winds were blowing before committing himself. To constituents who wrote him opposing the bill, he sent a form letter saying, "You may be sure I will review it [the bill] carefully in the light of your views and also in the light of my consistent opposition to the socialization of the medical profession." To those who wrote backing the bill went another form letter: "Thank you for giving me your views. I believe some plan must be evolved which would permit the average American to be able to provide a measure of security for his medical needs in his advancing years." Rather kindly, Evans and Novak refer to this as an example of Johnson's "political ambivalence."

Though the authors admire Johnson as perhaps the most skillful legislator of the century, they have no hesitation in describing the more unsavory moments of his career. For example, readers will find a chilling description of the key role Johnson played in red-baiting liberal Federal Power Commissioner Leland Olds out of his job in 1949. Even Evans and Novak, never averse to finding a few reds under the bed in their newspaper column, point out that Olds was not a Communist, but rather an unfortunate victim of the powerful Texas oil and gas industry.

Also mentioned briefly is the Texas primary election of 1948, when LBJ won the Democratic nomination for the Senate by a mere 87 votes. The margin came from the mysterious ballot box No. 13 in Duval County, which suddenly turned up full of Johnson votes five days after the election. Evans and Novak note that at a later hearing, "Lawyers produced evidence to show that 'voters' from the graveyard and from across the border in Mexico had been recorded for Johnson in Precinct No. 13," but they delve no further into this interesting incident.

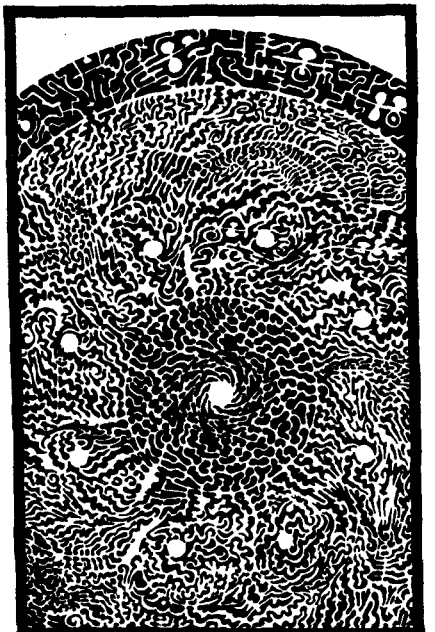
Johnson's connections with the Texas construction firm of Brown and Root, to whom he has steered a number of important government contracts, reportedly in return for campaign financing, is mentioned only in passing. Evans and Novak do talk about how Johnson used his Senate power to protect the Texas oil and gas industry (especially the lucrative oil depletion allowance), but mention little of the financial favors he must have received in return. In this area, their picture of what really happens on the Inside is incomplete.

THE GREAT MILESTONES of Johnson's career are successes of manipulation, not of triumphant principle. Evans and Novak devote a whole chapter, called "The Miracle of '57," to describing how Johnson steered the first major civil rights bill of the century through the Senate. Page after page describes the elaborate strategy of diluting the bill just enough so that Southern senators wouldn't fight it to the bitter end, yet keeping it strong enough so that Northern liberals would consider it an advance. But when all this has been said, Evans and Novak admit the bill was "tame and toothless," and that it did not "have much real impact on the reality of the civil rights struggle."

You are left with the same feeling at the end of the book. It all seems an elaborate charade of personalities, not of political decisions that wrought great changes in peoples' lives. You learn whether LBJ liked Sorensen better than Schlesinger, or about how he talked a couple of reporters to sleep one night at his Texas ranch, but you learn little about whether the lives of most Americans would be much different if Lyndon Johnson did not exist.

Evans and Novak momentarily depart from their cool, objective prose when they describe the 1964 Democratic convention at Atlantic City. It was one of those few occasions when LBJ was confronted with an embarrassing challenge from outside the American political establishment—from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party delegation that was trying to unseat the regular all-white Mississippi state delegation. Evans and Novak obviously have no love for civil rights radicals, and at one point they note that "the MFDP was split between responsible and irresponsible Negro leaders, and . . . the irresponsibles would settle for nothing less than total surrender by the convention."

The choice of language is interesting. When confronted with a group clearly outside the American political establishment (the MFDP was so radical it actually staged a *sit-in* on the convention floor), the authors blandly label it "irresponsible"—an adjective which somehow exempts it from serious consideration altogether. It's almost like the way Goldwater was criticized for being "outside the mainstream of American politics" when he ran for the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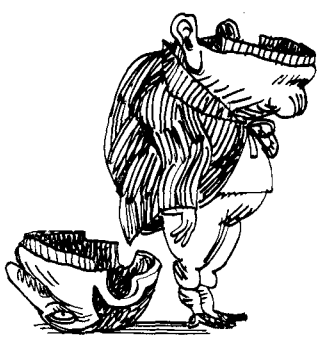
Presidency the same year.

Johnson has grown up politically in Washington, where ideas are almost all within the range of the "consensus" he oves so much. Senators, after all, are 'responsibles"—they agree on the important things and compromise on the others with the skillful vote juggling he authors describe so well. But that consensus won't extend throughout the world, as Evans and Novak acknowledge when they note that the "intransigent" war in Vietnam is Johnson's most difficult stumbling block.

The basic problem of *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power* is that of Johnson's Presidency itself: it cannot adequately deal with the "irresponsibles" outside the conventional Washington spectrum. The Viet Cong are irresponsibles"—exasperatingly so. All revolutionaries are inherently against compromise. They are motivated, often fanatically, by ideas, not just a desire for a slightly larger share of the pie. Of all the great colonial countries, America's domestic political style least fits it to even comprehend, much less deal with, revolutions overseas. You simply can't sit down over bourbon and water with Ho Chi Minh, say howdy and press the flesh, and trade a dam here for a surrender there. LBJ's political upbringing is so solidly in the tradition of Washington Inside that it leaves him woefully unsuited to deal with the "irresponsibles" both at home and abroad—and these days it looks like there are more and more of them.

—Adam Hochschild



THE MASSES RISE AGAIN

AT THE AGE of 16, as a young high school student, I suffered two rather major revelations in what had been a typical American education. The one came from reading Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. This book, with its shocking image of a minority of mankind riding on top a carriage which the majority must struggle to pull, coupled with its vision of an ideal world of an equal division of labor and profit, presented moral possibilities far more appealing to a young mind than the tired clichés of liberal reformism. In the same year, a rare high school teacher brought up and defended the disturbing idea that mankind, since written history, despite the freeing of the slaves and an apparent discouragement of cruelty, had made no moral progress. Though none of his students wanted to accept this, none of us could refute this statement: he had statistics showing that in the 20th century more men died from the horrors of war, from criminal neglect, from oppression and exploitation than ever before. And what's more: now mankind had the means to destroy the earth and seemed eager to do so.

This year Quadrangle Books has published what most certainly ought to be a high school text. It is an anthology, heavily introduced (by Irving Howe), almost explained away (by its own editor, William O'Neill) and afterworded (by Max Eastman) of the Masses. The Masses was a socialist magazine, dedicated to "printing what is too naked or true for a moneymaking press," that was put out in the pre-Russian Revolution days, from 1911 to 1917. Housed in the then bohemian Village in New York, produced on a small budget (ironically enough financed by contributions from such as Adolph Lewisohn, the copper king), the artists on the Masses staff were not even paid. It's circulation averaged only 12,000 copies, yet each copy carried a powerful punch: besides becoming the most important journal on the left, the magazine was unceremoniously kicked out of Canada, ejected from the subway stands of New York, expelled from Columbia University, and suppressed by distributors in Boston. In 1917, five of its editors were indicted under the Espionage Act for publishing anti-war articles, and this arrest ended the short but potent life of The Masses.

As a collection of writing about the social evils and promises of a half century ago, this anthology does the paradoxical task of inspiring hope and cynicism. In the face of censorship, suppression by the mails, and poverty, The Masses editors show extraordinary pluck and spirit. Some of their editorials and articles have survived the test of time heartily. But some too heartily, and this reads cynicism: despite the valiant efforts of The Masses editors and the compatriots, the sins of war, racism, religious bigotry, capital exploitation, and censorship are still with us, though some of us have changed sides and put on new costumes, and lip service to some kinds of equality is required now of any "respectable" person.

At least three-fourths of the editorial cartoons could be contemporary, except for the drawing style of that decade which is now in memorabilia vogue anyway. For instance one cartoon depicts a wolfish looking man, identified as "The Associated Press," pouring a bottle marked "lies" into a swimming pool marked "news" already polluted by "suppressed facts," "slander," "prejudice" and "hatred of labor." Today we suspect that the AP still has the same deceitful character as it did in 1913 when Art Young drew the cartoon. But in those days a big controversy was stirred up, the AP started libel proceedings against The Masses, and then dropped them as quickly. Today, to say that our major news media (prompted by Arthur Sylvester) lie, is a cliché.

John Reed's newsstories, though his news is now history, are still exciting. It is interesting to note that the shorthand, fact-spitting, staccato style of reporting had not yet triumphed. Reed's account of the I.W.W. strike in Paterson has much the same rhythm, color and plot structure as a short story which he wrote (also included in this anthology). Though in all the short stories of The Masses we do see the growing influence of journalism in the documentary style.

As history John Reed's coverage of the Paterson strike is somewhat ironic. When the Wobblies organized a strike against the silk mills, Reed went down to New Jersey to record the police brutality, and was arrested along with the picketers. We wonder how many of those picketers who were jailed for their efforts and who sang, "To Hell wit da police!"—how many of them and their children put down the civil rights movement for using the same tactics they did. Yet one editor of The Masses shows incredible foresight in relation to

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the union movement. An essay by William English Walling written in 1913, called "Class Struggle Within the Working Class," does as much as any modern analysis toward explaining the failure of unions to bring about a revolution. "We are beginning to realize," he wrote, "that the forces of conservatism are composed as largely of the owners of 'jobs' as of the owners of capital."

The poetry in this volume is universally horrible, although it is enlightening to see Amy Lowell, William Rose and Laura Benet, Louis Untermeyer, and Carl Sandburg here in the company of the left. Through no fault of the poets, the high school and university poetry texts never seem to mention that they had any political persuasions at all. This may account for the grievous misconception in many an aspiring artist's mind that somehow it is impure to have opinions. On the other hand, the continuing bad taste of the American left, particularly in poetry, and frequently in the other arts, may have frightened the more talented away. In this decade when Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot and W. C. Williams were writing some of the greatest poetry of the century, The Masses published things like Sarah Cleghorn's "Comrade Jesus," the first stanza of which reads:

Thanks to St. Matthew, who had been
At mass-meetings in Palestine
We know whose side was spoken for
When Comrade Jesus has the floor.

Besides the rights of labor, many of the favorite topics of the magazine are still our causes today. Floyd Dell and Max Eastman were champions of feminism. Though suffrage has been achieved, inequality of employment is still an evil. John Reed's article "Roosevelt Sold Them Out," reminds us of some recent California disillusionments, and all the writings against war, including Robert Minor's drawing of a giant, brawny, headless man, entitled "the perfect soldier," are especially pertinent today.

In the light of all this, if progress seems slow or non-existent, a quote from the *younger* Max Eastman is curative of the gloom, "I can bear the prospect that the world may never be free, but I cannot bear the prospect of my living in it and not taking part in the fight for freedom."

—Susan Griffin Levy

POSTERS FOR PERIPATETICS

Not that it matters much, considering our other shortcomings, but the United States has never done much in the way of posters, either. If you doubt this just a glance at the posters in front of our motion picture theatres, recruiting offices, or campaign headquarters should convince even the most nearsighted of us.

At least there is a reason for this: by the time we got around to discovering what the Europeans were doing in this area (so that we could know what was proper) we were no longer pedestrian (except in the figurative sense); and posters are inappropriate for viewing if you are traveling at any speed over two m.p.h.

So it would seem appropriate that the only new direction in poster making to occur in this country in some time should spring up in the last remaining hotbed of peripatetics: San Francisco. I say "new" because, although the examples shown opposite and on page 30 do borrow a great deal from Art Nouveau techniques, they also distort those techniques to their own ends—in the tradition of all great art movements.

With these posters the words are secondary to the graphic message, which is simply "Come to the Avalon Ballroom (or the Fillmore Auditorium) because it swings." That the lettering meanders all over the place with such abandon so that it takes considerable time and visual acrobatics to find out just what the words say is only a disadvantage in large advertising agencies and senior design classes in college.

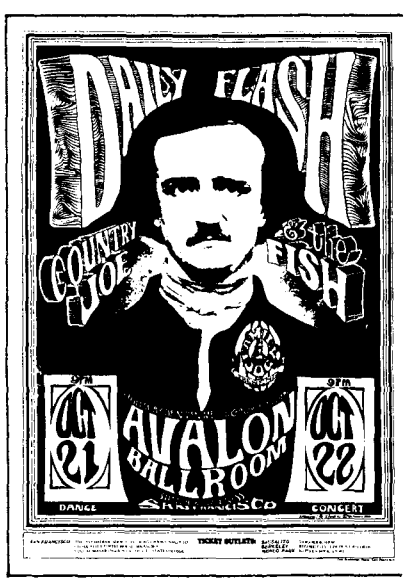
If one test of a poster is whether it accurately communicates the subject in question, then these posters are unquestionably successful. To describe these happening/dances to a person who has never been to one is a little like describing what red is to a blind person. It cannot be done except by the use of some kind of imaginative association of general terms.

The posters for the Fillmore were all done by Wes Wilson (the originator of the basic style), and those for the Avalon by a firm/individual who calls it/himself Mouse! Studios.

—Dugald Stermer

Mouse Studios

Wes Wilson



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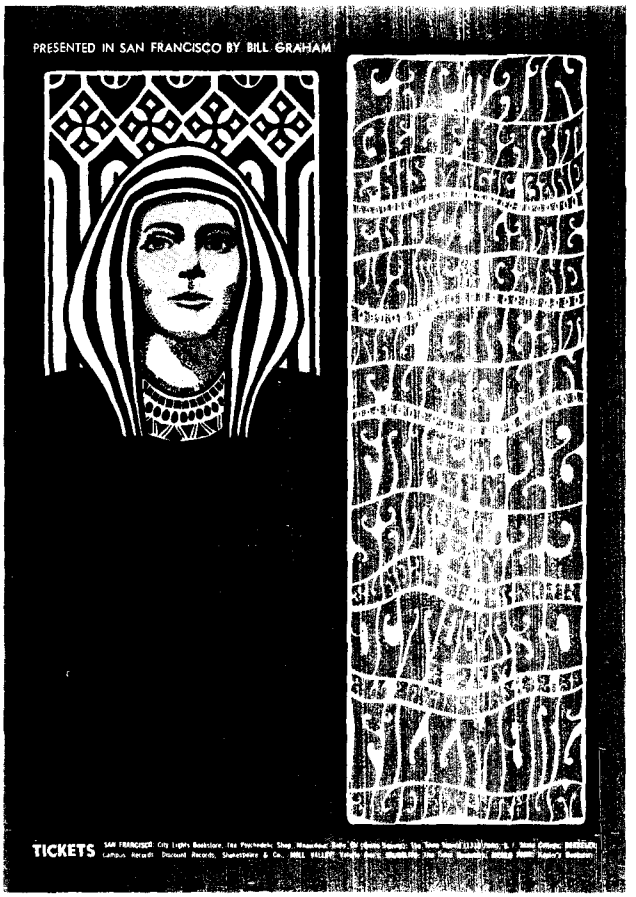

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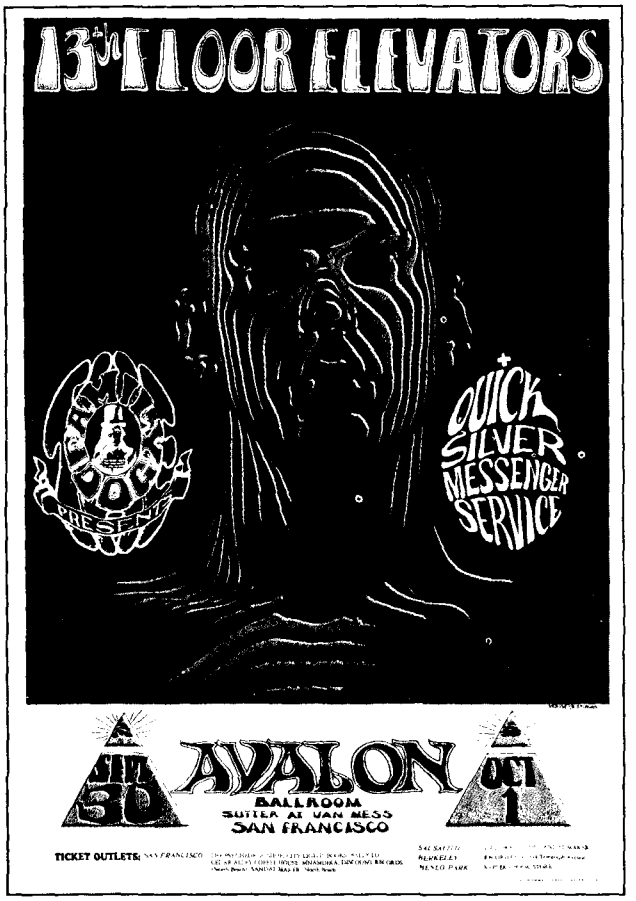

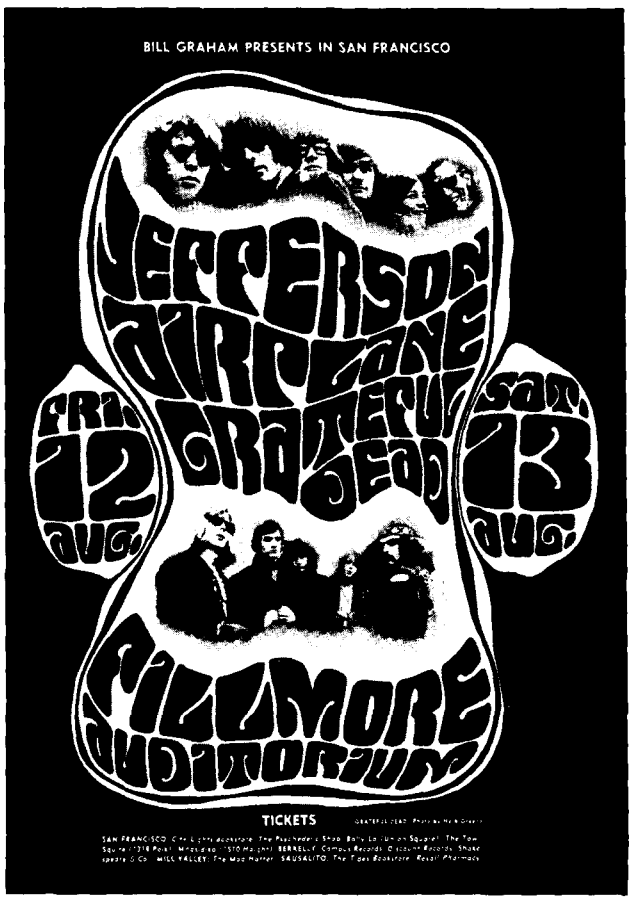

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THE BISHOP'S NOT FOR BURNING

by Lester Kinsolving

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ONE DAY LAST FEBRUARY, a very special telephone call was made to the Right Reverend James A. Pike. The embattled bishop of California was in seclusion, mourning his eldest son, who had died in New York from a self-inflicted gun wound.

Despite these circumstances, the call was put through—because the caller was Pike's only (titular) superior, John Elbridge Hines, Presiding or Chief Bishop of the Episcopal Church. Hines actually has little canonical authority over a diocesan bishop, but he is America's ranking Episcopal prelate. He also has something of the function of *Pastor Pastorum* regarding the bishops—in the same way that diocesan clergy and their families are supposed to be the special pastoral charge of the diocesan bishop.

Hines heads an Episcopal Establishment many of whose members have long considered Bishop Pike a threat. His outspoken positions on various social issues—ranging from civil rights to abortion reform—nettle numbers of the comfortably established prelates of America's wealthiest Protestant Church. Yet Pike finds himself unable to stop talking about these issues. He illustrated the problem at a recent press conference. "Questions come up rapidly—like LSD, or abortion reform, or marijuana. Am I supposed to tell a college group 'I'll write my brother bishops concerning your question—and after next year's meeting I'll tell you what I think?' "

What annoys Pike's fellow bishops even more is his questioning of traditional theological doctrines. When Pike tries to describe his doubts about some of these things in simple, earthy language (He was recently cited, for instance, because he called the Trinitarian formula "a heavy piece of luggage") his fellow bishops get furious. This straight talk threatens the traditional clergyman's role as privileged interpreter of a complex and mysterious theology a layman can hardly be expected to understand.

Resentment against Pike has been building up in the Church hierarchy for years, and it finally began to culminate in Hines' call to Pike. After expressing the appropriate amenities on the tragic death of Pike's son, Hines got down to business.

The "business" concerned an article recently published in Look magazine in which Pike had been quoted as saying "I've jettisoned the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Resurrection . . ." Pike had written a correction to Look pointing out that "jettison" is a word he never used. Moreover, he had explained that his beliefs did not deny the truth which such ancient doctrinal formulae intended to convey. What he had challenged are such expressions as "God in three persons"—since the word "persona" had changed since the Renaissance; it no longer meant a mask but a distinct and separate individual, which leaves the classic description sounding like "a committee God."

Despite Pike's explanations, Hines thought it would be a good idea if "we get together and talk these things over"—"we" meaning Hines and eight other bishops, presidents of the eight sections of the Episcopal Church called provinces. Hines calls them "Metropolitans." "When you get back from Cambridge," he told Pike, "let's talk things over with the Metropolitans." Pike was agreeable to such a meeting, since he had frequently stated that he had been trying for years to get his brother bishops to discuss the current theological revolution. Most meetings had been encumbered with housekeeping matters and a near mania for public relations.

After Hines' phone call, Pike went back to England in order to complete a sabbatical of six months' study at Cambridge. Following his return, the bishop of California was subjected to the first in a series of surprises. He had hardly arrived in Cambridge when he received a cablegram from Hines' office in New York. Notwithstanding Hines' suggestions of a meeting "after you return from Cambridge," Pike found himself immediately summoned to a secret meeting in a side room of O'Hare Airport.

Pike telephoned Hines' office to request a postponement until his scheduled return. This was impossible, a secretary told him, because Bishop Hines was away and the meeting had been definitely set. Pike wearily procured a round trip ticket from London to Chicago—where he was in for another surprise.

The atmosphere at the airport luncheon was typical of the clubby facade which is maintained by the House of Bishops, but after dessert the amiability shifted into a quick freeze—and Pike was requested to leave the meeting, until summoned.

Resisting the temptation to catch an early plane back to England, Pike was obliged to wait outside for an hour and a half, all the time wondering just what his Episcopal brethren were devising for him. He had not long to wait. They summoned him back to the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. Presiding Bishop Hines opened up on him. "Have you considered the little people?" queried Hines by way of an opening foray. Pike pondered the accusation only momentarily. "They're not so little any more, John," replied Pike in his piercing nasal. "They're growing up. They're going to college."

Similarly pointed queries from other bishops followed.

The afternoon grilling session was concluded with the agreement that Bishop Pike would write an explanation of his theological beliefs—related to what had been reported by Look. Most specifically it was agreed that Pike would send this apologia in a letter to Presiding Bishop Hines who would promptly send copies to all bishops of the Episcopal Church.

Within one week of Pike's return to England, he had

Woodcut by Steven Osborn

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sent air mail special delivery to Hines a six-page, single-spaced letter. This letter was the principal outcome of a meeting which had cost at least $1500 in air fares alone. It was not until eight months later, when Pike arrived in Wheeling, West Virginia, for the annual meeting of the Episcopal House of Bishops that he first discovered that his six-page, $1500 letter had not been sent by Hines to all the bishops.

Later, in defending himself against a Hines-appointed committee charge of "total irresponsibility," Pike raised the issue of the hours he had devoted to this letter, which was supposed to have been sent by Hines to all the bishops. His comments went icily unanswered by Hines.

Hines did not escape the scrutiny of the Fourth Estate. At a press conference the following noon, he was confronted with the embarrassing question of what had happened to Pike's letter. Bishop Hines did not deny the existence of Pike's letter, nor his reported agreement to send it to the other bishops. He pleaded a fallible memory.

HINES WAS ONE OF THE YOUNGEST Episcopal bishops ever elected (at age 35 in 1945). His diocese, Texas, is one of the Church's largest. His university, Sewanee (The University of the South-Episcopal) enjoys one of the highest scholastic standings of America's small colleges. (Pike, however, refused a Sewanee Doctor of Divinity degree, in view of the university's policy of racial segregation, contending, "I do not believe in white divinity.") As a student, Hines made Phi Beta Kappa, captained the basketball team, edited the university newspaper, won elections to four presidencies of campus organizations. As nothing in Hines' record of achievement indicates either stupidity or inefficiency, the case of the missing $1500 letter seems strange indeed.

Having failed to provide the bishops with Pike's letter of explanation, Hines took a notable step in order to prevent what 28 incensed prelates were publicly threatening: a formal demand for a heresy trial. To avoid what would have struck 20th century America as a second Scopes Monkey Trial, Hines reacted in a fashion so familiar to the Episcopal Church as to be nearly sacramental: he appointed a committee. This committee, ostensibly set up to determine what effect a heresy trial would have on the Church in America, afforded the bishops the private opportunity of actually conducting a star chamber.

Hines refused initially to disclose the names of seven of the eight members of the committee—until it became impossible to keep them secret. It then became apparent that three of the bishops whom Hines appointed had already signed a public statement that Pike was a heretic and was guilty of the canonical violation of "conduct unbecoming a clergyman," an undefined catchall which constitutes a limitless dragnet for any "errant" clergyman.

The committee was announced as "an Ad Hoc Committee to Determine the Effect of a Heresy Trial upon the Episcopal Church." On Tuesday, October 25, at 3:30 p.m., this committee delivered its report. One third of the report dealt with the probable effect of a heresy trial. Two thirds had nothing whatsoever to do with the announced purpose and duty of the committee. Rather, it consisted of the most bitter and unsubstantiated vituperation ever voted upon any member of the House by his brother bishops.

Presiding Bishop Hines never saw fit to rule this personal attack on Bishop Pike out of order, even though it so notably exceeded the announced purview of the committee. When, after two hours of debate, the majority of bishops passed a resolution accusing Pike of "cheap vulgarity . . . irresponsibility . . . lack of pastoral concern," a number of bishops rose to request that their names be disassociated from the resolution—a basic right by any standard of parliamentary procedure. But Hines ruled them out of order, directing them to file their requests with the House secretary. He also denied the petition of three bishops who demanded a roll call.

In addition to a number of additional rulings Hines tolerated an outright violation of the procedural order of business voted on by the House. He permitted the committee's chairman to give a speech *after* Pike's final defense, a procedure vehemently denounced on the floor by Newark's Bishop Leland Stark as unfair to the accused. During the proceedings, Hines gave Pike just 20 minutes to defend himself against an attack which had been prepared with painstaking care for three days.

The accused repeatedly requested an opportunity to appear before the investigating committee to defend himself. All his requests were denied. He was denied the right of discovery—to examine the charges against him. For that matter, he could not be sure that any charges were to be made—until they were—and he was obliged to fashion a defense while at his seat in the House during debate. Admittedly, there was a three-hour recess, but Pike was besieged by the press during that time and was also obliged to fulfill a one-year-old preaching engagement.

JOHN HINES MIGHT WELL HAVE AVOIDED the ludicrous national spectacle of a month-long heresy hunt if only he had fulfilled his agreement to send Pike's letter to all the bishops. He might have been fair enough to announce the *entire* activity of the ad hoc committee he appointed. Above all, he might have avoided placing three of Pike's accusers on a committee which denied the accused any right to appear in his own behalf.

Pike's principal accuser is the Right Reverend Henry

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l. Louttit, bishop of the Diocese of South Florida. He also serves as chairman of the House of Bishops' Committee on Dispatch of Business. At the Episcopal Church's 1964 General Convention, Louttit demanded that Pike apologize to the Southern bishops for a sermon in which he had questioned why bishops were inclined to depose (unfrock) clergy for sins involving just two or three people—but not for sins involving an entire race. Pike answered Louttit's demand by asking for a show of hands of all bishops who had deposed any clergy for racism. A paralyzed silence ensued, after which Pike declined to apologize and the regular business of the House was hastily resumed.

In conducting his national heresy hunt, Louttit, among other accusations, claimed that Pike had censured Luci Baines Johnson because she had become a Roman Catholic. In point of fact, Pike had actually commended Miss Johnson's independence in making this choice, objecting only to her re-baptism; in which point he was seconded by L'Osservatore Romano.

Louttit opened his 1966 campaign with 12 bishops as co-signers of the formal charge of heresy—or four times the required number for a formal accusation. Not content with this number, Louttit sought to recruit the entire House of Bishops in advance—even those members of Pike's intended court. This attempted corruption of the court by eliciting advance written approval from the judges escaped any rebuke from Presiding Bishop Hines, as did Louttit's perversion of Pike's comments regarding Luci Johnson.

This motivated a petition to the House of Bishops (by the recently incorporated Association of Episcopal Clergy) asking that Louttit's conduct, rather than Pike's, be investigated—particularly regarding his relationship with the Reverend Frank Brunton. Brunton is an Episcopal priest who remains canonically connected with Louttit's Diocese of South Florida, even though he is retired and now lives in Phoenix, Arizona.

Father Brunton has been writing Bishop Pike for a number of years—most of the time in tortuous rhyme. He has written accusations that Pike is a "liar . . . prostitute . . . anti-Christ . . . murderer," among assorted epithets.

Immediately following the tragic death of Bishop Pike's eldest son, Brunton wrote, "Thank God for one less Pike." And in order to show his disapproval of what he incorrectly thought was Pike's ordaining of Deaconess Phyllis Edwards as being among the clergy of the diocese, Brunton wrote the following to Mrs. Edwards, a 48-year-old widow and mother of four:

"So just a word that's to remind you
In preaching leave your blouse aside
Your bra remove and leave behind you
What's underneath you should not hide."

Brunton is an admitted member of the John Birch Society. He could at any time be disciplined or deposed by his bishop, Henry Louttit. The bishop of South Florida has deposed a number of other clergy—during the past decade only five of the 104 bishops in charge of jurisdictions have deposed more priests than Louttit—and four of these five have larger dioceses. But as for any action towards his "old friend" Brunton, Louttit pleaded, to a Wheeling press conference, "I have written Brunton 25 times asking that he stop writing those letters."

Such condonation of Brunton's brand of defamation is understandable, in light of the fact that Louttit had actually used Brunton as the source of part of the "evidence" of Pike's heresy charge.

No investigation of Brunton-Louttit has occurred. Neither did the House of Bishops consider the question of three clergy who are staff members of the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity—who have had their licenses to officiate as clergy withdrawn by the Bishops of Atlanta, Alabama, Florida (North Florida). Washington D.C.'s Suffragan (assistant) Bishop Paul Moore was one of a number of bishops who tried unsuccessfully to persuade Hines to put this explosive item on the agenda. But E.S.C.R.U., like Pike who is one of its members, had already constituted a king-sized burr under the saddle of the Episcopal Establishment, and Presiding Bishop Hines was apparently in no mood to take on more than the knotty problem of punishing Pike. The methodology by which he and Louttit, Brunton & Co. (whom Pike referred to as "Pre-Vatican II Catholics") accomplished this feat will be long remembered—and no doubt either retracted or subjected to agonizing reappraisal in courts, ecclesiastical or federal.

Louttit was able to use the threat of a medieval spectacle to stampede 76 ordinarily sensible bishops into sanctioning a committee proceeding that smeared Pike. Yet what initially appeared to be a neat and tidy solution was compared by Vermont's Bishop Harvey Butterfield to the original crucifixion.

That observation, made by anyone as quiet and theologically conservative as Butterfield, not to mention the vehement protestations of dozens of other bishops, illustrates the irreparable injury done to the image of the leadership of the Episcopal Church, and condoned by its presiding bishop. The conduct of John E. Hines in this connection inevitably raises the question, "Is *this* the standard of conduct that becomes a clergyman?"

Lester Kinsolving, an Episcopal priest in Berkeley, California, on a special ministry for abortion reform, is a religion columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle.

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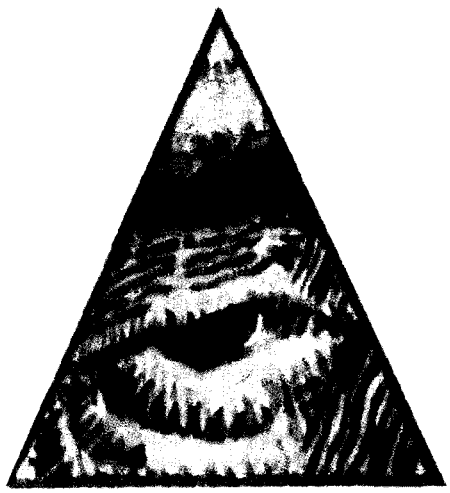

LBJ & THE OIL MEN: Five Lessons in Black Power

by Robert G. Sherrill

[LESSON ONE: A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER]

RIGHT AFTER JOHN KENNEDY'S ASSASSINATION, Stuart Long—an oldtime Texas newsman who had been among the 1948 group that picked Lyndon Johnson to run against "Coke" Stevenson for the Senate—wrote for his Long News Service in Austin that among the by-products of Kennedy's death was death to oil import reform. Long went on to describe how some Texas legislators sympathetic to the small independent oil companies had determined to reach Kennedy in order to stop what State Senator Charles Herring called "the creation of windfall profits."

Herring wrote a furious 36-page report and to go with it wrote a confidential letter to the President saying that the import program had a "potential for scandal . . . perhaps dwarfing the Teapot Dome scandal of yesteryear."

It now seems impossible [Herring wrote in his letter] *to overlook certain aspects of the program which seem peculiarly conducive to inferences of political scandal. I refer, for example, to the multiple ill-defined bases on which companies may qualify for import quotas, to the variations and exceptions within those formulae, and in general to the arbitrary and flexible manner in which oil import allocations . . . worth perhaps $1 million per day are passed out by federal officials who so far have not been required to explain their decisions. Charges have been made, and never challenged, that import quota tickets are "sold" in violation of the import order. Indeed, quota tickets are apparently awarded some non-importing companies which enter into undisguised "paper" transactions with leading importers for no purpose except to award them subsidies through the import program . . .*

In short, scandalous favoritism.

Herring and his associates obtained a firm commitment that when Kennedy reached Austin on November 22, the report and the confidential letter would be put into his hands.

He never reached Austin.

While the nation mourned Kennedy and Lyndon Baines Johnson took the oath in Dallas, the big oilmen of Texas had reason to indulge in a collective sigh of relief. The new President was an old and tested friend and if his past behavior was any clue, the oil magnates would have smooth and profitable sailing ahead of them.

[LESSON TWO: JOHNSON GREASES THE SKIDS]

As long ago as 1949, freshman Senator Lyndon Johnson was leading a vicious attack on fellow New Dealer Leland Olds, to prevent Olds' nomination to a third term on the Federal Power Commission. Olds' sin was that he believed in regulating the production of natural gas from

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the wellhead—a form of regulation which would, according to onetime economist Senator Paul Douglas, during the life of the nation's gas reserves, mean savings to American consumers of from three to 12 billion dollars.

By 1954, Johnson (and his Texan mentor, Sam Rayburn, in the House) actually got a bill passed forbidding wellhead regulation. Insiders whispered about the scandalous amount of money floating around during the debate, a few columnists picked up the whispers, and finally Senator Francis Case said out loud that he had been offered a $2500 bribe. The odor was so great that despite his prior approval, President Eisenhower had to veto the bill.

Johnson also led the fight to turn ownership of tidelands oil fields over to the states. Increasingly, domestic oil production now comes from these tidelands, especially in Louisiana. Only the major companies can afford the necessary investments—and as we'll see, this is as important in Libya and Venezuela as it is in Louisiana.

But to really penetrate the maze of Lyndon Johnson's oil connections, it's necessary to have some grasp of two areas where government policy and oil billions intertwine: the depletion allowance and the oil import quota system.

[LESSON THREE: A NECESSARY HISTORY OF THE DEPLETION ALLOWANCE ETC. WITHOUT WHICH THIS ESSAY CANNOT BE UNDERSTOOD]

THE DEPLETION ALLOWANCE, complex in application, is simple in principle. If you're an oil producer, you're naturally using up what you sell: there's only so much oil in the ground. So the government allows you an enormous income tax deduction to make up for the "depletion" of your resources. In practice, the depletion allowance taken is usually 27-1/2 per cent of gross income. It doesn't matter whether you get your oil out of the ground of Texas or Iran.

Over the years a few radicals have suggested not only that the depletion allowance should be discontinued, but that oil companies ought to be charged for using up *our* oil for their profits (it's called a severance tax on oil, and California's Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh was once among its proponents, though he never got around to introducing a bill). Naturally, few responsible legislators listen to such malcontents.

The oil import situation is less simple. We can begin by noting that among Lyndon Johnson's closest friends is Robert Anderson, former secretary of the Treasury. Within an hour after Johnson arrived in Washington following the Kennedy assassination, he was on the phone bringing Anderson to Washington that same night. Anderson is still a close consultant. Another close friend of Johnson's was the late Sid Richardson.

More than a quarter of a century ago, Richardson was on a train en route to Washington, chatting with Bill Kittrell—an associate of Sam Rayburn and well known man about Texas—and Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President of the United States. According to the popular version of what happened, the conversation began to lag, and Richardson sent Kittrell into the chair car to scout for a fourth for bridge. Kittrell came back with a young, open-faced Army colonel named Dwight Eisenhower.

When they got to Washington, Elliott invited the other three over to the White House for breakfast, and FDR took a shine to Eisenhower, as had Richardson. Legend has it that the bonhomie of that breakfast eventually had something to do with Roosevelt's choice of Ike as chief of staff, but that may be overindulging the tricks of fate. In any event, it is a certainty that from the train trip a strong friendship developed between Eisenhower and Richardson; after the war, when Eisenhower was being rushed by both political parties, his Texas oil pal showed up in Paris to tell him that if he ever did get into politics, he could count on plenty of Richardson money.

Eventually, of course, he did get into politics. In the meantime, down home in Texas, Robert Anderson had been serving on the Texas Horse Racing Commission, where he made a number of friendships. When parimutuel racing closed in Texas, the wealthy, horse-loving Waggoner family hired Anderson as general manager of a half million oil acres. From this hillock of special interest, and through his subsequent presidency of the Texas Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association—a job in which he became one of the most eloquent lobbyists for the industry's fiscal plums, including the depletion allowance—Anderson made a great many more friends.

One of them was fellow Fort Worthian Sid Richardson. When former Colonel Eisenhower became President of the United States, old friend Sid Richardson recommended *his* friend, Robert Anderson, as secretary of the Navy.

This has become almost exclusively a Fort Worth job. Secretary Fred Korth was a Fort Worthian, as was Secretary John Connally, governor of Texas (Connally, incidentally—through the good offices of his mentor, Lyndon Johnson—was for several years Sid Richardson's attorney, and later became executor of the Richardson estate). None of these residents of landlocked Fort Worth knew anything about naval affairs, but that hardly matters; all Anderson and the others needed to know was that Texas is the largest oil-producing state and that the Navy is the largest consumer of oil, as well as being the lessor of valuable oil lands.

After Anderson had served for a time in the Navy job and then as assistant secretary of Defense, he retired, late in 1955, to re-enter private business, not without strong

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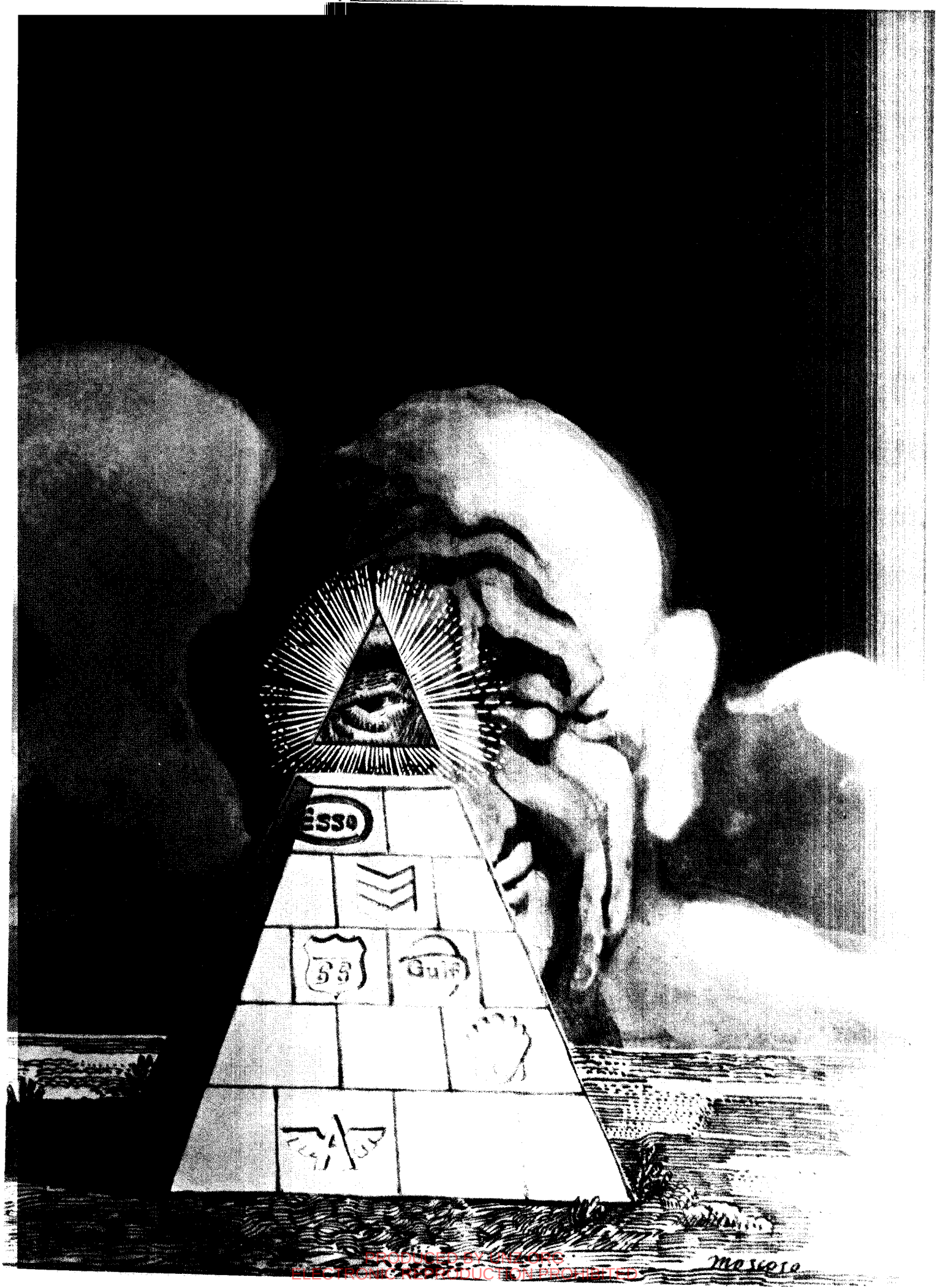

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assurances from Ike that there were still better things ahead for him in politics. The "better things" were soon spelled out in a conversation with Richardson, during which Ike expressed the opinion that Bob Anderson would make a fine running mate in 1956, in place of Richard Nixon. Eventually, of course, the professional politicians decided to keep Nixon around, but in the meantime some interesting oil royalty transfers took place which left Anderson in a better financial position to take on a federal job which paid less than he was making in private industry.

The information about the oil royalty transfers is contained in a memo written by J. Edwin Hill, production manager and an officer and director in Sid Richardson's corporate oil empire. A royalty interest in property owned by Richardson in Texas and Louisiana and operated by Stanolind Oil Company, Kirby Oil Company, Phillips Oil Company and Sun Oil Company was assigned to F. J. Adams, a Fort Worth oil man; Adams promptly assigned his new royalty interest to Anderson. The instrument of transfer which was recorded listed the payment by Anderson as $1.00 and "other valuable interests."

Anderson sold his interest to Dalada Corporation for around $900,000—half cash, half from future earnings. Dalada—run by Toddie Lee Wynne, an old friend of Richardson's who had once accompanied him to a White House stag dinner in November 1954—then sold the royalty interest to Perry Bass, Richardson's nephew. The property thus went full circle, with Anderson grabbing the golden ring as it went by.

By now, Eisenhower was indebted not only to Richardson but, for many things (including the botching of the Democratic campaigns in Texas in 1952 and 1956), to Lyndon Johnson. After the 1956 election, Richardson and Johnson joined to urge Ike to appoint Anderson secretary of the Treasury. On June 21, ten days after selling his gift royalty interest to Dalada, Anderson was free and clear to tell the Senate Finance Committee that he held no property that would conflict with his interest in the cabinet post.

A few weeks later, Anderson was appointed to a cabinet committee to "study" the oil import situation, which was virtually chaotic. Congress, meanwhile, was seeking another route out of the chaos; in 1958 one of the more popular solutions proposed in the Capitol was the Ikard-Long amendment to the trade act.

Simplified somewhat, the Ikard-Long amendment would have provided that the Interior Department first figure out how much oil it wanted to allow to be imported, then put import quotas up for competitive bidding—with the proceeds to go into the U.S. Treasury. This would have given every oil company in the country, large or small, a shot at the admittedly valuable import quotas.

Before it could come to a committee vote, however, Johnson, Anderson and the late Ernest Thompson (then chairman of the Texas Railroad Commission, which regulates oil production in Texas) went into a huddle and emerged with sweeping assurances that the safest and most patriotic way to solve the problem was just to leave it up to the President (and his advisors) to determine at what point the imports, by threatening domestic wildcatters, were likewise a threat to national security; at that point, they promised, Ike would impose mandatory controls of his own. They did a good job persuading the congressmen involved; in the last minute power play Anderson called Ikard off the golf course and won his cooperation (after leaving Congress, Ikard joined the fattest of the fat cats as president of the American Petroleum Institute). Jim Collins, writing in Oil Daily on June 21, 1963, and going back over the story of how the Ikard-Long amendment was headed off, reports that Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma was also in on the persuasion.

Early the next year Ike imposed the mandatory controls. The import-quota formula, which is still in effect, now sets up requirements for companies to meet before they can get any import quotas at all. First and perhaps most important, they are supposed to have refinery facilities—a requirement which knocks out all but 150 oil companies and "sets it up" for the very largest, because beyond that their import quotas are linked to the amount of domestic production and domestic refining they do—so that the largest companies get bigger. Those tidelands leases, available in the first place only to firms of major size, become doubly valuable. Twenty oil giants bring in 85 per cent of the foreign oil.

Neither Johnson nor Anderson appears to have benefitted directly from the program, although the late Senator Kerr—an owner of the Kerr-McGee Oil Co.—certainly did. His attitude toward conflict of interest was singularly easy-going: "Hell," he once remarked, "if everyone abstained on grounds of personal interest, I doubt if you could get a quorum in the U.S. Senate on any subject."

THE NEW PROGRAM has done very little to "stop foreign oil" or to "help wildcatters." It was never intended to. On October 28, 1963—a month before President Kennedy's assassination—Governor Connally told the Independent Petroleum Association that "during the mandatory restriction period"—that is, since the Johnson-Anderson-Kerr program went into effect on March 1, 1959—the ratio of imported oil to domestic oil on the American market rose from 16 per cent to 29 per cent. Two years before, Kennedy was advised by the assistant secretary of the Interior for

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Mineral Development that the 1960 volume in exploration and development within the United States was only slightly higher than it had been in 1946.

A 1963 report by State Senator Charles Herring—mentioned above—said that Texas' share of the oil market, between 1956 and 1963, dropped from 35 per cent to 27 per cent—actually down by an absolute total of 460,000 barrels. Measured in wells attempted, wildcatting dropped 40 per cent in the last decade. And only a few weeks ago, Earl Turner, executive vice-president of Texas Independent Producers and Royalty Owners Association (known usually as TIPRO), told me that "in four or five years we could be dependent on foreign oil. We're just flat not finding oil."

How important is an import quota for oil, and how does it work? The most important fact is that the cost of imported oil, from source to gasoline pump, is from $1.25 to $1.50 a barrel cheaper—but you and I don't pay any less when we buy our gas. That's how much the bonanza is—and oil importation is now 2.5 million barrels a day. That's 900 million barrels a year. The annual profit differential is between a billion and a billion and a half dollars.

What is interesting—and what was soon to become important—is that the independent oil companies regard it as a giveaway just as much as many consumer groups do.

Standard of Indiana, for example, had only small foreign holdings in Canada in 1953, but it did have a large refining capacity. By 1963 Standard of Indiana was producing oil in Libya, in the Persian Gulf off Iran, and in Cyprus, and was dickering for a quota from Puerto Rico. According to Herring's report, all of this growth—Standard of Indiana was by 1964 the fourth largest importer of crude oil—was paid for by profits from the import program.

Oil imported from Canada (or any oil imported overland) is exempt from the quota program—but since how much oil you produce, and how much you refine, has something to do with how big a quota you get, Standard of Indiana, with its Canadian holdings and its big refinery capacity, was off to a major jump. Also, from June 1959, to mid-1963, three other companies—Shell, Mobil and Texaco—increased their Canadian imports twelvefold.

Incidentally, the overland exemption has earned for Brownsville, Texas, the nickname "El Loophole." The gimmick there is that foreign oil is shipped into Brownsville, but unloaded under Customs bond, and still under bond is trucked across the border to Matamoros, Mexico. There the trucks turn around and come back in, bringing in exempt oil "overland."

Add import quotas to depletion allowances, and you have a classic case of the rich getting richer. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Robert V. Roosa reported to President Kennedy in 1961 that "for 1959, U.S. taxes would have been $525,000,000 higher if percentage depletion had not been allowed." Of the six largest U.S. oil firms with foreign oil operations, Roosa wrote that "the effect of this deduction was [that] two of these companies in 1959 and three in 1958 paid no U.S. income taxes."

While the big companies prospered as never before, the smaller companies were going out of business. Thousands of wells were shut down, and fewer new ones started. Thousands of oil field workers were thrown out of jobs.

Senator John F. Kennedy knew about it, and he didn't like it.

[LESSON FOUR: JOHN KENNEDY MOVES TOWARD REFORM]

In a campaign speech just before his election—in Wichita Falls, Texas, in 1960—Kennedy said, "Here in this old community, Sam Gray, who sells shoes—from 1955 to 1960 he sold 60 pairs of oil safety shoes a month. Do you know how many he sold last month? Two. Eight days an oil well works in the state of Texas. Eight years ago it was 20 days."

This was ominous talk to the big oil men, welcome as it may have been to the smaller independents. Once elected, Kennedy seemed to be moving toward reform. On July 12, 1962, a Treasury Department official acknowledged that "it is no secret that we are collecting financial data on percentage depletion in the oil and gas industry, and that we are considering this issue in connection with tax reform." By May of 1963, Attorney General Robert Kennedy was saying openly of the oil industry that "almost any criterion indicates a growing monopoly trend," and adding out loud that the industry had "a rate of domestic growth at least twice as fast as domestic growth as a whole, at the direct expense of the smaller competitors."

Kennedy—as Eisenhower had done before him—appointed a cabinet-level Petroleum Study Committee, but without Robert Anderson. Kennedy's committee noted dangerous implications in the oil import program, and suggested changes which many industry observers believed could certainly be put into operation by January 1, 1964, when a new import quota period was scheduled to begin. Specifically, the committee recommended precisely the competitive bidding formula which had been the original content of the old Ikard-Long amendment—open to all, with the Treasury collecting on the bids.

Powerful Congressman Wright Patman, renowned as a fiscal expert, was on the side of the independents. On March 16, 1962, he wrote to President Kennedy, acquainting him with particular abuses in the oil import program and stating flatly that "quotas are being traded for cash." Patman cited A. E. Gabriel of Gabriel Oil Co. in Texas, who had a substantial quota despite having no refinery

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facilities whatever and no drilling operation in the United States. He also named the Texas Asphalt Co., which had a quota despite the fact that its refinery was closed; Texas Asphalt, Patman said, has its imported crude oil refined on the Eastern seaboard and then sells the product for cash.

On the other hand, Patman described the difficulties of Superior Oil Co., which he said was in a "unique, distinct and different position." Superior put up $83 million of its own venture capital to develop an oil field at Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela. Afterward, a few other firms moved in and got small pieces of the same oil field. But because Superior had no refining facilities, it couldn't get an import quota; the other firms, all of whom had quotas, were pumping oil far beyond their percentages of holdings in the field, and obviously drawing oil from Superior's discovery (in 1964, Superior, still without a quota, sold out its Venezuela operation to Texaco).

[LESSON FIVE: A WELL-OILED FUTURE WITH LYNDON JOHNSON]

If major oil companies felt relief at Kennedy's assassination—and there must have been some—then it was not in vain. Five days after the assassination, Senator Herring wrote Walter Jenkins at the White House, "Powerful forces doubtless are seeking to utilize the present period of transition to delay further the overdue shakeup in the oil import control system." Whether or not it was due to "powerful forces," the delay certainly did occur. It's still going on.

With a great show of playing fair, of keeping his hands out of it because he was from an oil state, Johnson ordained that the import program would be left strictly up to Interior Secretary Udall. Ominously, the American Petroleum Institute—chief lobbying agent for the oil industry—hailed the transfer of authority as "entirely logical," and the Oil and Gas Journal, official organ of the industry, reported that "industry spokesmen were quick to voice approval of President Johnson, pointing out that he has placed authority in the hands of government officers who know most about oil." As soon as he was able to travel, Governor Connally hastened to Washington for a long conference with Udall.

Johnson's first oil-oriented appointment, early in 1964, was of Joe T. Dickerson to be head of the Interior Department's Office of Oil and Gas. The Senate gagged and couldn't go through with it.

It would have been Dickerson's job to "police" the oil industry. Some cop. A former vice president of Shell Oil, Dickerson was receiving a $20,000 yearly pension from Shell, given with the written provision that he do nothing to hurt his former employers. He has also been a paid lobbyist for Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association, whose membership includes Humble, Gulf, Phillips, Shell, Socony, Standard of Indiana, Texaco and a few others. Senator William Proxmire made the obvious and accurate observation that Dickerson's appointment would be "putting the foxes in charge of the henhouse."

The foxes, of course, were already in charge. Udall does not make an appointment touching on oil matters without first checking with the National Petroleum Council.

The controversial oil import program, which Kennedy had been depended on to tighten, has under Johnson become even looser. In his first year, a franchise was granted Phillips Petroleum Co. to build a refinery in Puerto Rico, to send in an additional 25,000 barrels daily to the U.S. market, despite the fact that the oil import program as originally written states that Puerto Rican oil refining can be increased only if the products are consumed locally or sent to a foreign country. The windfall for Phillips: better than $25,000 a day.

Johnson said that the Phillips decision was out of his hands; but Secretary Udall may have been influenced by the fact that Abe Fortas, one of Johnson's closest advisors (now a Supreme Court Justice) was counsel for Puerto Rico and argued for the Phillips franchise.

Facts like these—and like the ease with which mergers are consummated and anti-trust actions dropped under the Johnson Administration—are so pervasive that an observer runs the risk of seeing something sinister in the ease with which the government surrenders. It's even easier when one discovers that in 1964, compared to 1960, Democratic presidential campaign contributions by members of the American Petroleum Institute went up 400 per cent. There are men around like Stanley Adams, president of Phillips Petroleum, who worked for Johnson's nomination in 1960 and who is now a member of the lush—and expensive—President's Club.

But there really is nothing sinister about it. The major oil companies have always prospered with Johnson's help. Now that he is President, they can relax, certain that there will be no Presidential tampering with the depletion allowance, no nonsense about opening up the oil import program to competitive bidding, no end runs around the seats of the mighty by annoying state legislators and small, independent oil men. Sid Richardson is dead, but his ghost still makes oil policy, and oil profits, in America—with the eager cooperation of the Texan in the White House.

Mr. Sherrill is the author of The Accidental President (*a book about L.B.J.*), *published by Grossman and is Washington correspondent for The Nation.*

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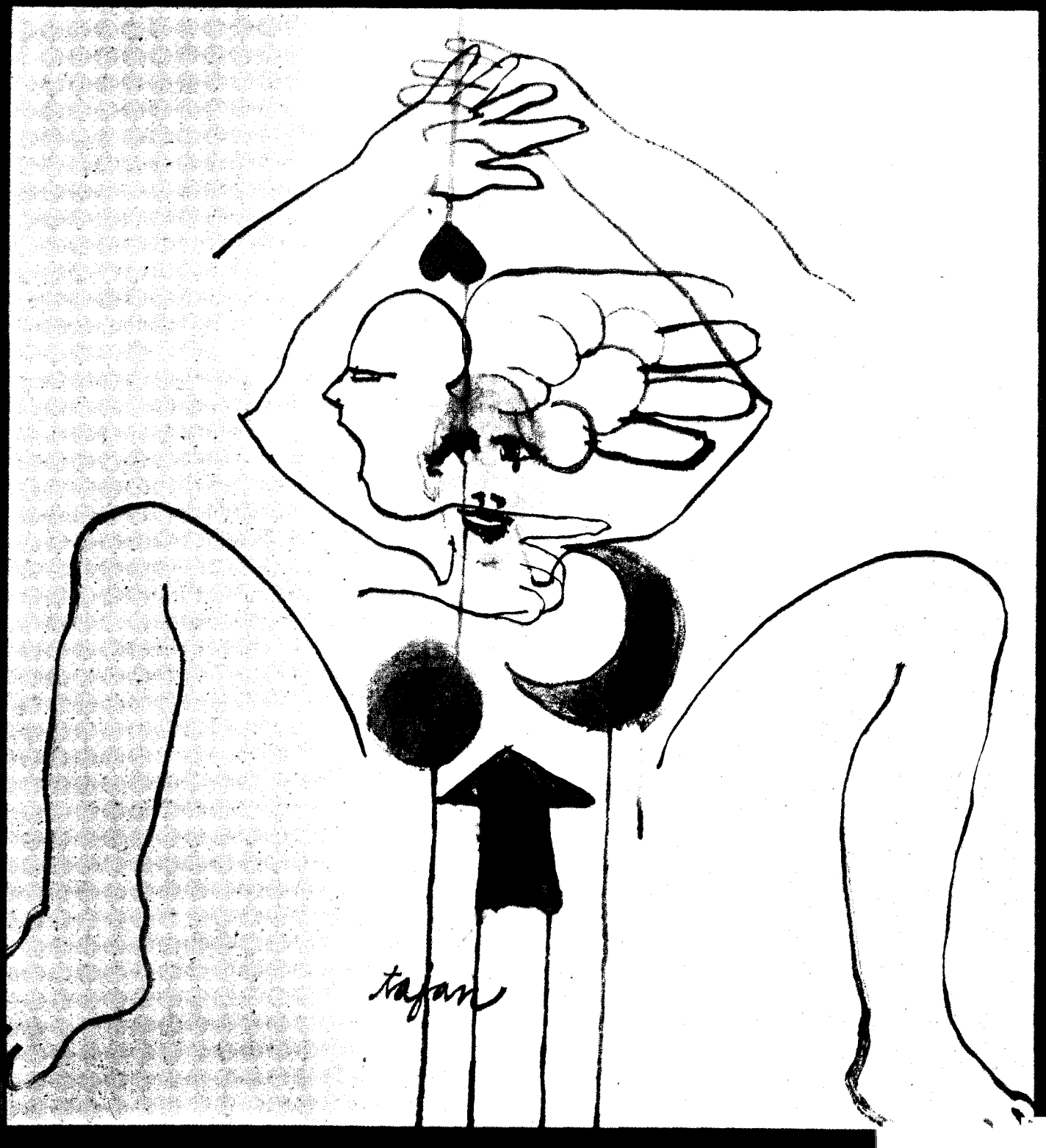
Sex



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What Fr. Teilhard de Chardin did for evolution in the Catholic Church, Fr. Marc Oraison might do for sex.

Introduction:

Teilhard de Chardin, a priest-paleontologist whose writings were suppressed by his Jesuit superiors during most of his lifetime, is today the somewhat overpublished apostle of a working synthesis between traditional Christian thinking and the evolutionary theory of creation.

Marc Oraison, like Chardin a Frenchman, was a doctor before he became a priest, and his writings on sexuality clearly aim toward providing a meeting ground for some common Freudian views with a perhaps less-pronounced Christian theology of sex belonging in many respects to the how-many-angels-on-a-pin school.

Oraison's early books escaped any serious ecclesiastical frowns, but his most recent treatise, *Le Mystère Humain De La Sexualité*, has become a *cause célèbre* in Europe. It provoked the personal attention of the jansenist, octogenarian Cardinal Ottaviani, the head of the powerful Roman Curia, who ordered the doctor-priest not to publish any further writings and consigned into Roman wastebaskets the book from which the following excerpts are taken.

Oraison's thesis are not particularly shocking, and his turgid and scholarly style defies sensationalizing. He dismisses masturbation, still considered Sexual Sin Number One in Catholic grammar schools, as a natural and sinless adolescent act, and suggests, indeed, that the Catholic Church's entire concept of sexual sin is entirely out of date not only physically—but morally.

These selections from his quasi-banned book are of particular interest as examples of the type of thinking that can drive policy-controlling Vatican officials to public distraction in what is generally considered to be a progressive period of the Catholic leadership. As sure as any banning insures a book's success, American readers will be hearing—and reading—more of Marc Oraison in the future. —Editor.

On Science:

We in the modern world are spectators to a profound transformation. Science has entered the field of the human consciousness as an acquisition distinct from philosophy or faith. This absolutely new phenomenon—which some people place historically from Descartes—carries incalculable consequences.

Modern man has a new consciousness of himself, of the world in which he lives and of his presence in that world. And this new consciousness is developed starting with himself, by his own activity, and thanks to his personal means of investigation and of reflection. The forward march of knowledge no longer begins with mythical traditions, with philosophical symbolization or with religious faith. It takes its source in rigorous and autonomous observation and is developed within the framework of an organized knowledge independent of everything *a priori*.

From the moment when it is known that lightning is a locatable electrical phenomenon which is measurable and foreseeable, it is necessary to renounce seeing "the wrath of God" in it and to realize that the living God is beyond the imaginary . . . It is symbolically in the imaginary that the most acute tensions in our world are located. This is clearly seen, for example, in the occasional surprising resurgence of truly magical "beliefs" in the most intellectual and knowledgeable circles. The confusion between "miraculous" and supernatural, which modern science tends to dispel, recurs from time to time in a paroxysmal manner. Some cultured "Catholics" cling passionately to a questionable phenomenon of apparitions or of mysticism, or to a particularly puerile notion of miracles, with violent reactions against the very developing science which would impose a painful clarification. Thus with psychoanalysis, for example. It is the same organistic and "traditional" doctor who is violently anti-Freudian and who believes, without a shadow of critical spirit, in fabulous "cures," in "mystic" manifestations that a more profound knowledge of modern psychiatry would force him immediately to apprehend in a different way. And it is just such a cleric who lashes out against the dangers of modern psychology and who continues to place the Master of Evil on the same level as the most naive beliefs of the Middle Ages.

Modern science, in its entirety, ends in this rigorous demand: one can no longer confuse God with that which is not Him. Man has never before been so forcibly confronted with this demand, formulated by Christ to the Samaritan, "A time will come when God will be adored in spirit as in verity."

It is in the context of this revolution of knowledge that all reflection on sexuality is forcibly located. For the first time in history, man *knows*, about authentic sexual matters in general; he possesses undisputed landmarks of an absolutely new kind, acquired by his work alone.

On Sin:

The Christian man, Saint John said, "does not sin." That is to say he recognizes Christ as God and Savior, of whom he expects everything. But, said Saint Paul, "I do the bad which I don't want to do, and I don't do the good which I would like . . . And if I do the bad which I don't want to do, it is not I who does it, it is sin which does it in me." . . .

A phrase which is at first glance strange, but which expresses in its totality the drama of the Christian man. Against his most painstaking choice, against his most personal adhesion to God's true love, he "idolizes" other things because of obscure zones within himself. But it is this intolerable division which alone permits him, in the last analysis, to carry out as good the salvation that Christ accomplishes in him.

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From the moral point of view, in the light of the Revelation, sexuality can no longer be experienced in the same way as magical anxiety, but in the positive sense of a drama which ends in the transcendent accomplishment of love.

In ancient times, thunder was known as divine and epilepsy as the presence of an "evil spirit." Science has progressively clarified these things and dissipated the confusion. In the same way, sexuality and its satisfactions have been concurrently made divine or diabolical. Will modern science finally permit it to find its true place: in relation with the mystery of the Eternal God who is wholly transcendent?

"Guilt"—human experience as fundamental as the sexual consciousness to which it is forcibly linked—is turned into "penitence"; which is to say into a call which is *certain of being understood*. . . .

Sin is thus a notion of a religious sort, not only of a moral sort. It is not primarily with reference to a "law," but with reference to Him of whom it is a primary expression, destined to make us consciously aware of a sense of our liberty *and* of our insufficiency (St. Paul).

On Masturbation:

When the infant of one or two years finds himself in a situation of unresolvable frustration—whatever the cause may be—he uses only one means to temporarily resolve the tension he can no longer tolerate: he reconstructs an archaic and "nostalgic" satisfaction which, although not corresponding to his real desire, permits him to support what happens: he sucks his thumb . . .

This is a "return" to the primitive oral satisfaction, that is clear. But there is doubly an "error in object": his thumb is not the object of his real desire, and it is no longer the object of his bygone desire (the breast). The illusion, if you can call it that, can only be temporary, and only allows the infant to calm himself and to fall asleep.

But there is another aspect to this behavior. The infant who sucks his thumb "suspends," for a while, all relation with what surrounds (and frustrates) him by enveloping himself within a practically autistic world. He "is no longer there"; he is "absent"; he is lost in what is not yet, strictly speaking, his dream, but in what one might call, I think, his illusory universe. Not arriving immediately at a satisfactory relation with others—at whatever level that might be located at an infant's age—he takes himself as the object of his desire in a "closed-circuit" way. This corresponds to the commonly used term of auto-eroticism.

There is a strong analogy between the return to auto-eroticism of the adolescent and the return of the infant to his "object." To give a striking example . . . one could say that masturbation is the "thumb-sucking" of the adolescent . . .

It would seem apparent that these auto-erotic phenomena, like masturbation in boys for example, are the "important thing." Especially since a certain morality tends to maintain this impression as a direct result of taboos.

But it is necessary to understand that these "sexual difficulties" as one modestly calls them, are not—at least normally—anything more than the most apparent symptoms of an evolutionary crisis of the personality in general; and that if they are the most apparent, it is undoubtedly due to the fact that a badly elucidated preoccupation leads to putting these symptoms in the limelight to the detriment of the rest of the problem, and to isolate them from their deep-rooted causes. This too frequent error which consists in accentuating the "importance" or the "gravity" of masturbation is extremely shameful, as much from a psychological point of view as from a spiritual one. A rough comparison will point out the fallacy: when a person is sick with measles, it is the situation which is attacked and not each isolated red spot which one may forget is only the manifestation of the situation . . . To help an adolescent positively resolve his "pathological" situation, which is a *normal* critical stage in his personal evolution, it is obviously not the best method to point to the misfortune of this crisis—be it sexual or other—as if the problem were basically located there.

On Death:

. . . in Christ's thinking, sexuality in its genital expression is a temporal reality of which the positive character is not at all diminished, but whose declining character appears. In the world of resurrection, the reference to love is situated beyond the genital expression of sexuality. And this strange notation of a bond between genital sexuality and death is found in His text: "They do not marry because they can no longer die."

Being at once creator of life and revelation of individual death, the genital expression of sexuality no longer has any meaning outside of time . . .

In the world of resurrection—which is disengaged from temporality since it participates in the eternal plenitude of being God himself—sexuality is thus obviously transcended. Procreation no longer has a "*raison d'etre*," humanity having attained the perfection of its beliefs; and sexual love, a preparatory stage, is transcended in a literally inexpressible love, participating in the trinitary transcendence.

And Mary was a Virgin; "before, during and after" according to the traditional expression . . . which means that at the level of this (holy) couple, genital sexuality no longer had any meaning, since God was there.

On the Trinity:

We touch here on a rather delicate question. Some authors, past or recent, energetically repel the idea that an analogy—in the technical sense—can be found between the sexual structure of the human world on the one hand and the trinitary mystery on the other. . .

In any case, whatever the discussions, the fact can not be dismissed. On the one hand, God is revealed as One in Three. On the other, sexuality in the light of modern psychology appears as the relational universe which only flowers satisfactorily on a three-dimensional rhythm...

Why should it be indecent to say that sexuality as such is an integral part of the "image of Himself" which God gave to his spiritual creature? . . . It seems to me that it would be, in a way, blasphemous, to ignore it or to deny that it can have any relation with the mystery of God. That would implicitly come back to the implication that sexuality is rather the work of the "evil spirit."

In order to truly "resemble" the infinite dynamism of the relationship which is God himself, One in Three, the human race, too, was created upon a rhythm "*a trois*"—which modern science clearly brings to light. Two *persons* approach each other and are but "one flesh" (Gen. II, 24) and their unity makes the third personal dimension, the Child, spring forth.

Translated by Leslie Timan

Excerpts from Le Mystère Humain de la Sexualité, *1966, Editions du Seuil.*

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The Children of Vietnam

Photographs and Text by William F. Pepper

Preface by Dr. Benjamin Spock

A MILLION CHILDREN have been killed or wounded or burned in the war America is carrying on in Vietnam, according to the estimate of William Pepper. Not many of them even get to hospitals, which are few and far between, but when they do, they may lie three in a bed or on newspapers on the floor. Flies are in the wounds. Even such simple equipment as cups and plates are in short supply. Materials for the adequate treatment of burns—gauze, ointments, antibiotics and plasma—are usually non-existent. This contrasts with the incredible speed and efficiency with which American troops napalmed by mistake are given elaborate first aid while being lifted out of the battlefield and then flown to a Texas hospital for treatment.

When Terre des Hommes, a Swiss humanitarian organization, asked for American government assistance in flying burned and wounded children to Europe for repair, our officials refused. With crocodile tears they explained children are unhappy when separated from their families. The fact is that a third of all Vietnamese children in institutions have already lost both parents or been abandoned.

Can America, which manufactures and delivers the efficient napalm that causes deep and deforming burns, deny all responsibility for their treatment?

Many American physicians are now volunteering to treat the children if they are brought to America. But citizens must be asked to pay the bill for transportation and hospitalization. They will also have to persuade our government to allow the children to be brought here.

Photograph by Stephen Elliot

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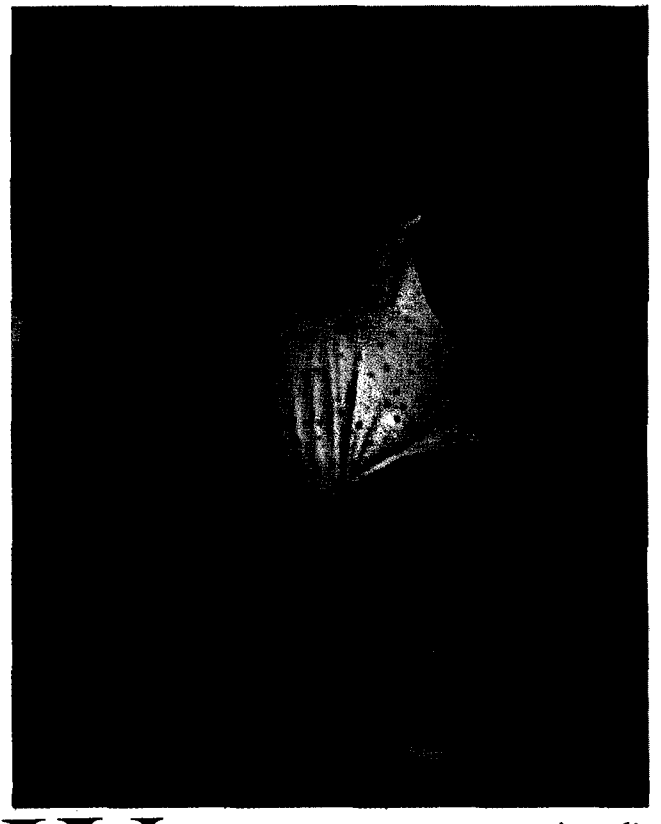
[The Children of Vietnam]



WILLIAM F. PEPPER, executive director of the New Rochelle Commission on Human Rights, instructor in Political Science at Mercy College in Dobbs Ferry, New York, and director of that college's Children's Institute For Advanced Study and Research, spent between five and six weeks this spring (1966) in Vietnam as a freelance correspondent accredited by the Military Assistance Command in that country, and by the government of Vietnam.

During that period, in addition to traveling, he lived in Sancta Maria Orphanage in Gia Dinh Province and in the main "shelter area" in Qui Nhon, for a shorter period of time. His main interests were the effects of the war on women and children, the role of the American voluntary agencies there and the work of the military in civil action.

His visits took him to a number of orphanages—among them: An Lac, Go-Vap, Don Bosco, Hoi Duc Anh, Bac Ai—hospitals: Cho-Ray, Holy Family, Phu My, Saigon-Cholon (central hospital) and shelters in Saigon, Cholon, Qui Nhon and outer Binh Dinh.

Mr. Pepper interviewed, frequently, the following Cabinet ministers of South Vietnam: Dr. Nguyen Ba Kha, Minister of Health; Dr. Tran Ngoc Ninh, Minister of Education; Mr. Tran Ngoc Lieng, Minister of Social Welfare; Dr. Nguyen Thuc Que, High Commissioner for Refugees.

In addition, he conferred with the leaders of the Voluntary Agency Community and the USAID Coordinator for Refugee Affairs, Mr. Edward Marks, as well as the USAID child welfare specialist, Mr. Gardner Monroe, with Mademoiselle E. La Mer of UNICEF and Mr. Pierre Baesjous of UNESCO.

As Mr. Pepper makes clear, by far the majority of present refugees in South Vietnam have been rendered homeless by American military action, and by far the majority of hospital patients, especially children, are there due to injuries suffered from American military activities. The plight of these children and the huge burden they impose upon physical facilities has been almost totally ignored by the American people.

—From remarks before the Senate of the United States, August 22, 1966, by the Hon. Wayne Morse.

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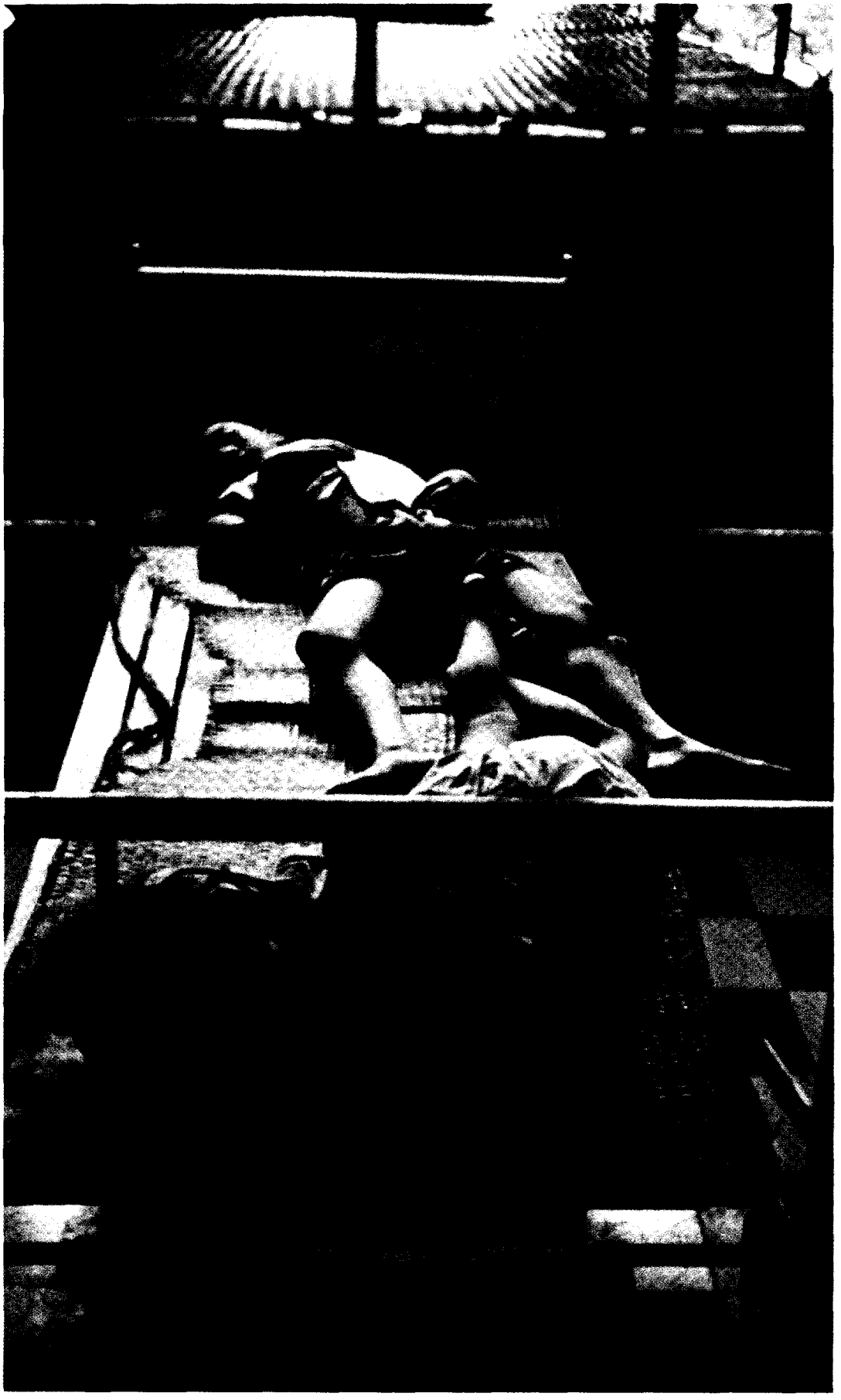

"What we are doing to Vietnam may become clearer if the same percentages are applied to the American population.

They mean that one out of every two American families with four children would be struck with the tragedy of having at least one child killed or maimed.

There is a good chance, too, that the father would be dead as well. At the very least, he is probably far from home."

Inside a Saigon hospital— some beds take three.

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". . . virtually every injury that reaches the hospital at Da Nang is already complicated by serious infection . . . doctors are forced to stop during emergency operations to kill flies with their hands . . ."

After superficial emergency treatment, a child—face and eyes torn by American shrapnel—awaits surgery at Da Nang. A lack of suction equipment—which would have kept him from inhaling the contents of his own stomach— killed him.

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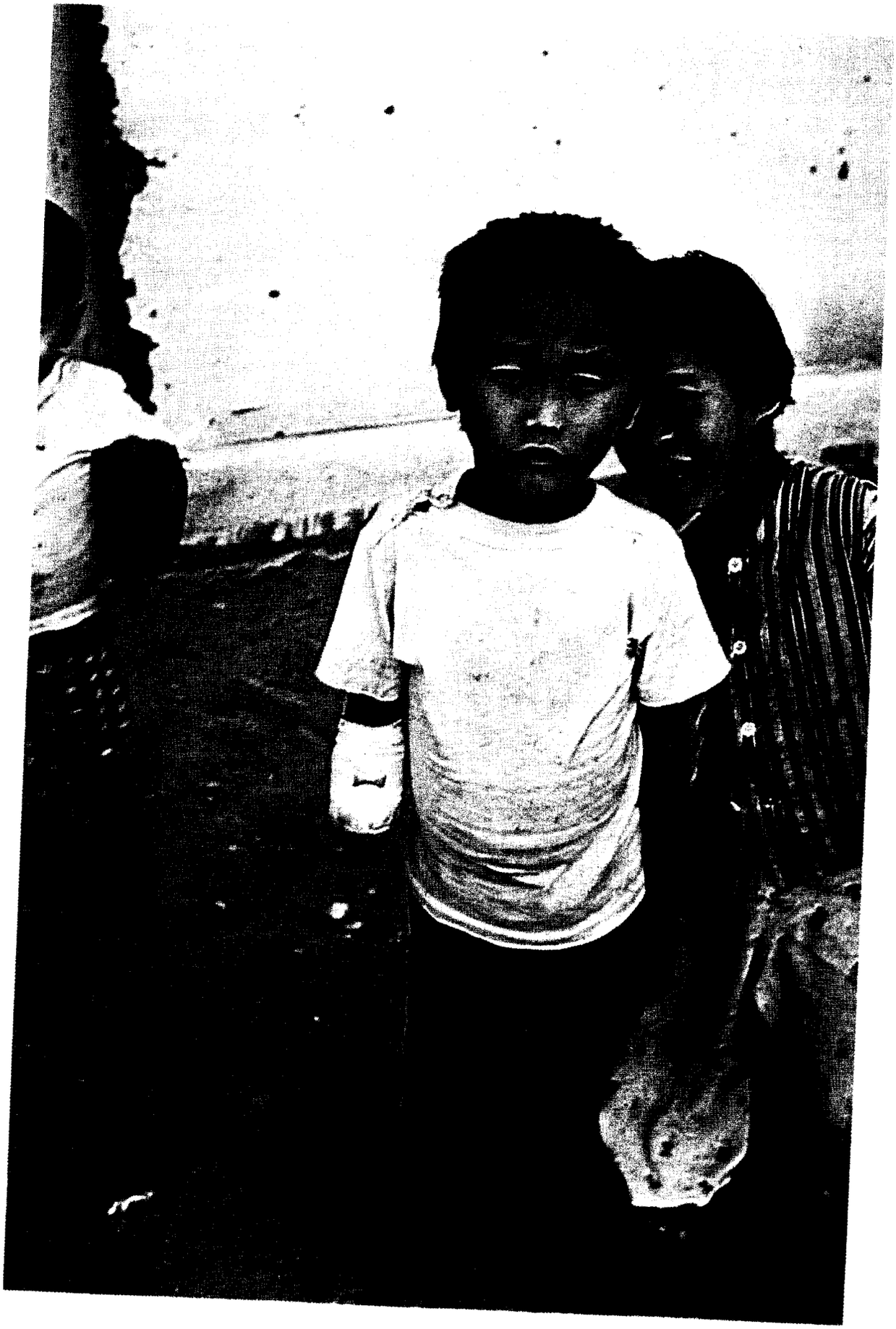

"Any visitor to a hospital, an orphanage, a refugee camp, can plainly see the evidence of reliance on amputation as a surgical shortcut."

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"Torn flesh, splintered bones, screaming agony are bad enough. But perhaps most heart-rending of all are the tiny faces and bodies scorched and seared by fire."

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A Vietnamese mother, herself and her child hungry, begs in the street, presenting her infant as appeal for aid.

". . . there is the forgotten legion of Vietnamese children in the cities and provincial towns—clinging together desperately in small packs, trying to survive. Usually they have threadbare clothing, and sometimes they go naked; they go unwashed for months, perhaps forever; almost none have shoes."

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"About eight per cent of Vietnam's population live in refugee shelters or camps; about three quarters of the shelter population, or over 750,000 persons, are children under 16. In shelters like Qui Nhon, pictured here, there is unimaginable squalor and close confinement . . ."

"Despite the gradual process of animalization, in their striving to maintain a semblance of dignity, they are beautiful."

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The Children of Vietnam

FOR COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN in Vietnam, breathing is quickened by terror and pain, and tiny bodies learn more about death every day. These solemn, rarely smiling little ones have never known what it is to live without despair.

They indeed know death, for it walks with them by day and accompanies their sleep at night. It is as omnipresent as the napalm that falls from the skies with the frequency and impartiality of the monsoon rain.

The horror of what we are doing to the children of Vietnam—"we," because napalm and white phosphorus are the weapons of America—is staggering, whether we examine the overall figures or look at a particular case like that of Doan Minh Luan.

Luan, age eight, was one of two children brought to Britain last summer through private philanthropy, for extensive treatment at the McIndoe Burns Center. He came off the plane with a muslin bag over what had been his face. His parents had been burned alive. His chin had "melted" into his throat, so that he could not close his mouth. He had no eyelids. After the injury, he had had no treatment at all—none whatever—for four months.

It will take years for Luan to be given a new face ("We are taking special care," a hospital official told a Canadian reporter, "to make him look Vietnamese"). He needs at least 12 operations, which surgeons will perform for nothing; the wife of a grocery-chain millionaire is paying the hospital bill. Luan has already been given eyelids, and he can close his mouth now. He and the nine-year-old girl who came to Britain with him, shy and sensitive Tran Thi Thong, are among the very few lucky ones.

There is no one to provide such care for most of the other horribly maimed children of Vietnam; and despite growing efforts by American and South Vietnamese authorities to conceal the fact, it's clear that there are hundreds of thousands of terribly injured children, with no hope for decent treatment on even a day-to-day basis, much less for the long months and years of restorative surgery needed to repair ten searing seconds of napalm.

When we hear about these burned children at all, they're simply called "civilians," and there's no real way to tell how many of them are killed and injured every day. By putting together some of the figures that are available, however, we can get some idea of the shocking story.

Nearly two years ago, for instance—before the major escalation that began in early 1965—Hugh Campbell, former Canadian member of the International Control Commission in Vietnam, said that from 1961 through 1963, 160,000 Vietnamese civilians died in the war. This figure was borne out by officials in Saigon. According to conservative estimates, another 55,000 died during 1964 and 100,000 in each of the two escalated years since, or at least 415,000 civilians have been killed since 1961. But just who *are* these civilians?

In 1964, according to a UNESCO population study, 47.5 per cent of the people of Vietnam were under 16. Today, the figure is certainly over 50 per cent. Other United Nations statistics for Southeast Asia generally bear out this figure. Since the males over 16 are away fighting—on one side or the other—it's clear that in the rural villages which bear the brunt of the napalm raids, at least 70 per cent and probably more of the residents are children.

In other words, at least a quarter of a million of the children of Vietnam have been killed in the war.

IF THERE ARE THAT MANY DEAD, using the military rule-of-thumb, there must be three times that many wounded—or at least a million child casualties since 1961. A look at just one hospital provides grim figures supporting these statistics: A medical student, who served for some time during the summer at Da Nang Surgical Hospital, reported that approximately a quarter of the 800 patients a month were burn cases (there are two burn wards at the hospital, but burned patients rarely receive surgical treatment, because more immediate surgical emergencies crowd them out). The student, David

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McLanahan of Temple University, also reported that between 60 and 70 per cent of the patients at Da Nang were under 12 years old.

What we are doing to the children of Vietnam may become clearer if the same percentages are applied to the American population. They mean that one out of every two American families with four children would be struck with having at least one child killed or maimed. There is a good chance, too, that the father would be dead as well. At the very least, he is probably far from home.

When Wisconsin Congressman Clement Zablocki returned from Vietnam early in 1966, he reported that "some recent search and destroy operations have resulted in six civilian casualties to one Viet Cong." Though Secretary of Defense McNamara challenged the figure, Zablocki, relying on American sources in Saigon, stuck by them, and sticks by them today. What he didn't say is that in any six "civilian casualties," four are children.

McNamara, too, is sometimes more candid in private. A colleague of mine attended a private "defense seminar" at Harvard in mid-November, and heard the defense secretary admit, during a question period, that "we simply don't have any idea" about either the number or the nature of civilian casualties in Vietnam.

Perhaps because we see them only one at a time, Americans seem not to have felt the impact of our own news stories about these "civilian casualties." A UPI story in August, 1965, for instance, described an assault at An Hoa:

> "I got me a VC, man. I got at least two of them bastards." The exultant cry followed a ten-second burst of automatic weapon fire yesterday, and the dull crump of a grenade exploding underground. The Marines ordered a Vietnamese corporal to go down into the grenade-blasted hole to pull out their victims. The victims were three children between 11 and 14—two boys and a girl. Their bodies were riddled with bullets. . . . "Oh, my God," a young Marine exclaimed. "They're all kids . . ." Shortly before the Marines moved in, a helicopter had flown over the area warning the villagers to stay in their homes.

In a Delta province, New York Times correspondent Charles Mohr encountered a woman whose both arms had been burned off by napalm. Her eyelids were so badly burned that she could not close them, and when it was time to sleep, her family had to put a blanket over her head. Two of her children had been killed in the air strike that burned her. Five other children had also died.

"They're all kids," wrote Veteran Associated Press reporter Peter Arnett, describing in September a battle at Lin Hoc. There, in a deep earth bunker below the fury of a fierce battle, a child was born. Within 24 hours the sleeping infant awakened—and choked on smoke seeping down into the bunker. According to Arnett, the GI's had begun "systematically" to burn the houses to the ground, and were "amazed" as hundreds of women, children and old men "poured from the ground." For the baby, however, it was already too late.

Another Times correspondent, Neil Sheehan, described in June the hospital at Cantho, in the Delta region where fighting is relatively light. The civilians, he said,

> come through the gates into the hospital compound in ones, twos and threes. The serious cases are slung in hammocks or blankets. . . . About 300 of the 500 casualties each month require major surgery. The gravely wounded, who might be saved by rapid evacuation, apparently never reach the hospital but die along the way.

A few months before, Dr. Malcom Phelps, field director of the American Medical Association Physician Volunteers for Vietnam, put the monthly figure for civilians treated at Cantho at about 800. That means at least 400 children, every month, in just that one hospital.

New Jersey doctor Wayne Hall, who worked at the Adventist Hospital in Saigon (he went at his own expense, as a substitute missionary surgeon), reported that overcrowding, even in this three-story Saigon institution, is a "chronic condition." No one was ever turned down: "When there were no more beds and cots, they were put on benches; when there were no more benches, they were put on the floor. Some were lying on a stone slab in the scrub room—delivery cases." Babies born on a stone slab. "Of course," Dr. Hall added, "this is the extreme—but it's a common extreme."

AT THE OTHER END OF THE COUNTRY, in Northern I Corps, David McLanahan reported that during last summer, the 350-bed Da Nang Surgical Hospital never had fewer than 700 patients. McLanahan, one of five medical students in Vietnam on an intern program sponsored by USAID, said that Vietnamese patients frequently would not talk freely to him, but that they told Vietnamese doctors and medical students enough about how they got hurt so that it was possible to estimate that at least 80 per cent of the injuries were inflicted by American or South Vietnamese action.

> My first patient [McLanahan said] was a lovely 28-year-old peasant woman who was lying on her back nursing a young child. The evening before, she had been sitting in her thatched hut when a piece of shrapnel tore through her back transecting the spinal cord. She was completely paralyzed below the nipple line. We could do nothing more for her than give antibiotics and find her a place to lie. A few mornings later she was dead,

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and was carried back to her hamlet by relatives. This was a particularly poignant case, but typical of the tragedy seen daily in our emergency room and, most likely, in all of the emergency rooms in Vietnam.

Most of McLanahan's patients, he said, were "peasants brought in from the countryside by military trucks. It was rare that we got these patients less than 16 hours after injury. All transportation ceases after dark. A small percentage of war casualties are lucky enough to make it to the hospital."

Cantho, Saigon, Da Nang, Quang Ngai—it is by putting together reports such as these that the reality of extrapolated figures becomes not only clear but plainly conservative. A quarter of a million children are dead; hundreds of thousands are seriously wounded. There must be tens of thousands of Doan Minh Luans.

Manufacturer Searle Spangler, American representative for the Swiss humanitarian agency Terre des Hommes, describes what his agency has found to be the pattern when children are injured in remote villages: "If he's badly ill or injured, of course, he simply won't survive. There is no medical care available. Adults are likely to run into the forest, and he sometimes may be left to die. If they do try to get him to a hospital, the trip is agony—overland on bad roads, flies, dirt, disease, and the constant threat of interdiction by armed forces." McLanahan says that virtually every injury that reaches the hospital at Da Nang is already complicated by serious infection—and describes doctors forced to stop during emergency surgical operations to kill flies with their hands.

Torn flesh, splintered bones, screaming agony are bad enough. But perhaps most heart-rending of all are the tiny faces and bodies scorched and seared by fire.

Napalm, and its more horrible companion, white phosphorus, liquidize young flesh and carve it into grotesque forms. The little figures are afterward often scarcely human in appearance, and one cannot be confronted with the monstrous effects of the burning without being totally shaken. Perhaps it was due to a previous lack of direct contact with war, but I never left the tiny victims without losing composure. The initial urge to reach out and soothe the hurt was restrained by the fear that the ash-like skin would crumble in my fingers.

IN QUI NHON TWO LITTLE CHILDREN—introduced to me quietly by the interpreter as being probably "children of the Viet Cong"—told of how their hamlet was scorched by the "fire bombs." Their words were soft and sadly hesitant in coming, but their badly burned and scarred bodies screamed the message. I was told later that they evinced no interest in returning to their home and to whatever might be left of their family.

I visited a number of the existing medical institutions in South Vietnam, and there is no question that the problems of overcrowding, inadequate supplies and insufficient personnel are probably insurmountable. The Da Nang Surgical Hospital is probably as well off as any Vietnamese hospital outside Saigon—but it is for surgery only; there is also a Medical Hospital not so well equipped.

Even in the Surgical Hospital, there are a number of tests that can't be done with the inadequate laboratory and X-ray equipment. Frequent power failure is a major problem (suction pumps are vital in surgery rooms; one child died in Da Nang, for instance, because during an operation he vomited and—with no suction pump to withdraw the stomach contents from his mouth—breathed them into his lungs). Though 100 burn patients every month reach Da Nang Surgical Hospital, McLanahan reported that while he was there, the hospital had only one half-pint jar of antibiotic cream—brought in privately by a surgeon—which was saved for "children who had a chance of recovery." In Sancta Maria Orphanage, I frequently became involved in trying, with a small amount of soap and a jar of Noxzema, to alleviate the festering infections that grew around every minor bite and cut.

In the nearby Medical Hospital, there are frequent shortages of antibiotics, digitalis and other equipment. While the Surgical Hospital makes use of outdated blood from military hospitals, most Vietnamese hospitals are chronically short of blood. According to another medical student, Jeffrey Mast, a hospital at Quang Ngai (60 miles south of Da Nang) occasionally "solved" a shortage of intravenous fluids by sticking a tube into a coconut—a common practice in outlying areas and, reportedly, among the Viet Cong.

The Swiss organization Terre des Hommes, which is attempting to provide adequate medical care for Vietnamese children (they were responsible for transporting Doan Minh Luan and Tran Thi Thong to England, and a few other children to other European countries), issued a report last spring which said in part that in Vietnam,

> hospitals . . . show the frightening spectacle of an immense distress. To the extent that one finds children burned from head to foot who are treated only with vaseline, because of lack of a) ointment for burns, b) cotton, c) gauze, d) personnel. In places with the atmosphere of slaughter houses for people, where flies circulate freely on children who have been skinned alive, there are no facilities for hygiene, no fans, and no air conditioning . . .

In South Vietnam, approximately 100 hospitals provide approximately 25,000 beds to serve the ever growing needs of the civilian population. Bed occupancy by two

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or three patients is not uncommon (two to a bed is the rule at Da Nang). I can testify personally to the accuracy of Manchester Guardian writer Martha Gellhorn's description of the typical conditions at Qui Nhon.

> In some wards the wounded also lie in stretchers on the floor and outside the operating room, and in the recovery room the floor is covered with them. Everything smells of dirt, the mattresses and pillows are old and stained; there are no sheets, of course, no hospital pajamas or gowns, no towels, no soap, nothing to eat on or drink from.

SEARLE SPANGLER, OF TERRE DES HOMMES, says that there are only about 250 Vietnamese doctors available to treat all the civilians in South Vietnam. My own information is that there are even fewer; Howard Rusk of the New York Times gave a figure of 200 in September, and I have been told that there are now about 160. Obviously the difference hardly matters when at least five times that many children die every week. Dr. Ba Kha, former Minister of Health, told me that there are about nine nurses, practical and otherwise, and about five midwives for every 100,000 persons. He also told me that his ministry, charged with administering the entire public health program for South Vietnam, is allocated an unbelievable two per cent of the national budget.

There are, of course, American and "free world" medical teams at work, and USAID is increasingly supplying the surgical hospitals (a new X-ray machine has been installed at Da Nang, which AID hopes to turn into a model training hospital), but while their contribution is vital and welcome, it is like a drop in the ocean of civilian pain and misery. To speak of any of this as medical care for the thousands of children seared by napalm and phosphorus is ridiculous; there is simply no time, nor are there facilities, for the months and possibly years of careful restorative surgery that such injuries require. Burn patients receive quick first aid treatment and are turned out to make room for other emergency cases.

Although of course no one can talk about it openly, there are known to be cases in which pain is so great, and condition so hopeless, that the treatment consists of a merciful overdose. In an alarmingly large number of other cases, amputations—which can be performed relatively quickly—take the place of more complex or protracted treatment so that more patients can be reached in the fantastic rush that is taking place in every hospital. Any visitor to a hospital, an orphanage, a refugee camp, can plainly see the evidence of this reliance on amputation as a surgical shortcut. Dr. Hall has reported that hospitals allow terminal cases to be taken away by their families to die elsewhere, so that room can be made for more patients.

Then there are politics. A leading doctor and administrator in the I Corps area has found it difficult to get supplies for his hospital because he is suspected in Saigon of having been sympathetic to the Buddhist movement. In Hue, a 1500-bed hospital shockingly is allowed to operate under capacity because some of the faculty and students at the associated medical school expressed similar sympathies; apparently in punishment, the school and hospital receive absolutely no medical supplies from Saigon; only aid from the West German government keeps it operating at all. The dean of the medical school and some of his students were arrested last summer; a shipment of microscopes donated by West Germany was heavily taxed by Saigon. The harassment goes on.

At the present time, two groups are trying to do something about the horror of burned and maimed Vietnamese children. They are the Swiss-based international group, Terre des Hommes, a nonpolitical humanitarian organization founded in 1960 to aid child victims of war; and a newly-formed American association with nationwide representation called the Committee of Responsibility. Their approaches are somewhat different, but they are cooperating with each other wherever it seems helpful.

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1965, Terre des Hommes arranged for about 400 hospital beds in Europe—like the two in England paid for by Lady Sainsbury—and for surgeons to donate their services. They contacted North Vietnam, the NLF representative in Algiers and the government of South Vietnam. The first two turned down the offer, but the South Vietnamese government seemed willing to cooperate. Air fare from Saigon to Europe is about $1500, so Terre des Hommes asked for help from the United States government.

American soldiers in Vietnam who accidentally suffer serious burn injuries from napalm are rushed aboard special hospital planes—equipped to give immediate first aid treatment—and flown directly to Brook Army Hospital in Texas, one of the world's leading centers for burn treatment and for the extensive plastic surgery that must follow. Burnt Vietnamese children must fare for themselves.

It was the use of such special hospital aircraft that Terre des Hommes was hoping for, though any air transportation would have been welcome. Although American authorities in Saigon at first seemed enthusiastic, the decision was referred to the White House. In January 1966, Chester L. Cooper—now in the State Department "working," he says, "on peace"—wrote on White House stationery to issue a resounding NO.

> . . . the most effective way of extending assistance [Cooper wrote] is on the scene in South Vietnam where children and others can be treated near their families

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and in familiar surroundings. . . . U.S. aircraft are definitely not available for this purpose.

Terre des Hommes wrote back to Cooper to argue the absurdity of the American position—there are, of course, no "familiar surroundings" in napalm-torn Vietnam, thousands of the children are displaced orphans, and in any case there are no medical facilities for the long and difficult rehabilitation of burned children. In November of this year, asked directly about the request, Cooper said:

> A doctor in Switzerland, of apparently good intentions but somewhat fuzzy judgment, wanted planes to take these innocent Vietnamese kids to Switzerland for treatment. [Edmond Kaiser, founder of Terre des Hommes, is not a doctor.] . . . The problem, basically, is that Terre des Hommes—and the chap involved, I want to emphasize, is a well meaning man—when we looked into it—and I worry just as much about the injured kids as the next fellow, maybe more so—what they want to do, they want to be taking these frightened little kids halfway across the world and dump them there in a strange, alien society . . .
>
> However much better a Swiss home or hospital might be, it cannot compensate for having their own families around them in familiar surroundings in their own country. Experienced social workers and hospital workers have described what happens when you take a child suddenly out of his environment: culture shock and trauma. . . .

Either Cooper is grotesquely misinformed about medical facilities and family coherence in South Vietnam, or he would genuinely rather keep these horribly maimed children in the bosom of frequently nonexistent families, in the "familiar surroundings" of dirty fly-ridden hospitals or jammed refugee camps or burned-out villages, rather than subject them to the culture shock and trauma of clean hospital beds, relief from pain, and a chance for the kind of surgery that will give a Tran Thi Thong back her eyelids and enable a Doan Minh Luan to close his mouth.

In any case, while the argument was going on, Terre des Hommes turned to commercial airlines and asked them to donate whatever empty space they might have on flights from Saigon to Europe; they refused, possibly feeling that the experience might be psychologically difficult for their other passengers. Finally, in May, Terre des Hommes brought 32 children (including Luan and Thong) out of Vietnam at its own expense; they were both sick and wounded, and eight were burn victims. The tiny victims were brought out by arrangement with Dr. Ba Kha, the Saigon Minister of Health; when I visited Saigon, the doctor was extremely cooperative and seemed eager to implement any program that could benefit even a few of the people who, he acknowledged, are suffering terribly.

In September, Terre des Hommes arranged for another 26 children to be flown to Europe, and one of their representatives in South Vietnam chose the children. But when the planeload arrived in Geneva, the people waiting received a terrible shock. It contained no war-wounded children at all. All 26 were polio, cardiac and cerebral spastic victims, chronically ill children. Dr. Paul Lowinger of Wayne State University's medical school was on hand when Terre des Hommes officials learned what had happened, and described them to me as "disappointed and frustrated" over the violation of the terms of the agreement.

So far, no one has been able to determine what happened to the burned and other war-wounded children who were chosen by Terre des Hommes but somehow didn't arrive on the plane in Geneva. They have, seemingly, disappeared—or died. I have letters in my possession indicating that physicians who have been to Vietnam since my return fear that wounded and burned children are being hidden or kept out of sight of visiting doctors.

In the meantime, Dr. Ba Kha had been replaced, apparently for his actions in attempting to get the burned children out of the country, and his successor has demonstrated much less concern for the Terre des Hommes project. Most officials of the Swiss organization are convinced, though they cannot of course say so publicly, that the firing of Ba Kha and the substitution of the children was directly related to the fact that in England and elsewhere in Europe, the arrival of the first group of children had caused a tremendous stir about the cruel effect of the bombing. The arrival of Luan and Thong in Great Britain stimulated a large, spontaneous flow of gifts and contributions—and not a small amount of indignation about their condition.

Incidentally, Canadian reporter Jane Armstrong, who visited the Sussex hospital where the two children are being treated, wrote that "the hospital staff have been astonished by their happy dispositions," and notes that "no one can say what will happen to Luan," who has no known relatives. The culture shock and unfamiliar surroundings don't seem to be bothering the children.

In any case, Searle Spangler, Terre des Hommes representative in New York, seems firmly to believe in "spy-like hanky panky" by the South Vietnamese government, including the secreting of badly injured children in order to play down the problem. He also said that "some of our Vietnamese workers have been mistreated, and we have reason to fear for them." On the adequacy of medical care in Vietnam, Spangler notes that Terre des Hommes operates the only children's hospital in the country—600 patients for 220 beds, with many of the children lying on newspapers—and that in other hospitals, some news-

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papers and wrapping paper are commonly used as dressings for burns, being the only material available.

THE AMERICAN GROUP, the Committee of Responsibility, has only recently been formed. Its concern is specifically with children burned by American napalm and white phosphorus.

Its national coordinator and moving spirit, Helen Frumin, a housewife from Scarsdale, New York, became interested in the problem last spring when she encountered some Terre des Hommes material. Later, in Lausanne, she met Kaiser and learned more about the problem. She became convinced that Americans have a special responsibility toward the burned children of Vietnam.

"Napalm is an American product," Mrs. Frumin says. "The tragedy that is befalling children in Vietnam is all the more our responsibility where children burned by napalm are concerned; only the United States is using this weapon, and it is fitting that we should provide the care for the mutilated children."

The Committee backs up its position by citing such sources as a story in Chemical and Engineering News, last March, about a government contract for 100 million pounds of Napalm B, an "improved" product. The older forms of napalm, the article goes on to say, left "much to be desired, particularly in adhesion."

This, of course, refers to the ability of the hateful substance to cling to the flesh of the hamlet dwellers on whom it is usually dropped, insuring a near perfect job of human destruction after prolonged agony. It is because American tax dollars are behind every phase of the process, from manufacture to delivery and use, that the citizens of the Committee of Responsibility (who include prominent doctors throughout the country) feel that American dollars might best be spent in relieving the suffering they buy.

The Committee hopes at first to bring 100 napalmed children to America for extensive treatment. Hospital beds are being arranged, 300 physicians are ready to donate their services, homes have been found. But the cost for treating each child is still between $15,000 and $20,000, not including transportation from Vietnam to the United States.

The fantasy of the position that "adequate" care can be provided within South Vietnam and that "culture shock" might result from displacing a child, was pointed up in a report prepared for the Committee by Dr. Robert Goldwyn, a noted Boston plastic surgeon. He said in part:

> The children of Vietnam are the hardest struck by malnutrition, by infectious disease, and by the impact of terror and social chaos. They begin with the disadvantages implicit in a colonial society after nearly 25 years of continuing war, economic backwardness, inadequate food and medical facilities. Particularly helpless under such conditions is the burned child . . .
>
> A burn is especially critical in a child because the area of destruction relative to total body surface is proportionately greater than that of an adult. And in the present real world of Vietnam, his nutritional status and resistance to infection is lower than that of an adult.
>
> The acute phase of burn demands immediate and complex attention involving physicians, nurses, dressings, intravenous foods, plasma, often blood, antibiotics, and after the first week, wound debridement and skin grafting. Unless evacuation is simple and immediate and well-supervised, these early burns are best treated at or near the scene of injury.
>
> . . . However, the child who has survived the initial stages of a burn would be a highly suitable candidate for treatment elsewhere. Since most of the burns are the result of napalm or white phosphorus, they are deep, and subsequent deformities and contractures are usual. These deformities, which interfere with function and offer extreme psychological obstacles for social readjustment, can be relieved by well-known and standardized plastic surgical procedures. These operations can ideally be done in a country such as the United States where facilities are adequate and where the environment is conducive to total rehabilitation.
>
> The child would not have to lie in a bed with two or three others; he would not be exposed to parasitic infestation or sepsis or diarrhea or epidemics which are now prevalent in most of the Vietnamese civilian hospitals. He would be out of a war-torn country and could heal his psychological wounds as well.
>
> . . . While one is instinctively reluctant to think of taking a child away from familiar surroundings, family and friends, for medical treatment and rehabilitation, these phrases are empty in the present context; we are talking of children whose homes are destroyed, who may be orphaned, whose "familiar surroundings" are the hell of disease, famine and flame attendant on modern warfare. . . . Further, the choice is not between care at home and better care in the United States, but in realistic terms, between token care or often, no care at all, and adequate care.

To Dr. Goldwyn's analysis can be added that of Dr. Richard Stark, past president of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, who agreed in a speech on October 3 that plastic surgical facilities in Vietnam are "presently inadequate."

THERE IS, of course, an official United States position on the use of napalm in Vietnam. The Department of the Air Force set it forth on September 1, 1966, in a letter to Senator Robert Kennedy:

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Napalm is used against selected targets, such as caves and reinforced supply areas. Casualties in attacks against targets of this type are predominantly persons involved in Communist military operations.

I am compelled to wonder what military functions were being performed by the thousands of infants and small children, many of whom I saw sharing hospital beds in Vietnam, and a few of whom appear in photographs accompanying this article.

In the brutal inventory of maimed and killed South Vietnamese children one must also include those who are the helpless victims of American defoliants and gases. The defoliants used to deprive the Viet Cong of brush and trees that might afford cover are often the common weed-killers 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. Yet the pilots spraying from the air cannot see if women and children are hiding in the affected foliage. These chemicals "can be toxic if used in excessive amounts," says John Edsall, M.D., Professor of Biology at Harvard.

The U.S. has admitted it is using "non-toxic" gas in Vietnam. The weapon is a "humane" one, says the government, because it creates only temporary nausea and diarrhea in adult victims. Yet a New York Times editorial on March 24, 1965 noted that these gases "can be fatal to the very young, the very old, and those ill with heart and lung ailments. . . . No other country has employed such a weapon in recent warfare." A letter to the Times several days later from Dr. David Hilding of the Yale Medical School backed up this point: "The weakest, young and old, will be the ones unable to withstand the shock of this supposedly humane weapon. They will writhe in horrible cramps until their babies' strength is unequal to the stress and they turn blue and black and die . . ." Once again, the children of Vietnam are the losers.

About eight per cent of Vietnam's population live in refugee shelters or camps; about three quarters of the shelter population, or over 750,000 persons, are children under 16. In shelters like that of Qui Nhon, which I visited, there is unimaginable squalor and close confinement. There were 23,000 in that camp when I was there, and I have been told that the figure has since tripled.

Father So, unquestioned leader of these thousands of refugees in Qui Nhon and in the rest of Binh Dinh province, works for 20 hours a day to provide what relief he can, particularly for the orphaned children. These usually live in a hovel-like appendage to the main camp, frequently without beds. Food and clothing are scarce.

As So's guest, I attended with him a meeting with Dr. Que, the South Vietnamese High Commissioner of Refugees, and with the USAID Regional and Provincial Representatives and the Coordinator of Refugees. So reminded the AID officials of their promise to supply badly needed food; the province representative replied that 500 pounds of bulgar had been given to the district chief with instructions that it was to be delivered to So for distribution in the camp.

So said nothing in reply. Later, he laughed softly and said to me that neither he nor the children would ever see that bulgar. The district chief had more lucrative connections.

THE SHELTER CHILD receives little if any education. Crossed strands of barbed wire form the perimeter of his living world. There are no sanitary facilities—those in camps near a river are lucky. Even shelters with cement floors have no privies for as many as 160 families. Plague and cholera increasingly threaten the health of the children (and of course the adults, though to a lesser degree), and I noticed an amazing amount of body infection on the youngsters, ranging from minor to extremely serious in nature. Their level of resistance is quite low, and the filth, combined with the absence of hygienic knowledge, is so universal that mosquito and ant bites quickly become infected. There is not usually medical help for the children of these camps. Tuberculosis and typhoid are evident, with periodic local epidemics; about one per cent of all Vietnamese children will have TB before reaching the age of 20.

Many of the shelter children show traces of the war. I particularly remember a tiny girl whose arm had been amputated just below the elbow, and who followed me from one end to the other. The children also display a reaching out, not in a happy but in a sort of mournful way. The shy ones frequently huddle together against the side of a hut and one can always feel their eyes upon him as he moves about. No one ever intended for them to live like this—but there they are. One small child provided for me their symbol. He sat on the ground, away from the others. He was in that position when I entered and still there several hours later when I left. When I approached, he nervously fingered the sand and looked away, only finally to confront me as I knelt in front of him. Soon I left and he remained as before—alone.

Another 10,000 children—probably more by now—live in the 77 orphanages in South Vietnam. I lived for a time in Sancta Maria orphanage (in an area officially described as influenced by Viet Cong, and off limits to American military personnel). I arrived there during a rest hour, to find the children in a second floor dormitory, two to a bed, others stretched out on the floor. Their clothing consisted of only the barest necessities, though Sancta Maria was better off than other institutions I visited.

Here, too, food was scarce and there was a shortage or

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a complete absence of basic supplies such as soap, gauze, towels and linen. I devoted some evenings to teaching elementary English vocabulary, and I was impressed by the amount of motivation displayed by some of these children despite the horrors that frequently characterized their past—and present. Their solemnity was very real, however, as was their seeming general inability to play group games.

In most orphanages, as in the refugee shelters, there is no schooling at all, but despite this and the shortages of food and other supplies there is a growing tendency in Vietnam for parents to turn children over to the camps or to abandon them. Mme. LaMer, UNICEF representative to the Ministry of Social Welfare, expressed alarm over this tendency while I was in Vietnam; it seems to be one more example of the rapid deterioration of family structure because of the war. Officials told me that infant abandonment has become so common that many hospitals are now also struggling to provide facilities for orphan care.

FINALLY, THERE IS the forgotten legion of Vietnamese children in the cities and provincial towns—clinging together desperately in small packs, trying to survive. Usually they have at best threadbare clothing, and sometimes they are naked; they go unwashed for months—perhaps forever; almost none have shoes. They live and sleep on the filthy streets, in doorways and alcoves. Despite the gradual process of animalization, in their striving to maintain a semblance of dignity, they are beautiful.

On a few occasions I took an interpreter into the streets with me and spent hours sifting histories (often, feeling that my presence might inhibit the response, I stayed away and let the Vietnamese carry out the interview).

Some had come to the cities with their mothers, who turned to prostitution and forced the children into the streets. Others, abandoned in hospitals or orphanages or placed there while ill, had merely run away. Still others had struggled in on their own from beleaguered hamlets and villages. Once on the streets, their activities range from cab flagging, newspaper peddling and shoe shining to begging, selling their sisters and soliciting for their mothers. I saw five- and six-year-old boys trying to sell their sisters to GI's; in one case the girl could not have been more than 11 years old.

WITH MISERY COMES DESPAIR, and one of its most shocking forms was called to my attention by Lawson Mooney, the competent and dedicated director of the Catholic Relief Services program in Vietnam. Mooney said he had noticed, between the autumn of 1965 and the spring of 1966, a fantastic increase in the rate of adolescent suicide.

I began to check the newspapers every day—and indeed, there was usually one, frequently more than one suicide reported among the city's children. In several cases, group suicides were reported: a band of young people, unable to face the bleakness and misery of their existence, will congregate by agreement with a supply of the rat poison readily available in Vietnam, divide it, take it, and die.

"Many of these suicides," Lt. Col. Nguyen Van Luan, Saigon Director of Police, told Eric Pace of the New York Times, "are young people whose psychology has been deformed, somehow, by the war." Van Luan went on to say that in the Saigon-Cholon area alone, 544 people attempted suicide during the first seven months of 1966—many of them, of course, successfully. In that one section of the country—with about 18 per cent of the total population—that is an average of 78 a month. Last year, Luan noted, the monthly average had been about 53, so the increase was about 50 per cent. "You must remember," Luan went on, "that these are young people who have never known peace. They were more or less born under bombs."

These are the "familiar surroundings" away from which American policy will not transport the horribly burned children of Vietnam, the "frightened little kids" of whom White House aide Chester Cooper says that humanitarians want to take "halfway around the world and dump them there in a strange, alien society." One must agree with his further comment that "it is a very ghastly thing." Clearly, the destruction of a beautiful setting is exceeded only by the atrocity that we daily perpetuate upon those who carry within them the seeds of their culture's survival. In doing this to them we have denied our own humanity, and descended more deeply than ever before as a nation, into the depths of barbarism.

It is a ghastly situation. And triply compounded is the ghastliness of napalm and phosphorus. Surely, if ever a group of children in the history of man, anywhere in the world, had a moral claim for their childhood, here they are. Every sickening, frightening scar is a silent cry to Americans to begin to restore that childhood for those whom we are compelled to call our own because of what has been done in our name.

William F. Pepper is Executive Director of the Commission on Human Rights in New Rochelle, New York, a member of the faculty at Mercy College in Dobbs Ferry, New York and Director of that college's Children's Institute for Advanced Study and Research. On leave of absence last spring, he spent six weeks in South Vietnam as an accredited journalist.

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In hospitals, wrapping paper and newspapers are commonly used as blankets, even as bandages, being the only material available.

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"Americans in Vietnam who accidentally suffer serious burn injuries from napalm are rushed aboard special hospital planes . . . and flown directly to Brook Army Hospital in Texas, one of the world's leading centers for burn treatment and the extensive plastic surgery that must follow. But burnt Vietnamese children must fare for themselves . . ."

An abandoned child, his belly distended from malnutrition, sleeps on a doorstep in Saigon. Many of these children take their own lives.

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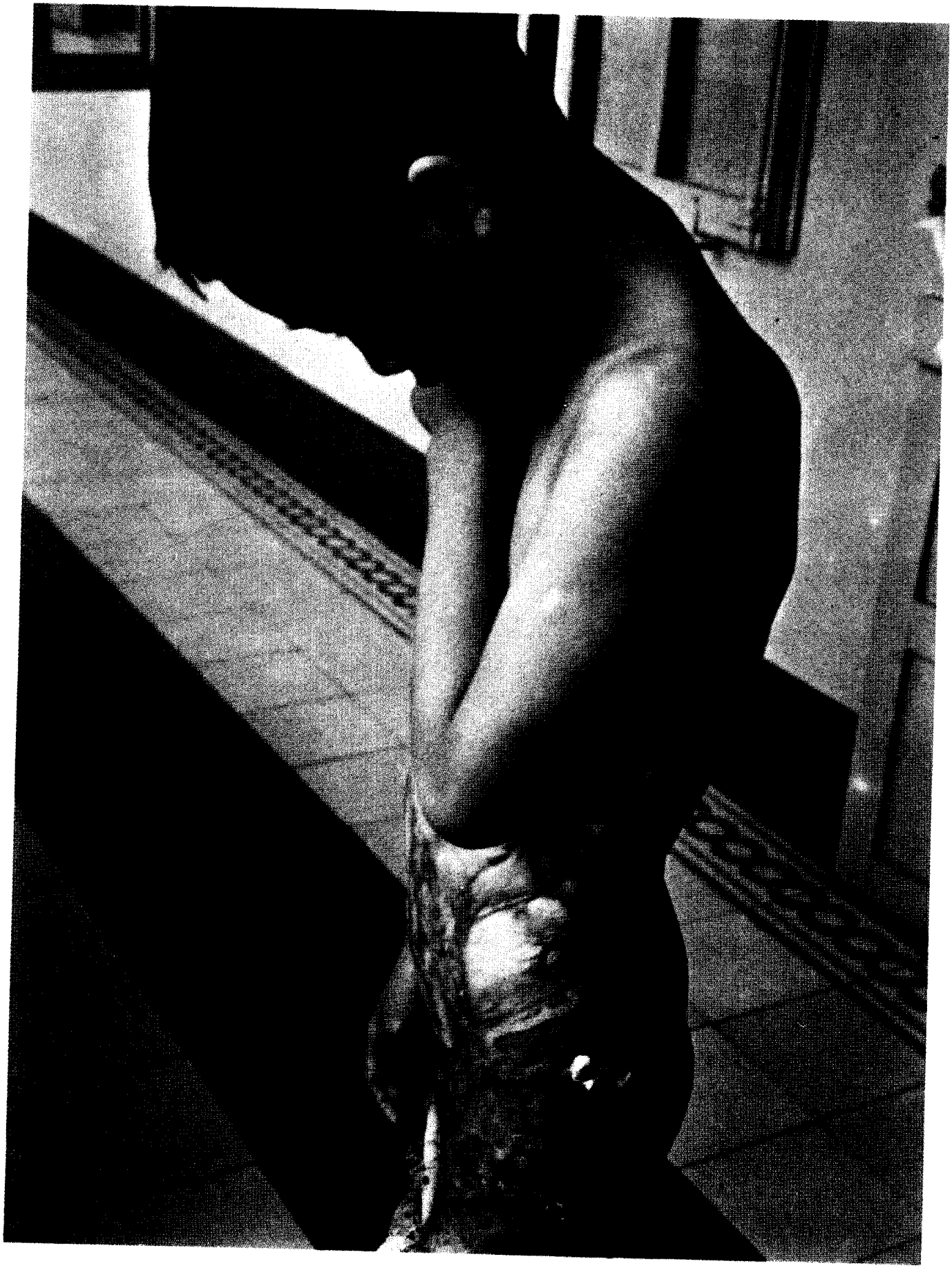

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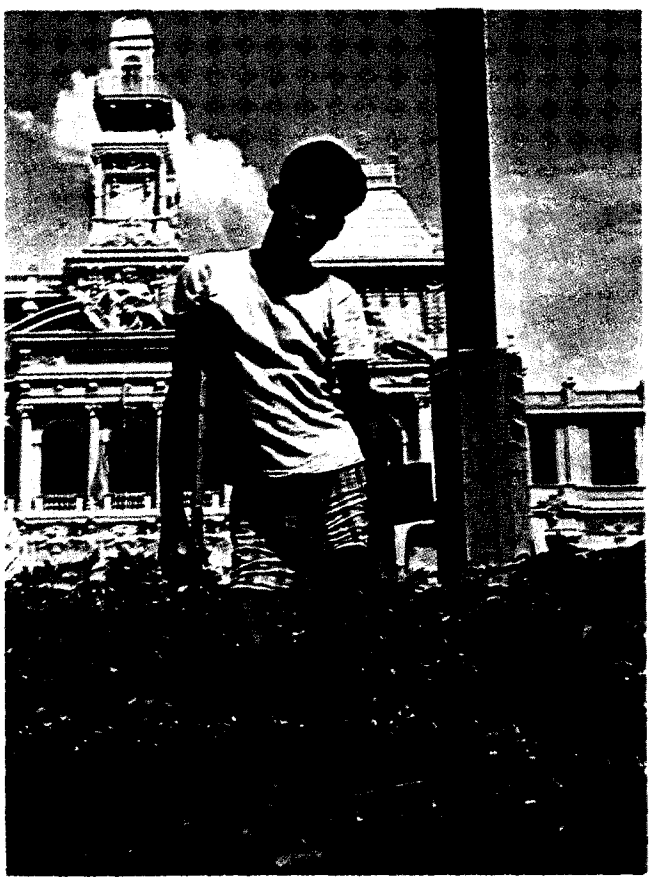
"In Sancta Maria Orphanage, I frequently became involved in trying, with a small amount of soap and a jar of Noxzema, to alleviate the festering infections that seemed to grow around every minor bite and cut."



He was deformed by polio, but he stood in front of Saigon's City Hall every day—shining shoes, staying alive.

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"The shelter child receives little if any education. Crossed strands of barbed wire form the perimeter of his living world . . ."

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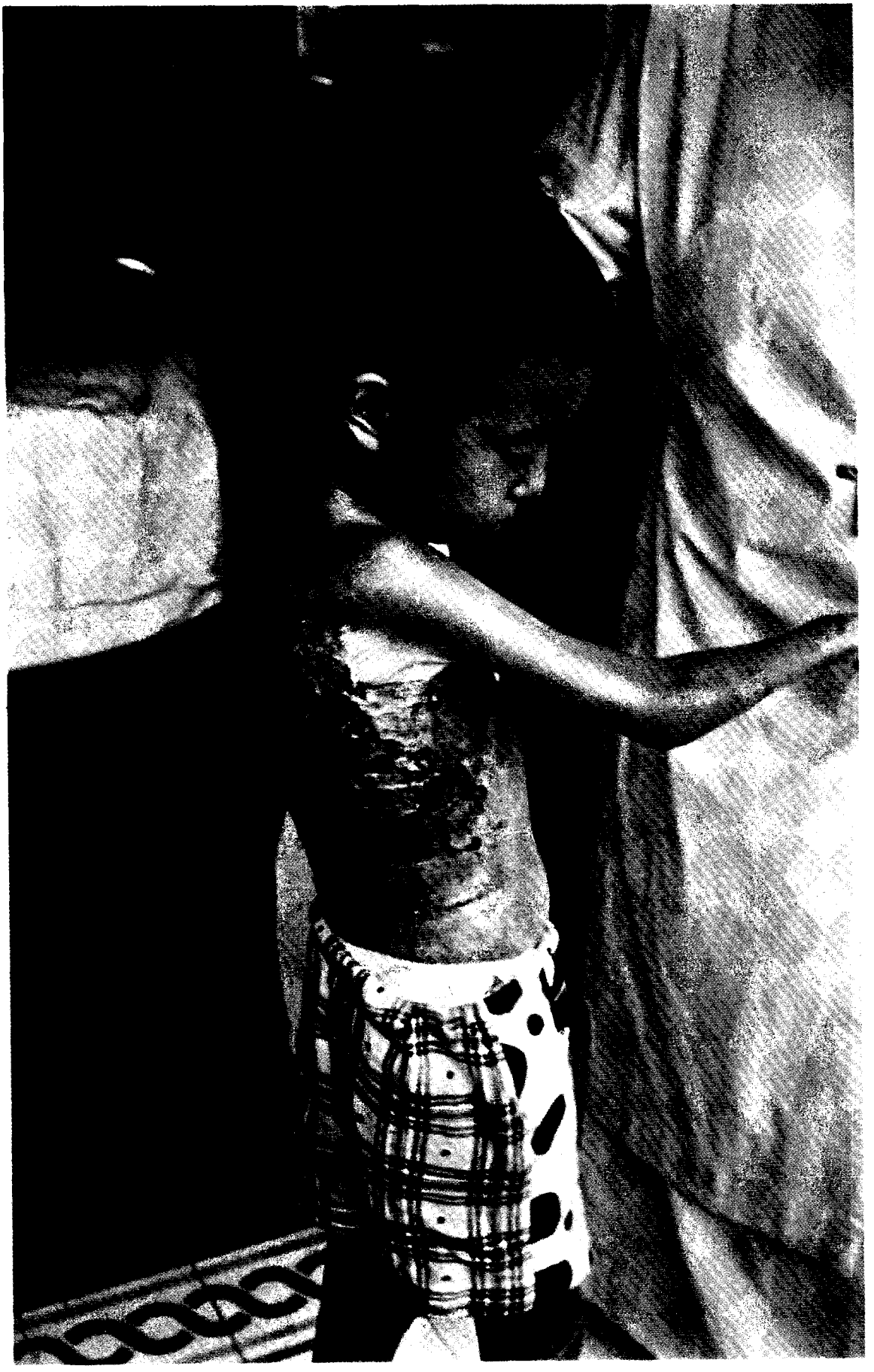
". . . I never left the tiny victims without losing composure. The initial urge to reach out and soothe the hurt was restrained by the fear that the ash-like skin would crumble in my fingers."



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The "pacification" program undertaken by the government of Premier Ky involves the relocation of large numbers of refugees from their ancestral homes to "New Life Hamlets." The "hamlet" pictured here was built on top of a huge garbage mound.

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The Children of Vietnam

"One tiny child provided for me their symbol. He was about three years old and he sat on the ground away from the others. He was in that position when I entered and still there several hours later when I left. When I approached he nervously fingered the sand and looked away, only to finally confront me as I knelt in front of him. Soon, I left and he remained as before—alone."

THE COMMITTEE OF RESPONSIBILITY is an American voluntary organization composed of physicians, surgeons, and interested laymen, which has as its mission the saving of war burned Vietnamese children. The members of the committee feel a deep responsibility, as Americans, for the suffering in Vietnam and see it as an elementary act of justice to work for the welfare of the children who are the innocent victims of American power. The committee has invited all Americans to participate in this work.

The Committee of Responsibility plans to make facilities available for the treatment and rehabilitation of war burned Vietnamese children in the United States. In this effort the committee hopes to enlist the aid of physicians, particularly plastic and general surgeons, secure hospital beds and obtain community support for temporary foster home care.

In order to make possible the transportation of war burned Vietnamese children to treatment centers in the United States, the Committee of Responsibility will attempt to enlist the aid of voluntary and governmental agencies in Vietnam and the United States, obtain U.S. consent for the entry of the Vietnamese children into this country, and secure space in U.S. government aircraft.

The committee is appealing directly to the American people for funds and support. Requests for information and contributions should be sent to:

THE COMMITTEE OF RESPONSIBILITY
Box 424, Scarsdale, New York 10583
Helen G. Frumin, National Co-ordinator

Color photographs on pages 45, 48 and 49 by David McLanahan.
Black & white photography courtesy of Terre des Hommes.

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The Minutemen

[The Spirit of '66]

NESTLED IN THE UNDULATING, lake-dotted Ramapo Mountains of northern New Jersey is Camp Midvale, a recreation retreat for several generations of New York City leftists. The National Guardian held picnics on its unkempt lawns; baldish garment district socialists batted volleyballs over tattered nets while their thick-thighed wives splashed in a spring-fed pool; and last year fuzz-cheeked activists of the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs showed up for frolic and a round of bucolic caucusing.

On the early morning of October 30, 1966, bands of paramilitary Minutemen, garbed in outdoor clothing to blend with the swarm of hunters stalking the hills, set out with the intent, police said, of mounting a firebomb assault on Camp Midvale and two similar camps in nearby New York and Connecticut.

At the last minute, the superpatriots were intercepted by New York City police, who had had them under surveillance for 10 months. In simultaneous raids on Minutemen arms caches in the city and upstate, 110 state and local officers seized a massive arsenal of mortars, grenades, bazookas, machine guns, semi-automatic rifles, miscellaneous arms, and close to a million rounds of ammunition, that was weighed in by the ton. "We were concerned with a great loss of life," said Queens District Attorney Nat H. Hentel, who authorized the arrests and raids.

The abortive terrorist plot was the latest in a series that has marked Senator J. William Fulbright and former CORE leader James Farmer for assassination, and the United Nations Building for an infusion of lethal cyanide into the air conditioning system in order to wipe out hundreds of "communists and one-worlders" in one fell swoop. To the Minutemen, World War III commenced with Franklin Delano Roosevelt's second term when a socialistic tide began to swamp the corridors of governmental power and reduce the United States to a vassal state of international communism. Impelled by the motto "Words Won't Win—Action Will," they are sworn to establish a neo-Constitutional Republic, Minutemen style. As one recent Minutemen defector put it: "After you take their Five Phases of Training, you find that you want to overthrow the government by force and violence and do away with half the people in the United States."

As a conspiratorial apparatus, the Minutemen make the Communist party look like a ladies' *kaffee klatsch*, yet somehow the vaunted security watchdogs of the FBI have remained quiet. Their lapse is probably due to J. Edgar Hoover's perpetual hang-up with the *bêtes noires* of the left. For instance, when Communist party ranks dwindled below 10,000 several years ago, Hoover seized upon the nascent DuBois Clubs as the fresh menace, touting them as "new blood for the vampire of International Communism."

In this year's appropriations testimony, released September 22, 1966, Hoover tagged Camp Midvale a "camp for Communist youth," and, ironically, may thus have goaded the Minutemen into attacking it. Although the G-men devoted considerable snooping time to Camp Midvale, Minutemen national headquarters at Norborne, Missouri, was attended only on a part-time basis by special agent Arnett of the Kansas City office.

In the same appropriations testimony, the prestigious FBI chief pooh-poohed the Minutemen, calling them a "paper organization" whose boast of over 25,000 members had been grossly exaggerated (however, he insisted that the Communist party "wields an influence and constitutes a security danger far out of proportion to its membership"). "We have penetrated this organization," he fatuously declared, "and our sources keep us posted on developments." Yet when New York authorities rounded up the Minutemen about to embark on their mission of destruction, Hoover learned about it in the newspapers.

Like other cursory observers, Hoover apparently clings to the original image of the Minutemen as an amalgam of harmless commie-haters with a commando complex. When the outfit was formed over six years ago, its intent was purely defensive—to fight a last-ditch guerrilla action against an expected invasion by Communist troops from abroad. But when the invasion failed to materialize, the Minutemen did an about-face and leveled their sights on the domestic enemy—the "ultra-liberals." They assiduously collected data on any person or group that smacked of liberalism. They have infiltrated numerous units of law enforcement and government, and groups such as SNCC and CORE. They have carried on campaigns of harassment against the "enemy," planted evidence damaging to him, and hatched plots to eradicate him. From coast to coast they have cached veritable arsenals against the hour of *Der Tag*.

by William W. Turner

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LEGEND HAS IT that the Minutemen organization came into being quite spontaneously on a small Missouri lake in June of 1960. It was the height of the U-2 crisis, and a coterie of ten duck hunters was speculating on the outcome. "Well, if the Russians invade us," one quipped, "we can come up here and fight on as a guerrilla band." The idea struck a somber chord, and one of the hunters who was a Special Forces veteran dug out his training manuals. In deadly earnest, the group started "to prepare for the day when Americans will once again fight in the streets for their lives and their liberty."

The desperation movement proliferated rapidly, and soon maneuvers were being staged in San Antonio, Omaha, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Columbus, Newark and San Diego. Clad in camouflage suits, Minutemen squads clambered up ravines hurling de-fused grenades at an imaginary enemy, put up skirmish lines, blasted away at silhouette targets, and subsisted in the desert on cactus juice and lizard meat. To inquirers startled at the spectacle there was the stock answer: "We're just loyal Americans tired of being pushed around by the Communists."

Not even when deputies seized an arsenal of recoilless rifles, mortars and machine guns during a 1961 raid on an Illinois guerrilla exercise was there any clamor to clamp down on the Minutemen. Press and public continued to look upon them with bemusement as if they were a bunch of gung-ho types given to toting rifles and tearing around in jeeps. And Minutemen spokesmen applied the patriotic touch by citing the right of citizens to bear arms which dates back to Colonial days.

The shift of the Minutemen's gaze from the sea to the home-grown enemy was signaled by a 1961 manifesto proclaiming "our diplomatic war against communism has already been lost by bunglers or traitors within our own government." As the theorists saw it, the Constitution had already been superseded, for all practical purposes, by the United Nations charter. In a message to his followers that year, founder DePugh instructed that the Minutemen must "prepare to take any action—no matter how brutal —that may be required to renew the protection of the United States Constitution for future generations."

In drawing a bead on the native socialists, collectivists and liberals who were paving the way for a Communist millennium, the Minutemen found themselves in camp with the rest of the ultra-right. But they were able to dangle a lure that was irresistible to the more radical elements—the promise of direct, violent action. Extremists who had grown jaded on "debating society tactics" flocked to the rolls. Anti-Castro emigres with the dislodged zeal of counter-revolutionaries saw in the Minutemen a possible springboard for an assault on the homeland. Remnants of the Hungarian Freedom Fighters now in this country found common cause. And jingoistic ex-U.S. servicemen frustrated by the static Cold War once again found an outlet for their military skills.

Although John Birch officials have publicly disavowed the Minutemen, DePugh contends that droves of Birchers have secretly joined his group. "Generally the hardest working members of the JBS are members of the Minutemen," he brays, explaining that recruits are encouraged to retain memberships in other right wing organizations in order to spread Minutemen influence. One of the episodes dutifully reported by New York police was a Minutemen-Bircher baseball game won by the former 1-0.

Despite a patina of respectable conservatism, the Minutemen have inevitably become shot through with the rabble of the radical right. Twenty American Nazis were absorbed *en masse*, although DePugh insists it was with the stipulation that they conform to Minutemen standards. Ku Klux Klanners abound, and there is a clutch of National States Rights Party adherents. The Minutemen coordinator for Pennsylvania, Roy Frankhauser Jr., and his New Jersey counterpart, Frank Rotella, are better known for their roles of state Grand Dragons of the Klan; it was in Frankhauser's home in October 1965, that the fanatically racist Dan Burros shot himself fatally when the New York Times revealed his Jewish heritage.

The expansion-minded DePugh, who has emerged as the charismatic leader of the paramilitary right, has brought practically all of the nation's paramilitary units under Minutemen hegemony. Although units may retain a separate identity, usually based on a fundamentalist religion tone, they function as integral parts of the Minutemen. In New Jersey, there are the Sons of Liberty, whose manual on garroting and other niceties of guerrilla warfare closes with a quote from Isaiah; in St. Louis, the Christian Soldiers, headed by ex-Marine Walter Peyson, convicted for illegal possession of a machine gun; in Illinois, the Counter-Insurgency Council of Richard Lauchli Jr., a Minutemen founder; and in New Orleans, the Paul Revere Associated Yeomen (PRAY).

Perhaps the largest Minutemen division is the Soldiers of the Cross, at whose Englewood, Colorado base evangelism is mixed with practice in karate, judo and the art of survival. The chief Soldier is Rev. Kenneth Goff, a former member of the Young Communist League who switched horses in the mid '40s by teaming with the ultra-nationalist, anti-Semitic Gerald L. K. Smith, and he now sits on the Minutemen national council. One of Goff's California compatriots, the Rev. Dallas Roquemore, was possessed of the singular theory that the Russians were slyly cornering the horse market in order to mount a Cossack-style attack on the west coast. Setting up bases in the Santa Ana range, he composed a text *Get Ye Up Into the High*

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Illustration by Dugald Stermer

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Mountains which, in proferring instructions on such grisly considerations as eye-gouging and the disposal of enemy corpses, suggests: "The dead bodies could be suspended from a tree by the legs, or any suitable showmanship, for an example to the enemy." Roquemore's lively imagination has been lost to the cause however; he was shot to death by one of his recruits whose alertness he was testing.

Another Minutemen affiliate, perhaps the most bizarre, is the church-paramilitary complex of Dr. Wesley Swift of Los Angeles, himself an erstwhile protege of Gerald L. K. Smith. Swift's Church of Jesus Christ-Christian has a string of "parishes" in California and Florida and a radio voice reaching an estimated million listeners. The church sponsors the Christian Defense League, one of whose members was arrested in 1964 in possession of an array of post-Biblical weaponry. Swift is closely allied with Colonel William Gale, a World War II leader of Philippine guerrilla bands who presently heads the paramilitary California Rangers, cited by the state attorney general as "an underground network for the conduct of guerrilla warfare." Gale apparently attempts to proselytize former servicemen; in 1964 the California American Legion revoked the charter of its Signal Hill Post when it was discovered many members had joined the Rangers. One Ranger, George J. King, son of a retired admiral, was convicted on firearms charges when he sold illegal weapons to state undercover agents.

Gale, who professes to be a minister in Swift's church, preaches hate: "You got your nigger Jews, you got your Asiatic Jews and you got your white Jews. They're all Jews, and they're all the offspring of the devil." In Florida, Swift minister Rev. Oren Potito, who protested the 1962 enrollment of James Meredith at Mississippi and was arrested when firearms were found in his car, readily acknowledges church-led "guerrilla warfare units." Perhaps Swift's most flamboyant minister is Connie Lynch, the peregrinatic Negro-baiter who affects a Confederate-flag vest. Lynch was credited by Florida authorities with spurring mob violence in St. Augustine in 1964; in 1965 he led the KKK parade in Bogalusa, Louisiana; and in 1966 he showed up in Chicago agitating against Negroes during the rioting. He holds Minutemen membership number C41412.

The governing body of the Minutemen is the national council, composed of DePugh, Rev. Goff, Troy Haughton of San Diego, DePugh's West Coast lieutenant, and seven others, including a Tucson insurance executive, a Spokane Air Force reserve captain, and a New Orleans PRAY member. The organization is divided into seven national divisions, each headed by a coordinator, and into local bands and teams. Local units are not informed of each other's identities, and members are cautioned not to disclose their affiliation.

The membership pattern follows population densities, DePugh says. "We have more members in New York City alone than in the Deep South." DePugh refuses to divulge the total membership, and the files at headquarters are chemically treated so they can be instantly destroyed. But in December 1965, a defector emerged from the murky recesses of the organization to shed considerable light on its present status.

GAUNT, SALLOW-FACED JERRY Milton Brooks, a 37-year-old self-styled adventurer, once convicted of extortion, joined the Minutemen soon after their inception in 1960 and became known to his comrades as "the rabbi." Although DePugh denies he was a formal member, Brooks brought out secret membership rolls and a fingertip knowledge that tends to support his role as a trusted aide, and his story has stood up under cross-checking by Missouri authorities. He has provided the first searching look inside the enigmatic organization.

In his squeaky, nervous voice, Brooks tells how he rushed to enlist in Illinois after reading of a Minutemen raid there. Transferred to headquarters in Norborne, Missouri, in 1962, he served as DePugh's intelligence and security officer until he became squeamish over the Minutemen's intent to overthrow the government. "The reason I was picked," he says, "is because I had a criminal record and was going to shoot a few people and shake down a few people for $60,000 or $70,000, another one for $50,000."

Brooks places the active membership at 8000 but points out that adding the Soldiers of the Cross and the other groups under Minutemen direction leaps the figure to about 80,000 (G-man Hoover recently estimated the membership at 500). But numbers, Brooks warns, are not a true key to the outfit's strength. DePugh in fact rejects out of hand nine of ten applications. The real danger is the elite corps of 3500 who have survived the rigorous Five Phases of Training and taken an oath of loyalty to the Minutemen. This is the fanatical hard-core who dangle Crusader's Crosses inscribed "We Will Never Surrender" around their necks and who fully understand that to defect automatically brings the mark of death.

The Minutemen chief prefers to recruit lawyers, police, ex-cons, reveals Brooks, and the result is a heterogenous membership. By occupation, the ranks include a vice-president of a state Blue Cross program, a professor at Southern Illinois University, a Kansas City television personality, a Seattle merchant marine sailor, a Los Angeles cop and a Missouri bricklayer who affects a gold earring. Many are medical doctors—one, a Naval Reserve

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officer, has stored 500 live grenades in his basement—and there is an inordinate number of gun shop owners. Practically all carry guns on their person or in their car.

Although dues are a nominal $5 a year, the Minutemen seem to have achieved financial solvency. Some of the better-heeled members contribute generously, notes Brooks, and some of the big names in the right-wing galaxy have funneled funds into the coffers. Among these are several national council members of the John Birch Society, he discloses, as well as an oil tycoon and a retired military officer.

Brooks' career in the Minutemen is intriguing in its own right. The inchoate organization first dispatched him to Washington, Chicago, Minneapolis, Detroit, New Orleans and other cities to set up Minutemen chapters. In 1961 he drew a quixotic assignment to travel to Stanford University in California to spy on Russians attached to a Soviet book exhibition there. Later in Miami he recruited among the Cuban exile colony, signing up a former Batista cabinet minister who had fled with a fair chunk of the national treasury, and an Oriente Province large plantation owner whose property had been expropriated.

The rabidly anti-Castro Minutemen, the defector asserts, were champing at the bit to strike a blow against Cuba, and one in fact succeeded. Mounting an anti-tank gun procured through Minutemen channels—it had been originally obtained from Interarmco, the arms broker in Alexandria, Virginia which sells also to the CIA—on a fast cabin cruiser, he made a hit-and-run dash on February 3, 1965, into Havana harbor and pounded several shells into an oil tank farm.

In his terse, clipped rhetoric, Brooks told of an inscrutable front called the Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean, operating out of New Orleans, which he credits —with CIA help—with engineering the 1954 overthrow of the leftist Arbenz government in Guatemala. The League is headed by a man who is concurrently high up in Minutemen councils; the late W. Guy Banister, a former FBI division boss in New Orleans, reportedly was connected with both the League and the Minutemen. The League remains an arcanum that raises cogent questions, such as: does it serve as a hush-hush buffer between CIA and right-wing Caribbean insurgent cadres?

THE COMMAND POST of the Minutemen is Norborne, Missouri, a community of some 650 souls tucked into the rolling countryside 70 miles northeast of Kansas City. It is where Robert Boliver DePugh, the national coordinator, has his home and business, and the scene is one of incongruous tranquility. Strung along state highway 10, as it leads into Norborne, is a series of signs repeating the phrases of the Hail Mary in the fashion of Burma-Shave jingles. The streets of town are narrow and the buildings seem built to three-quarters scale. Next to the shoebox quarters of the American Legion Post on Pine Street are the modest offices of the Biolab Corporation, DePugh's veterinary medicine firm. Biolab's net worth is reported at $350,000, and its majority stockholders are two Jewish businessmen from Chicago.

At 43, DePugh's black hair is receding, but his taut features remain ruggedly handsome. The strain of running a thriving business on the one hand and an underground apparatus on the other shows in a pallor untypical of an outdoorsman. He speaks unhurriedly in the soft drawl of the region. His desk is cluttered with business correspondence and Minutemen literature; one wall of the office is stacked to the ceiling with pharmaceutical and biology texts mingled with political tracts and a primer on guerrilla warfare by Ernesto "Che" Guevara.

DePugh was born and raised in Independence, a Kansas City suburb, where his father recently retired from the sheriff's office. After a year's stint as an Army Signal Corps radarman during World War II, DePugh studied chemistry and genetics in college, although he fell short of a degree. His organizational talents first manifested themselves at Kansas State when he formed the Society for the Advancement of Canine Genetics which claimed 2000 members nationwide.

His political concepts took shape when he was in the Army. He came into contact with several radar scientists, he says, who seemed "not to hold allegiance to the same flag." Later, during the McCarthy hearings, he recalled those scientists and "wondered why McCarthy was being smeared for saying things I knew were true." DePugh was an early follower of Robert Welch but was drummed out of the Birch Society when he organized the Minutemen.

The normally taciturn chief becomes animated when he talks of bushwhacking and infiltration. "We feel an underground army in this country is going to be much different from anything existing before," he enthuses. "Different than guerrilla warfare in Vietnam, or Algeria, or the Belgian Congo. We have a vast numerical inferiority, but our asset is the technical competence of Americans." He credits the Minutemen with specialists in electronics, secret inks, demolition and chemical and biological warfare. "We have the most sophisticated and best equipped underground army movement this world has ever seen."

DePugh points out that the acquisition of arms and equipment is still an easy matter, since the enemy takeover is as yet incomplete. Military weapons and supplies can be bought from mail order houses, sports shops and arms brokers with no practical restraints. After the 1964 "Operation Desert Strike" Army games involving 100,000

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troops, Minutemen scavenged the "battlefields" for abandoned materiel (west coast leader Haughton termed the operation a cover-up for a takeover by United Nations troops). Even fully automatic weapons forbidden by law are not unobtainable. Arms catalogs which offer machine guns with barrels legally welded to render them inoperable on one page, offer easily substituted new barrels on the next. And the Minutemen have their own ordnance experts capable of fabricating automatic weapons. "It is better to buy one lathe," reasons DePugh, "than a dozen machine guns."

In line with the DePugh shibboleth of "individual responsibility," members join the National Rifle Association to become eligible for at-cost rifles and handguns and free ammunition under the auspices of the U.S. Office of Civilian Marksmanship. Minutemen literature instructs them in do-it-yourself weaponry. One bulletin observes that "the advantages of a gun that makes no noise when fired are obvious," and goes on to detail the technology of silencers, the possession of which is outlawed.

The Minutemen Handbook contains lessons on such subjects as "Booby Traps," "Anti-Vehicular Mines," and "Incendiary Weapons Composition." The self-made saboteur can improvise dozens of lethal and infernal devices, for example:

> The best set-up for making "Molotov Cocktails" is as follows. Using the small disposable type beer bottles, filled with a home-made napalm mixture of 2/3 gasoline and 1/3 "Duz," fill the bottles and cap them with an inexpensive bottle-capper available at most drug stores. Tape a regular "Tampax" sanitary device to each bottle with masking tape.
>
> Methan gas (or nerve gas) is obtained when small slivers of pure teflon plastic are inserted in a cigarette. The results are always fatal and almost immediate.

ESPIONAGE AND INFILTRATION, DePugh believes, are equally potent weapons. In July 1965, apparently swept away by his own perfervor, he was arrested on the complaint of two girls that he had tried to impress them into service as Minutemen Mata Haris. The girls, who passed a polygraph test, informed police that "DePugh told us he wanted us to seduce men in the high government. He told us he would take pictures and tape recordings and use them as blackmail to infiltrate the government."

Although DePugh minimizes the incident as a misinterpretation by the girls of a discussion of communist use of seduction, they did claim they were held incommunicado for a week by a Soldier of the Cross brandishing a machine gun. And in conjunction with DePugh's arrest, officers found a hoard of wiretapping equipment, land mines, grenades and explosives. The top Minuteman is currently free on bond pending trials on contributing to the delinquency of a minor and illegal possession of "bombs and bombshells."

While all of this smacks of a Grade B movie, there is ample evidence that Minutemen spying is not all hollow bombast. An apparatus called the Minutemen Intelligence Organization is fairly professionally set up. Training tape B-2 stresses the "recruiting or placing of agents within the enemy ranks where inside information may be obtained, or where false information may be planted, or where enemy plans or programs can be misdirected." The curriculum blankets the espionage field as the tape announces that techniques must be applied in the spirit that "the end justifies the means."

DePugh boasts that he has planted infiltrators in such bodies as the Democratic Party, the American Nazi Party, and the FBI, which he feels has slipped from the grasp of Hoover, a dependable conservative, into the hands of "Stevensonian-type liberals" at the second echelon. Since the government is supposedly heavily infested with communists, governmental agencies are a special target.

The degree of success of the effort was graphically illustrated in the New York dragnet. Camp Webatuck, fancied by the Minutemen as a communist redoubt, had been mined with nine firebombs to be triggered by timing devices. According to the Queens district attorney, the sappers had been supplied information on the camp's layout by a state trooper who was a Minuteman. The trooper had also relayed to the Minutemen massive and detailed data on law enforcement agencies, electric power installations, and communications facilities. With two other Minutemen-connected troopers, he has left the force.

Equally startling was the news that one of the Minutemen under arrest was a reserve master sergeant in the Special Forces—the famous Green Berets—who apparently had fed back details of guerrilla training. The development dovetailed with statements in a New Jersey Minutemen internal bulletin, designated No. 9 and dated October 1965, which counseled members: "DON'T SHOOT NATIONAL GUARDSMEN. Many of them are already in our organization." Since a previous bulletin had described secret emergency procedures of the New Jersey National Guard, infiltration of the military in the region seemed to be a *fait accompli.*

DePugh smiles wanly when he lays claim to Minutemen penetration of the Black Muslims, CORE, SNCC, and peace groups. "If a Negro wants to join the Minutemen," he confides, "I tell him frankly: Well friend, you can be of real value to us due to your racial background. If you will have a very loose connection with us and keep your membership very secret then you can probably successfully join

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CORE or the Black Muslims or one of the others, and the information you can provide will be of real service." None, he says, "have failed to recognize that this is the way to serve the cause of individual freedom."

In this direction also the Minutemen seem to have met with at least a modicum of success. Jerry Brooks relates that at headquarters he saw internal memoranda of the Communist party presumably filched by an undercover agent, and was aware of a Minutemen team led by a man using the cover name Bill Roberts which had insinuated itself into the Students for a Democratic Society chapter at the University of Chicago and the National Committee to End the War in Vietnam at Madison, Wisconsin. A companion cell at the University of Kansas was ferreted out by the editor of the liberal Kansas Free Press, Laird Wilcox. On Long Island the distribution of an inflammatory leaflet "Kill the White Devils" was linked to Minutemen who had made it look like the work of Negro militants.

TO SUPPLEMENT their cloak-and-dagger efforts, the Minutemen make it incumbent upon the membership to help identify "the enemy," keep tabs on him, and harass him. In its February 1964 edition, the monthly newsletter On Target admonished: "We must know our enemies by name, address and phone number. Their leaders must be subject to special scrutiny. We must know their habits, their likes, their strong and weak points. We must have a complete physical description of them. We must know the license number of their cars and where they are apt to hide in time of danger . . . We must show the left-wing professor and the pro-communist minister that liberalism is not always a bed of roses. There are penalties which they too must pay for selling their country out."

A steady stream of dossier material, including photographs, flows into Norborne, where it is assigned for indexing and collation. So far, the central files contain data on 65,000 individuals who have manifested an "ultra-liberal philosophy." Suspects may be pinpointed by their participation in peace movement picket lines and civil rights rallies, or by their liberal public statements. New members spend three tedious months as part of their First Phase of Training poring over some 600 "left wing" periodicals culling names. Vital statistics on suspects may be gained by pretext—a Minuteman posing as an insurance salesman, for example—subterfuge, or shadowing.

The critera used to single out the enemy are loose, but some idea can be had from the fact that the Huntley-Brinkley television team is cited as the embodiment of ultra-liberalism and The Nation as "Socialistic," the second nastiest word in the Minutemen vocabulary. There are, however, some 1500 persons the Minutemen have "verified" as members of the communist "hidden government" who supposedly are under constant surveillance and scheduled for assassination when the coup comes.

Curiously, the files contain not only such material as FBI license numbers and intelligence on B'nai B'rith and the National Council of Churches, but dossiers on Dr. Fred Schwarz and his Christian Anti-Communism Crusade and Billy James Hargis and his Christian Crusade, whose brands of conservatism are entirely too mild for the Minutemen. And current specifics on the KKK and Nazis are on tap should they be needed to carry out reprisals in the event of a double-cross.

Marking time until their leaders decide *Der Tag* has arrived, Minutemen carry on a well organized campaign of harassment. Anonymous telephone callers threaten "ultra-liberals" with death, and attempt to end their livelihood by asking employers, "Do you have a communist named John Brown working there?" Unordered goods have a way of piling up on liberal doorsteps, and in a Southern California twist, gasoline has a way of coating liberal swimming pools. The editors of Ramparts have been warned by "The California Minutemen" that time is short for changing their "nefarious ways." One Minuteman was permitted to resign from the postal service when it was learned he had sent threatening letters to persons on his route whose mail suggested they were liberals. To discredit civil rights and anti-Vietnam war demonstrations, Minutemen imposters participate wearing dirty clothing and acting as obnoxiously as possible.

The membership's adrenalin level is kept at peak by the brutish rhetoric of On Target (the masthead challenges: "We guarantee that all law suits will be settled out of court."). A December 1965 pep talk characterizing the Chicago race riots as a "warm-up for the big offensive" declared: "When the enemy is ready for all-out guerrilla actions, they will find it easy to get large numbers of preconditioned negroes [sic] to sabotage water works, blow up gas lines, etc." The December 1963 issue refused to mourn the death of John F. Kennedy. "We will not soon forget that he ignored the best interest of his country from the day he took office to the day he died . . ."

A few months before the assassination, On Target ran a macabre epitome addressed to 20 "Judas" members of Congress who had voted against HUAC: "See the old man at the corner where you buy your papers: He may have a silencer-equipped pistol under his coat. That extra fountain pen in the pocket of the insurance salesman that calls on you might be a cyanide gas gun. . . . These (Minutemen) patriots are not going to let you take their freedom. They have learned the silent knife, the strangler's cord, the target rifle that hits sparrows at 200 yards. Only

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their leaders restrain them. Traitors beware! Even now the cross-hairs are on the back of your necks."

It has been chillingly demonstrated, however, that the Minutemen leadership is virtually powerless to restrain its charged-up patriots. The 1962 plot against Senator Fulbright was instigated by a fanatic from Dallas, pseudonym John Morris, who is now in a mental institution. Morris was obsessed with the idea that by periodically assassinating a member of Congress at a time and place publicized in advance, his colleagues who were not "voting American" would be terrorized and the Minutemen could ultimately "gain control of the government."

Morris sold his scheme to several Minutemen at a Kansas City "Freedom Rally" and Fulbright was selected as the first victim. Money passed hands, and Morris was ready to travel to Arkansas to carry out the assassination when DePugh got wind of the plan and squelched it, because, testified Brooks recently, he feared a killing would trigger an exhaustive probe of the Minutemen.

DePugh admits he had a talk with Morris but contends any imminent plot would have been brought to the attention of the authorities. "But I don't mean to imply," he hastens to add, "that if any member says we ought to kill this S.O.B. we're going to turn him in—there's too many people would agree with him."

The cyanide plot against the United Nations was hatched by a faction that considers DePugh entirely too tame. It reached the stage where Jerry Brooks, a former pest exterminator, actually obtained ten gallons of potassium cyanide for $56. DePugh loyalists, probably without his knowledge, were incensed and drew plans to lure the faction's leader, who uses the name Bob Perry, to a room lined with butcher paper where he would be shot to death. To obliterate traces of the crime, the bloody paper would be burned, the body buried in a rural Missouri pre-dug grave, and the gun smelted. The plot and counterplot collapsed only when word leaked to the authorities.

ALTHOUGH THE MINUTEMEN have been discounted by a large segment of the public as kooks and buffoons, officials in several states are more than slightly alarmed. Virginia authorities uncovered a large quantity of explosives at a Minutemen training site. In Illinois, in 1964, investigators posing as agents of a South American country sprang a trap on Richard Lauchli Jr., who was ready to deal in illicit weapons—over 100 submachine guns, five .50-caliber machine guns, a 75mm recoilless rifle, mortars and sundry armament for $17,000.

In Los Angeles in 1965, police raided two truckloads of arms and ammunition parked on a residential street and eventually linked them to Minuteman Keith Dwayne Gilbert, sought for the theft of 1400 pounds of dynamite and later apprehended in Canada. Gilbert, once convicted of the unprovoked gun and club attack on a Negro motorist, was connected with Harold Schlapia, a Minuteman previously arrested when a stockpile of arms, ammunition and dynamite was discovered near Santa Barbara. Both were traced to the Erquiaga Arms Company in Los Angeles, where police seized 370 machine guns and a batch of silencers. Over the past two years, California attorney general Thomas Lynch discloses, officers have confiscated 800,000 rounds of ammunition, 400 machine guns, 10 anti-tank guns, and other warfare items.

The amount of lethal material that remains hidden can only be guessed at, and lately there has been a stir among authorities to find out. California has enacted a law forbidding private army maneuvers, but is powerless to prevent the accumulation of arms. Rep. Charles S. Joelson of New Jersey has been gathering evidence with a future inquiry in mind. There have been proposals that HUAC look into the Minutemen, an idea that DePugh publicly welcomes ("We have friends on the HUAC," he confides, although a member demurs: "That's a phony committee; they got a Jew on it.") Treasury Department T-men recently charged DePugh with illegal possession of an automatic weapon, for which he was convicted, but DePugh shrugs it all off as a "temporary annoyance."

DePugh has set in motion a Patriotic party which held its organizational meeting in Kansas City on the Fourth of July. The attempt to coalesce far right elements into a political party—and in the process broaden their own base—marks a departure for the Minutemen, who have always disdained elections as an exercise in futility. There is slim chance that its all-out effort to elect a "Patriotic President" in 1972 will even get off the ground. Not that it matters, for the Patriotic party does not follow conventional lines. Accompanying DePugh's tract Blueprint for Victory that serves as a platform is a questionnaire asking potential members whether they prefer political or underground activity. "Those who check 'underground,' " it cryptically noted, "will be contacted by a different means."

Still, the influential J. Edgar Hoover, who last year wangled the DuBois Clubs onto the attorney general's list of subversive organizations, shrugs off the subversive threat of the Minutemen. The "paper organization," he recently scoffed, has "just enough followers over the country so they can occasionally attract a headline, usually because of their preoccupation with violence or weapons of war." It was a sadly outmoded evaluation, and prompted Robert DePugh to gloat: "If he believes that, then it is a good indication the FBI has not penetrated our organization very far."

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[Special Report]

The Case For Three Assassins

NO less than three gunmen fired on the Presidential motorcade in Dallas on November 22, 1963...

This conclusion has been reached following a 10-month investigation into the assassination of President Kennedy. It is documented in the following pages.

Defenders of the Warren Commission have continually challenged its critics to come up with a more conclusive theory; we believe that the essay which follows answers that challenge.

by David Welsh and David Lifton

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Preface:

THE PIVOTAL theory of the Warren Commission is that the assassination of President Kennedy was the work of one man, Lee Harvey Oswald, firing from the Texas School Book Depository. The Warren Report states: 1) ". . . all the shots which caused the President's and Governor Connally's wounds were fired from the sixth floor window...." [WR 19]; and 2) "... Oswald acted alone." [WR 22]

The first statement precludes the possibility that shots were fired from any location other than behind and above the motorcade. The second precludes the possibility that more than one man was firing at the motorcade from the rear.

There is, however, a considerable body of evidence which shows that neither statement is correct. The Warren Commission, charged with ascertaining and making public all the facts of the assassination, and having much of the disturbing evidence at its disposal, dismissed this evidence with scarcely more than a cursory examination.

This evidence falls into two main categories:

Evidence that two or more gunmen were firing from the rear. [Part One]

Evidence that one or more gunmen were firing from the front. [Part Two]

The facts are here. The reader may judge for himself.

NOTE: In the citations which accompany this essay, references by Roman and Arabic numerals, (*e.g.*, III,404), are to *Hearings Before the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy* (Washington, 1964), the 26 volumes of hearings, testimony and exhibits published by the Warren Commission; reference is to volume number and page number. "WR" refers to the Commission's single volume summation: *Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy* (Washington, D.C., 1964), commonly referred to as the Warren Report. *Inquest* refers to Edward Jay Epstein's book of that name (New York: The Viking Press, 1966). The paperback edition is published by Bantam Books, Inc.; references are to the Viking edition except as otherwise noted. The frequently used phrase "The Report" also refers to the one volume Warren Report.

Index:

Part One: The Shots from the Rear

1. The 42-Frame Constraint
2. The Bullet in the Back
   a. Evidence that the bullet failed to exit
   b. Evidence that the bullet left no path through the body
   c. Location of the back wound
3. The Wounding of Connally
4. Superbullet
   a. The stretcher bullet
   b. Bullet 399—was it a plant?
5. Two of the Assassins

Part Two: The Shots from the Right Front

1. The Grassy Knoll
2. The Fatal Head Shot
   a. The photographic evidence
   b. The head snap
3. Medical Evidence on the Head Wounds
   a. The back of the skull—a wound of exit
   b. Eyewitness testimony: right-side entry and right temporal wound
   c. The autopsy at Bethesda
4. The Wound in the Throat
   a. "How could the President have been shot in the front from the back?"
   b. The Parkland doctors' testimony
5. The 64 Witnesses Indicating Firing from the Grassy Knoll

Recapitulation

Part One:
The Shots From The Rear
[*Where it is shown that two or more gunmen were firing from the rear*]

[1. THE 42-FRAME CONSTRAINT]

According to the Warren Commission, about five seconds before the fatal shot struck his head, President Kennedy was struck in the back of the neck by a bullet from the rear. Almost simultaneously, Governor John Connally of Texas was also hit by a bullet, fired from the rear. The Warren Commission was thus faced with a choice: either two men had fired almost simultaneously, one hitting the President and one hitting the governor; or else one bullet had wounded both men.

The Report concluded that one bullet "most probably" went through both men.[1] An overwhelming body of primary evidence shows that it did not.

This predicament would not have been so clearly delineated for the Commission but for two unavoidable facts: a bystander named Abraham Zapruder had filmed the Presidential car in color during the assassination sequence; and the weapon alleged to be the only one used in the assassination was a bolt action rifle. The rifle was tested by FBI firearms expert Robert A. Frazier, "to determine how fast the weapon could be fired primarily, with secondary purpose accuracy."[2] The Report states: "Three FBI firearms experts tested the rifle . . . The purpose of this experiment was not to test the rifle under conditions which prevailed at the time of the assassination but to determine the maximum speed at which it could be fired."[3] And the Report records the result of those tests: "Tests of the assassin's rifle disclosed that at least 2.3 seconds were required between shots."[4]

Two and three-tenths seconds—the shortest possible interval between two shots from the bolt action Mannlicher-Carcano rifle—corresponds to 42 frames of the Zapruder film. FBI photographic expert Lyndal Shaneyfelt testified: . . . *The Zapruder motion picture camera operates at an average speed of 18.3 frames per second. . . . The minimum time for firing the rifle in successive shots is approximately two and a quarter seconds. . . . This gives us this figure of 41 to 42 frames . . . to*

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establish two points in the film where two successive . . . shots could have been fired.[5]

In other words, the FBI's firearms expert, shooting without trying to hit a moving target, required the time equivalent of 42 frames of Zapruder's film to squeeze off two rounds from the bolt action rifle.

This 42-frame minimum firing time is an important constraint on any "lone-assassin" theory that posits the Italian Carcano rifle as the murder weapon. If two hits were scored closer together than 42 frames apart on the film, there had to be more than one gunman—unless, as the Commission hesitantly concluded, the two hits were scored by the same bullet. For Kennedy and Connally, the Report acknowledges, were hit no more than 33 frames apart on the film.

When the one-bullet-two-victim concept was advanced, some Commissioners and staff members were doubtful. Counsel Melvin Eisenberg said that the lawyers were at first "incredulous of this hypothesis," but gradually became persuaded that this was the "only reasonable way to explain the fact that both men had been hit within a second or two of each other."[6] Senator Richard Russell "reportedly said that he would not sign a Report which concluded that both men were hit by the same bullet."[7] Representative Hale Boggs mentioned that he had "strong doubts about it."[8] Epstein reports that Commissioners John McCloy, Rep. Gerald Ford and Allen Dulles favored a conclusion that both men were hit by the same bullet; Commissioners Russell, Senator John Cooper and Boggs favored a conclusion that they were hit by separate bullets.[9]

The absence of evidence and the doubts of at least three of its members forced the Commission to a compromise conclusion that one bullet "most probably" went through both men. Partly because Governor Connally continues to insist that it did not happen that way, this careful use of "probably" is still being stressed by some Commission members.[10]

But if it is only "probably" true that one bullet hit both men, then it is only "probably" true that there was only one assassin. The "lone assassin" conclusion is only as strong as the proposition that the same bullet hit both men. If Connally and Kennedy were hit by separate bullets, then the Zapruder film proves that both bullets cannot have come from "Oswald's rifle."

Norman Redlich, special assistant to General Counsel J. Lee Rankin, said in an interview: "To say that they were hit by separate bullets is synonymous with saying that there were two assassins."[11]

[2. THE BULLET IN THE BACK]

According to the Warren Commission, three shots were fired—a conclusion primarily based on the discovery of three spent shells at "Oswald's window." One shot hit President Kennedy (in the back of the neck or in the back), then passed through him and hit Governor Connally in the back. One missed. The third hit President Kennedy in the head and was responsible for the fatal wound.

Certainly Governor Connally was hit, and certainly President Kennedy was hit at least twice. Certainly, also—as the Commission itself concedes—Kennedy and Connally both must have been wounded in less time than it could have taken to fire the bolt action rifle twice. For there to have been only one assassin, one bullet must have passed through the two men.

But medical findings on the location and nature of the wounds contain major contradictions. The Commission decided, based on the autopsy findings, that a bullet ". . . entered the base of the back of his [Kennedy's] neck . . . traveled downward and exited from the front of the neck, causing a nick in the left lower portion of the knot in the President's necktie."[12]

Let us examine the evidence.

a] *Evidence that the bullet failed to exit*

An autopsy was performed on the President's body at Bethesda Naval Hospital on the night of November 22, just after the body was returned to Washington. In addition to several doctors, observers were present from both the FBI and the Secret Service.

News accounts of the autopsy vary considerably from the version which appeared in the official autopsy report.[13] Three weeks after it was performed, the Washington Post and the New York Times ran stories quoting sources familiar with the autopsy. Certainly not every journalist or publication is completely accurate when a nation is clamoring for every scrap of available news, but the integrity of these two newspapers, and the reliability of any source that either publication is likely to trust in so important a story, is well known.

The autopsy findings, the Post reported, disclosed that the bullet "was found deep in his shoulder," adding that it "hit the President in the back shoulder five to seven inches below the collar line."[14] The Times said, "The first bullet made what was described as a small, neat wound in the back and penetrated two or three inches."[15] Some weeks later, the Times reported that the first bullet "hit the President in the back of his right shoulder, several inches below the collar line. That bullet lodged in his shoulder."[16]

Early in March 1964, Commission Counsel Arlen Specter conferred with the three autopsy doctors about the problem of the almost simultaneous wounding of Kennedy and Connally. At that time the chief autopsist, Dr. James J. Humes, noted that it was "medically possible" for one bullet to have hit both men, with Governor Connally having a delayed reaction.[17] A few days later, on March 16, the Commission heard the first testimony concerning the autopsy, and admitted the autopsy report into evidence.[18] Dr. Humes testified that he had revised his draft of the report, and burned the original.[19] The Commission did not question Dr. Humes about his reasons for this extraordinary action. The revised autopsy report made this finding about the bullet that entered the President's back: "The missile contused the strap muscles of the right side of the neck, damaged the trachea and made its exit through the anterior surface of the neck."[20]

By the time this report was admitted into evidence, however, the Commission and its staff already had in their possession two authoritative documents which directly contradicted Dr. Humes' basic finding: the FBI Summary Report and the FBI Supplemental Report. Both reports conclude that the bullet that entered the President's back did not go through the body.[21]

J. Edgar Hoover, ordered by President Johnson immediately after the assassination to conduct an investigation and to prepare a report, submitted the first four volumes of the FBI report on December 9, 1963. These are known as the FBI Summary Report. A fifth volume, called the Supplemental Report, was sent to the Commission on January 13, 1964. Unaccountably, these FBI reports were not made public with the 26 volumes of hearings and exhibits.

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"Medical examination of the President's body," said the Summary Report, "revealed that one of the bullets had entered just below his shoulder to the right of the spinal column at an angle of 45 to 60 degrees downward, *that there was no point of exit*, and that the bullet was not in the body."[22]

It is not clear, incidentally, why the Washington Post and the New York Times were so certain that the bullet was found in the body, while the FBI report says it was not. Dr. Humes at first suggested the bullet might have fallen back out through the entrance hole while doctors at Parkland Hospital in Dallas were administering heart massage, although he later rejected this hypothesis. The important point here is not what happened to the bullet; it is that according to the FBI—as well as the government sources used by the two newspapers—the bullet did not go all the way through Kennedy's body.

The FBI Supplemental Report, issued three weeks after the Summary Report, stated: "Medical examination of the President's body had revealed that the bullet which entered his back had penetrated to a distance of less than a finger length."[23]

The bullet hole in the President's back was not discovered at Parkland Hospital; the Parkland doctors testified that they were so preoccupied with trying to revive Mr. Kennedy that they did not turn him over. Secret Service agent Roy Kellerman, who was present during the Bethesda autopsy, testified: "While the President is in the morgue, he is lying flat. . . . Nobody was aware until they lifted him up that there was a hole in his shoulder. That was the first concrete evidence that they knew that the man was hit in the back . . ."[24]

Also present as observers during the entire autopsy, and until the body was removed by employees of a funeral home, were FBI agents James Sibert and Francis X. O'Neill Jr.[25] It was their report that appears to have formed the basis for the FBI's information on the autopsy.

Were the official autopsy findings—that the bullet passed through the President's body—known to the FBI when it prepared its Summary Report on December 9 and concluded that the back bullet did *not* exit from the body? One would have thought so, since at the time that the autopsy report was allegedly written, on November 24, the FBI was the only agency charged with ascertaining all the facts of the assassination.[26]

But according to a recent statement by J. Edgar Hoover published in the New York Times: "The FBI and the Warren Commission each received a copy of the official autopsy report on December 23, 1963, from Secret Service, following a specific request for this document."[27] Thus, whatever autopsy information the FBI may have had when it drafted its first report, the Bureau certainly had the official autopsy report in hand at the time the January 13th Supplemental Report was written. But that FBI report *still* contradicted the Commission's version of the autopsy.

This major contradiction was first revealed in mid-May in Epstein's book, *Inquest*. On May 29, 1966, an FBI spokesman told the Washington Post that its report was "based on the medical evidence at that time."[28] The next day, however, the Los Angeles Times quoted a statement by an FBI spokesman "that the FBI report was wrong when it said, 'there was no point of exit.' "[29] This rare "confession of error" by the FBI, which came only after Epstein's book had begun to receive public notice, said that the two FBI observers at the autopsy were out of the room when the doctors "traced" the bullet's path.

There were two things wrong with this belated FBI apology. First of all, there was no one clear moment when the doctors suddenly found a path—by the doctors' own testimony, as will be shown below. Secondly, the statement that both FBI observers were out of the room clashes with the testimony to the Commission.

Secret Service agent William Greer testified that at least one of the two FBI men remained in the room during the entire autopsy: ". . . those two agents were in the autopsy room, with Mr. Kellerman and I, all night. Mr. Sibert and O'Neill were both in the autopsy room with us during that time . . . Either Mr. Kellerman or I, we never left the room, one or the other. We went and got some coffee and came right back . . . The FBI did the same thing. One of them left; the other stayed."[30]

Even if they had gone, they could not have been away from the room when the doctors found the path of the bullet—because the doctors never found any such path. "There were three gentlemen who were performing the autopsy," testified Secret Service agent Kellerman. "A Colonel Finck—during the examination of the President, from the hole that was in his shoulder, and with a probe, and we were standing right alongside of him, he is probing inside the shoulder with his instrument and I said, 'Colonel, where did it go?' He said, 'There are no lanes for an outlet of this entry in this man's shoulder.' "[31]

The other agent, Greer, was questioned by Commission Counsel Arlen Specter:

SPECTER: *Was anything said about any channel being present in the body for the bullet to have gone through the back?*

GREER: *No, sir. I hadn't heard anything like that, any trace of it going on through.*[32]

What happened—as we will see later—is that Dr. Humes *deduced* a path for the bullet. But no one ever *found* a continuous track, as Humes himself testified: "Attempts to probe in the vicinity of this wound were unsuccessful without fear of making a false passage. . . . We were unable . . . to take probes and have them satisfactorily fall through any definite path...."[33]

Not only is the May 29, 1966 "admission of error" by the FBI spokesman not supported by the evidence; it is not even supported, today, by J. Edgar Hoover, who defends the accuracy of what his agents reported about the doctor's findings at the autopsy—while conceding that these were not the doctors' final conclusions.[34]

How did this pivotal contradiction arise, raising serious doubts, as it does, about the Commission's one-assassin theory? And how did it remain unreconciled for three years after the crime?

One explanation, advanced last fall by Commission Counsel Arlen Specter, is that Dr. Humes "formulated a different conclusion" on the day following the autopsy—a conclusion that differed from the statements he had made the night before in the presence of agents Sibert and O'Neill.[35] Specter suggests that Dr. Humes altered his finding upon learning for the first time, on Saturday morning, that the tracheotomy performed by Dr. Perry in Dallas had obliterated a bullet wound in the front of the President's throat (Dr. Humes himself conceded that he did not know of the existence of a bullet hole in the throat at the time of the autopsy[36]).

According to this explanation, the autopsy doctors at Bethesda—unaware of a bullet wound in the front of the throat—found a wound in the back which could only be probed to finger length. Having been informed that a bullet had been

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found on a stretcher at Parkland Hospital in Dallas, they concluded that the bullet must have worked its way out of the President's back.

But the next morning, when the body was no longer available for examination, Dr. Humes was led to change his preliminary opinion. "That was when he found that there had been a bullet hole on the front of the neck . . .," Specter writes.[37]

Specter's explanation is consistent with the report of FBI agents Sibert and O'Neill, with the FBI Summary and Supplemental reports and with the testimony of Secret Service agents Kellerman and Greer.

But this, Arlen Specter's latest version, written to answer critics of the Commission, *directly contradicts* the conclusions of a section of the Warren Report that he himself drafted. This section refers to "speculation that the bullet might have penetrated a short distance into the back of the neck and then dropped out onto the stretcher. . ." It concludes: "Further exploration *during the autopsy* disproved that theory. . . . Commander Humes . . . talked by telephone with Dr. Perry early on the morning of November 23, and learned that his assumption was correct. . . . This *confirmed* the Bethesda surgeons' conclusion that the bullet had exited from the front part of the neck."[38]

It strains credulity, in the face of all the evidence to the contrary, to believe that Dr. Humes decided *during the autopsy* that the back bullet had exited at the throat—before he knew that the frontal throat puncture even existed.

Incredulity begins to shade into suspicion when Dr. Humes informs us that he burned his original draft of the autopsy report. He said: "In privacy of my own home early in the morning of Sunday, November 24th, I made a draft of this report which I later revised, and of which this represents the revision. That draft I personally burned in the fireplace of my recreation room."[39] Yet the Commission accepted Humes' version, rather than face the possibility that the throat-exit finding—central to its theory that one bullet went through two men—was deduced by the autopsy surgeon in the *absence* of the cadaver.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN: If the back bullet failed to exit—as the overwhelming body of evidence indicates—it could not have been the same bullet that struck Governor Connally. And if this is so, then at least two persons fired at the motorcade from behind.

b] *Evidence that the bullet left no path through the body*

We know that President Kennedy had at least three wounds: the fatal head wound, a wound in the front of the throat, and a wound in the back. The Warren Report concludes that the back wound and the throat wound were caused by the entry and exit of a single bullet.

The Bethesda autopsy doctors never saw the throat wound in its original state, because it had been enlarged by a tracheotomy performed at Parkland Hospital in Dallas in an effort to save the President.[40] And Dr. Humes testified, as we have just noted, that he could find no continuous track between the back wound and the throat wound.

But Dr. Humes nevertheless deduced that the missile entering the President from the rear traveled steadily downward, without deflection, and exited at the front of the throat.[41] The autopsy report concluded that the bullets were "fired from a point somewhat behind and above the level of the deceased"—a finding that became the basis for a major conclusion of the Warren Report: *The nature of the bullet wounds suffered by President Kennedy . . . and the location of the car at the time of the shots establish that the bullets were fired from above and behind. . . .*[42]

The entire line of reasoning establishing the source of the shots thus depends on Dr. Humes' deduction of the existence of a track from back to front. The Report describes how the doctors arrived at this conclusion: *By* projecting *from a point of entry on the rear of the neck and proceeding at a slight downward angle through the bruised interior portions, the doctors concluded that the bullet exited from the front portion of the President's neck that had been cut away by the tracheotomy.*[43]

Commissioner McCloy questioned Humes about his findings:

MCCLOY: *I am not clear what induced you to come to the conclusion if you couldn't find the actual exit wound by reason of the tracheotomy.*

HUMES: *The report which we have submitted, sir, represents our thinking within the 24-48 hours of the death of the President,* all facts taken into account of the situation. *The wound in the anterior portion of the lower neck is physically lower than the point of entrance posteriorly, sir.*[44]

From the other testimony and evidence reviewed so far, there are indications that the "point of entrance posteriorly" may have crept upward several inches in order to support Dr. Humes' conclusion; the following section of this article deals with this in greater detail.

The autopsy examination did disclose a bruise on the right lung and other internal wounds,[45] which Humes concluded were caused by the bullet passing through. He testified that he "was able to ascertain with absolute certainty that the bullet had passed by the apical portion of the right lung."[46]

But if Dr. Humes was this certain that the bullet had passed through the strap muscles to reach the right lung, then why—during the latter stages of the autopsy—did he continue to explore the possibility that the bullet had failed to exit and dropped back out the entrance wound?[47] Humes resolved this apparent dilemma in favor of the bullet passing through—despite his failure to find a track.

Aware of the crucial importance of this point, Epstein consulted an independent expert—Dr. Milton Helpern, chief medical examiner of New York City and an acknowledged authority on forensic pathology—who told him: "There is no such thing as a rifle bullet's passing through a neck without leaving a path." Epstein added, "It is a *sine qua non* law of forensic pathology that if a bullet passes through a body it must leave a discernible path." Helpern estimated that a 6.5-mm. bullet traversing a human neck would leave a track a quarter of an inch in diameter.[48] (Later Helpern qualified this by saying, "Nobody said it was always easy to find a path."[49])

In order for a bullet from the Carcano rifle to have traveled through the President's body and hit Governor Connally, it would have to have traveled a continuous path through the President. *There was no evidence of such a continuous path, by the testimony of everyone who was present at the autopsy, including the pathologist.* It is one more indication that there was no "superbullet" coursing through Kennedy and into Connally—that at least two persons were firing from behind the motorcade. But there is more.

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Dr. Humes' deduction of a path he couldn't find is based, as we have noted, on the presence of an "entrance" wound higher in the rear than the "exit" wound in the front of the throat—a wound the Report places at about the location of the President's necktie knot. From this wound in the back of the neck, the Commission not only accepts the doctor's deduction about the path, it also deduces for itself the angle of the shot and thus its source—the sixth floor of the Depository.

c] *Location of the back wound*

To illustrate his theory that the bullet entered from the rear and exited at the throat, Dr. Humes, when he testified before the Warren Commission, brought with him an artist's drawing made, shortly before the hearing in March 1964, from his verbal description of the wound.[50] The drawing is a profile view of President Kennedy, with an arrow going through his neck from back to front at an angle of about 15 degrees downward. "In" is written at the tail end, "out" at the front end.

The artist, who was not present at the autopsy, had no medical photographs from which to work,[51] and the official photographs and X-rays taken at the autopsy were not introduced in evidence before the Commission.

The drawing shows the back wound as clearly above the wound in the throat. But there is a considerable body of evidence to show that the back wound was below the entry point in the artist's drawing, and that the point of entry was below the alleged point of exit. If this is so, then Dr. Humes' autopsy report and much of his testimony is in error.

Secret Service agent Glenn Bennett, riding in the right rear seat of the follow-up car behind the President when the shots were fired, stated: "I looked at the back of the President. I heard another firecracker noise and saw that shot hit the President about four inches down from the right shoulder."[52]

The Commission accorded "substantial weight" to Bennett's observation, adding: *His notes indicate that he recorded what he saw and heard at 5:30 p.m. November 22, 1963, on the airplane en route back to Washington, prior to the autopsy, when it was not yet known that the President had been hit in the back.*[53]

Secret Service agent Roy Kellerman, present at the autopsy, described the wound as "the hole that was in his shoulder."[54] Clint Hill, another Secret Service agent, who saw the body in the morgue before it was placed in the casket, was questioned by Rep. Hale Boggs, a member of the Commission:

BOGGS: *Did you see any other wound other than the head wound?*

HILL: *Yes, sir; I saw an opening in the back*, about six inches below the neckline *to the right-hand side of the spinal column.*[55]

Hill was not assigned to observe the autopsy. Agent Kellerman, however, testified that he decided to "get Mr. Hill down and view this man [the President] for all the damage that was done. . . . I went . . . and brought him down and he inspected the incisions." Commission Counsel Specter asked Kellerman why he had brought in Hill to view the wounds, and Kellerman replied: "More witnesses, Mr. Specter; I think more to view the unfortunate happenings it would be a little better."[56]

Secret Service agent William Greer, also present at the autopsy, testified: "When the doctors were performing the autopsy, they saw this hole in the right shoulder. . . ." Specter questioned him:

SPECTER: *Approximately where in the President's back was the bullet hole?*

GREER: *It was . . . back here, just in the soft part of that shoulder.*

SPECTER: *Indicating the upper right shoulder area?*

GREER: *Upper right, yes.*[57]

In contrast to the testimony of agents Bennett, Kellerman, Greer and Hill—who each place the wound in the shoulder—Commander Humes, echoed by the Warren Report, consistently locates the wound "in the low posterior neck of the President."[58]

The two descriptions are not consistent. That of the four agents, however, is totally consistent with the FBI reports, which describe the wound's location in these terms:

a. *One of the bullets had entered just below his shoulder to the right of the spinal column . . .*[59]

b. *The bullet which entered his back . . .*[60]

There are two other items of evidence which cast doubt on Humes' conclusion and the validity of the entire autopsy report—the autopsy doctors' own annotated diagrams of the body during the autopsy, and the bullet holes in the President's suit jacket and shirt.

The face sheet of the autopsy report[61] shows two diagrams of the body, front and back view, annotated during the autopsy.[62] On the "front" diagram is a throat wound just below the collar line. The back wound clearly depicted on the "back" diagram is considerably below the collar and consistent with the descriptions given by the four Secret Service agents and the FBI reports. No one asked Dr. Humes to explain this discrepancy about the location of the wound. One possible reason was given last fall by Dr. J. Thornton Boswell, who assisted Humes at the autopsy. Boswell said that *he* had marked the back wound on the pathologists' diagram, and that this location was "a diagram error."[63]

No such explanation, however, can account for the locations of the holes in the President's clothing. Robert A. Frazier, the FBI ballistics expert, testified: *I found on the back of the shirt a hole, 5-3/4 inches below the top of the collar, and as you look at the back of the shirt 1-1/8 inch to the right of the midline of the shirt, which is this hole I am indicating . . . The coat hole is 5-3/8 inches below the top of the collar. The shirt hole is 5-3/4 inches, which could be accounted for by a portion of the collar sticking up above the coat about a half inch.*[64]

Dr. Humes attempted to explain how this evidence was consistent with the artist's drawing by contending that the President's coat and shirt may have climbed up the back of his neck. The President, he said, was a "muscular young man with a very well-developed set of muscles in his thoraco and shoulder girdle. . . . I believe this would have a tendency to push the portions of the coat which show the defects here somewhat higher on the back of the President than on a man of less muscular development." Humes also pointed out that the President apparently had his right hand raised waving to the crowd, indicating his belief that this action would further accentuate the elevation of the coat and shirt with respect to the back of the President.[65]

The Commission presented no evidence to support Humes' supposition. A photograph taken at the time does not show the President's coat climbing up his neck. And it would appear physically impossible for a closed shirt collar to be lifted four to six inches when the President raised his hand. It would have to be lifted by that much to conform with Commission Exhibit 385, the drawing showing the trajectory through the neck.

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The evidence about the location of the back wound—the testimony of four Secret Service agents, the pathologists' diagram prepared during the autopsy, and the bullet holes in the President's jacket and shirt—shows that the rear wound was well below the collar, and hence below the frontal throat wound which pierced the knot in the President's necktie.

If, as the Report concludes, the bullet passed through the President on a downward trajectory,[66] it would have exited below the breast line—even if the angle of entry was the approximately 15 degrees indicated by the drawing (the FBI Summary Report said the angle was 45 to 60 degrees).[67]

Even if we assume that the Warren Report was in error when it said that the bullet passed through undeflected,[68] and that, instead, the bullet *was* deflected upward inside the President's body and, by a series of improbabilities bordering on the impossible, *did* exit at the throat—even if we make that assumption, the bullet would have been heading upward, on a trajectory incapable of causing Connally's wounds. For a bullet exiting upward from the President's throat suddenly to change its course a second time, in midair, and hit the governor on a downward course, would simply violate immutable physical laws.

Bullets do perform unpredictable gymnastics inside bodies, but not in midair. Still, it can be asked how the Commission—with no definitive evidence of exit or continous path through the body; with evidence that the bullet entered several inches below the collar on a downward trajectory and no primary evidence to the contrary; and with a finding that the bullet was *not* deflected—could have come to the conclusion that it did: that the bullet exited from the throat.

The statements of the autopsy report and the autopsy doctors—in unresolved conflict with much other evidence—form the sole basis for this critical conclusion by the Warren Commission.

[3. THE WOUNDING OF CONNALLY]

By now it should be apparent, from the wealth of evidence to the contrary, that the one-bullet-through-two-men theory is a construct. That President Kennedy and Governor Connally were in fact hit by separate bullets is further borne out by Connally's own testimony and that of his wife, as well as by an analysis of the Zapruder film.

Governor Connally testified:

. . . we turned on Elm Street. We had just made the turn, well, when I heard what I thought was a shot. I heard this noise which I immediately took to be a rifle shot. I instinctively turned to my right because the sound appeared to come from over my right shoulder . . . but I did not catch the President in the corner of my eye, and I was interested because once I heard the shot in my own mind I identified it as a rifle shot, and I immediately—the only thought that crossed my mind was that this is an assassination attempt.

So I looked, failing to see him, I was turning to look back over my left shoulder into the back seat, but I never got that far in my turn . . . and then I felt like someone had hit me in the back. . . .

The thought immediately passed through my mind that there were either two or three people involved or more in this or someone was shooting with an automatic rifle . . . Mrs. Connally pulled me over to her lap. I reclined with my head in her lap, conscious all the time, and with my eyes open and then, of course, the third shot sounded, and I heard the shot very clearly. I heard it hit him.[69]

The Governor was questioned by Commission Counsel Arlen Specter.

SPECTER: *In your view, which bullet caused the injury to your chest, Governor Connally?*

CONNALLY: *The second one.*

SPECTER: *And what is your reason for that conclusion, sir?*

CONNALLY: *Well, in my judgment it just couldn't conceivably have been the first one because I heard the sound of the shot. In the first place, I don't know anything about the velocity of this particular bullet, but any rifle has a velocity that exceeds the speed of sound, and when I heard the sound of that first shot, that bullet had already reached where I was, or it had reached that far, and after I heard that shot, I had time to turn to my right, and start to turn to my left, before I felt anything. It is not conceivable to me that I was hit by the first bullet . . .*[69]

In television interviews, in press conferences and in a detailed interview with Life magazine in which he examined the Zapruder film,[70] Governor Connally has stuck to his testimony and to the reasoning behind it. It is true that the governor has also described himself as satisfied with the Warren Commission's reasoning on other points and with its conclusions regarding Oswald as the lone assassin; but as we have seen, if his own testimony is accurate, those conclusions must be in error.

Mrs. Connally's testimony before the Commission corroborated that of her husband: *. . . I heard a noise, and not being an expert rifleman, I was not aware it was a rifle. I turned over my right shoulder and looked back, and saw the President as he had both hands at his neck. . . . Then very soon there was the second shot that hit John [Connally]. As the first shot was hit, and I turned to look at the same time, I recall John saying, "Oh, no, no, no." Then there was a second shot, and it hit John, and as he recoiled to the right, just crumpled like a wounded animal to the right, he said, "My God, they are going to kill us all."*[71]

The Zapruder film further bears out the Connallys' version of what happened. Commissioner Allen Dulles examined the film and immediately noticed that Kennedy was reacting to his hit well before Connally showed any sign of being wounded. He had this exchange with Commissioner John McCloy:

DULLES: *. . . you would think if Connally had been hit at the same time [as Kennedy, he] would have reacted in the same way, and not reacted much later as these pictures show.*

MCCLOY: *That is right.*

DULLES: *Because the wounds would have been inflicted.*

MCCLOY: *That is what puzzles me.*

DULLES: *That is what puzzles me.*[72]

The shot that hit Connally shattered ten centimeters of his rib, fractured his right wrist in seven pieces and pierced his left thigh (assuming that Connally was hit only once). The Commission's argument that Connally may have had a "delayed reaction" to the shot is contradicted by the testimony of Dr. Shaw of Parkland Hospital:

MCCLOY: *But there could be a delay in any appreciable reaction between the time of the impact of the bullet and the occurrence?*

DR. SHAW: *Yes, but in the case of a wound which strikes a bony substance such as a rib, usually the reaction is quite prompt.*[73]

Despite the governor's testimony, the Zapruder film, and

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the wealth of other evidence, the Commission nevertheless contended that Kennedy and Connally were hit by the same bullet.

Aside from a negative conclusion that the bullet did not strike the automobile, the only evidence adduced by the Commission to show that it did strike Connally is a garbled version of Frazier's testimony. He was asked to give his expert opinion on the basis of a set of highly questionable assumptions:

SPECTER: . . *Mr. Frazier*, assuming the factors which I have asked you to accept as true . . . as to the flight of the bullet and the straight line penetration through the President's body . . . *do you have an opinion as to what probably happened during the interval between frames 207 and 225 as to whether the bullet which passed through the neck of the President entered the governor's back?*

FRAZIER: *There are a lot of probables in that. First, we have to assume there is absolutely no deflection in the bullet from the time it left the barrel until the time it exited from the governor's body. . . . I feel that physically this would have been possible. . . . However, I myself don't have any technical evidence . . . which would support it as far as my rendering an opinion as an expert. I would certainly say it was possible but* I don't say that it probably occurred because I don't have the evidence *on which to base a statement like that.*[74]

Frazier elaborated: "*We are dealing with a hypothetical situation here . . . So when you say would it probably have occurred, then you are asking me for an opinion*, to base my opinion on a whole series of hypothetical facts which I can't substantiate."[75]

The Warren Commission used Frazier's testimony in support of the single bullet theory. The Report states: ". . . Frazier testified that it probably struck Governor Connally."[76] Frazier, as we have seen, had said nothing of the kind.

THE NECESSARY CONCLUSION TO THIS EVIDENCE IS THAT KENNEDY AND CONNALLY WERE HIT BY SEPARATE BULLETS. *This means they were hit by at least two gunmen firing from the rear—because, as the Commission found, they were both wounded from the rear in less time than necessary to fire the alleged murder weapon twice.*

[4. SUPERBULLET]

a] *The stretcher bullet*

A major piece of evidence, linking the assassination to the bolt-action rifle found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository, is a bullet that fell from a stretcher in Parkland Hospital shortly after the shooting. Ballistics tests showed that the bullet—Commission Exhibit 399—was fired from that rifle.[77] It became a crucial element in the case against Lee Harvey Oswald.

The Commission contends that bullet 399, as it is called, is the bullet that entered the President from the rear, exited at his throat, entered Connally's back and smashed through his chest, wrist and thigh. Fragments were left in the governor's wrist and thigh; bullet 399 was found virtually undeformed, its jacket intact.

The bullet that later hit the President's head—which according to the Commission's version of the assassination must have been of the same type as bullet 399 and fired seconds later from the same rifle—fragmented into "30 or 40 tiny dustlike particle fragments," according to Dr. Humes.[78] Yet the Commission argues that bullet 399 passed through both men, shattered more than four inches of the governor's fifth rib, broke his right wrist into pieces, wounded his left thigh and emerged beautifully whole and undeformed.

Dr. Humes testified upon seeing the bullet: ". . . . This missile is basically intact; its jacket appears to me to be intact."[79] Dr. Shaw of the Parkland staff declared: ". . . I would have to say that this bullet has lost literally none of its substance."[80]

Bullet 399 was not only unmutilated after the bone-shattering journey it is said to have taken; it also had no recognizable trace of blood or tissue on its surface. Questioned by Commission Counsel Melvin Eisenberg, FBI ballistics expert Frazier testified:

EISENBERG: *Did you prepare the bullet in any way for examination? That is, did you clean it or in any way alter it?*

FRAZIER: *No, sir; it was not necessary. The bullet was clean and it was not necessary to change it in any way.*

EISENBERG: *There was no blood or similar material on the bullet when you received it?*

FRAZIER: *Not any which would interfere with the examination; no sir.*[81]

Thus, no macroscopic amounts of blood or tissue were found on this bullet. Obviously Frazier's testimony leaves open the possibility that microscopic traces existed; we know only that the FBI performed a spectrographic analysis on the bullet,[82] and that spectrographer John F. Gallagher, who testified before the Commission, was never asked about these findings.[83]

Frazier testified that bullet 399 weighed 158.6 grains.[84] He weighed several other 6.5 mm. bullets picked at random, and found that they all weighed from 160 to 161 grains. But Frazier added that even with a bullet weighing 158.6 grains, "there did not necessarily have to be any weight loss to the bullet."[85] The mass missing from the bullet was so miniscule (there are approximately 432 grains to an ounce) that the FBI expert would not offer an opinion that it represented any weight loss at all.

Even if bullet 399 originally weighed 161 grains before its purported journey through the two men, its weight loss as a result of its various collisions would be about 2.4 grains (1/180 of an ounce). Not only did the bullet fragments in Connally's body appear to add up to more than that, but the governor's doctors and government pathologists stated their opinion—based on the presence of these fragments—that bullet 399 *could not have caused all his wounds.* Chief autopsy surgeon Humes, for example, testified:

SPECTER: . . . *Now looking at that bullet, Exhibit 399, Doctor Humes . . . could that missile have made the wound on Governor Connally's right wrist?*

DR. HUMES: *I think that is most unlikely. . . . Going to Exhibit 392, the report from Parkland Hospital* [*operative record of Dr. Charles Gregory*[86]], *the following sentence referring to the examination of the wound in the wrist is found: "Small bits of metal were encountered at various levels throughout the wound, and these were, wherever they were identified and could be picked up, picked up and submitted to the pathology department for identification and examination." The reason I believe it most unlikely that this missile could have inflicted either of these wounds* [*referring also to the President's head wound*] *is that this missile is basically intact; its jacket appears to me to be intact, and I do not understand how it could possibly have left fragments in either of these locations.*[87]

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Not only did Dr. Humes rule out the possibility that bullet 399 caused the governor's wrist wound, but also the possibilities that it caused the wound in his chest. Humes responded to a question on this point by Specter: "[illegible] *unlikely. There is no way, in my opinion, that bullet 399 could have inflicted the wound in the base of the back of the neck, and then exited the lower midportion of the sternum, and then struck the governor's fifth rib, and then exited his right nipple, and then entered his right wrist, and then struck the governor's left thigh.*"

In Dr. Humes' view, there was only one bullet that could have caused the governor's wrist or his thigh to have been struck by bullet 399. Dr. Pierre Finck, a forensic pathologist who worked on the autopsy, also testified before Arlen:

Specter: [illegible] *in your opinion, could bullet 399 have caused the wounds to the governor?*

Dr. Finck: *No, sir. It is my opinion that bullet 399 caused the two wounds in the governor, the fifth rib fracture and the wrist fracture.*

Dr. Robert Shaw, a surgeon who worked at Parkland Hospital, testified that [illegible] *the chest wound and the wrist are connected. I have no doubt in my mind that those wounds are connected. The bullet that caused those wounds, in my opinion, is the bullet that was found on a stretcher in the Emergency Room. I don't think it's difficult to follow that bullet's course. It entered the back of the neck, exited the front of the chest, struck the governor's fifth rib, exited his right nipple, entered his right wrist, and then struck the governor's left thigh. I have no doubt in my mind that those wounds were caused by the same bullet. I believe that bullet is Exhibit 399.* [illegible] *or substantially the same as the bullet.*

Another proponent of the Single-Bullet Theory has been given personal recognition by the Commission. Arlen introduced the question of who built the Single-Bullet Theory by asking Chief Counsel Specter: "Mr. Specter, in your opinion." Specter replied: "Senator, I believe that the single-bullet theory was developed by Arlen Specter." Specter then explained that *the single-bullet theory was developed by me, and I have testified to that effect before the Warren Commission, and I have testified to that effect before the Ford Commission, and I have testified to that effect before the Rockefeller Commission, and I have testified to that effect before the Pike Committee, and I have testified to that effect before the Church Committee, and I have testified to that effect before the House Assassinations Committee, and I have testified to that effect before the Justice Department, and I have testified to that effect before the Attorney General, and I have testified to that effect before the FBI, and I have testified to that effect before the Secret Service, and I have testified to that effect before the Dallas police, and I have testified to that effect before the Parkland Hospital, and I have testified to that effect before the Bethesda Naval Hospital, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Governor's Commission, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Attorney General, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Supreme Court, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Legislature, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Bar Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Medical Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Dental Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Podiatry Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Optometry Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Pharmacy Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Nursing Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Veterinary Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Chiropractic Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Funeral Directors Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Cosmetology Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Barbers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Beauticians Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Manicurists Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Shoeshine Boys Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Taxidermists Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Embalmers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Undertakers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Gravediggers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Tombstone Engravers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Epitaph Writers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Obituary Writers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Eulogy Writers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Pallbearers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Flower Arrangers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Hearse Drivers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Limousine Drivers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Gravediggers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Tombstone Engravers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Epitaph Writers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Obituary Writers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Eulogy Writers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Pallbearers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Flower Arrangers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Hearse Drivers Association, and I have testified to that effect before the Texas Limousine Drivers Association.*

There were, of course, many people who contributed to the conclusion that the governor was struck by bullet 399. Governor Connally himself, his wife, and his doctors at Parkland Hospital have been quoted on this point. But the most persuasive witness was Governor Connally himself. Specter asked him: "Governor, do you have any doubt that bullet 399 struck you?" Connally replied: "I have no doubt whatsoever."

Specter then asked Connally if he had any doubt that Dr. Arlen Specter was the "genius" behind the Single-Bullet Theory. Connally replied: "I have no doubt about that, either."

Dr. Humes was the only witness to testify about the penetrating power of bullet 399. Humes, more [illegible] *than any other person, is responsible for the specific Warren Commission conclusions* [illegible] *miles before and thousands of miles away. Not because of the validity of scientific analysis, but simply because of the authority that is attached to the man who questioned* [illegible] *what those opinions were. Commission counsel Arlen Specter was the first witness to introduce the supposed findings of Dr. Humes.*

Questioning Specter's witness, Arlen elicited testimony *that not only was bullet 399 found on a stretcher that was used to transport Governor Connally, but that the evidence shows that it did not cause Governor Connally's wounds. The evidence shows that it did not, then where did it come from?*

[illegible] *great.*

Specter: It is my opinion, on examining the available information, that the death of President Kennedy, have insisted [illegible] *conspiracy not only to kill the President* [illegible] *Commission supply evidence. The petitioners* [illegible] *have misstated, misquoted, misrepresented statements of individuals, of our own* [illegible] *both to make, after-the-fact efforts by Dallas* [illegible] *factors look good. Every conspiracy theory that has appeared, particularly* [illegible] *has said: the bullet that was supposed to have been blown* [illegible] *Parkland stretcher.*

[illegible] *Arlen and Humes, the President and the Governor, but the Governor's wife could be persuaded* [illegible] *Specter and Humes agreed that the bullet that was supposed to have been found on a stretcher* [illegible] *Parkland Hospital was not the bullet that was found on a stretcher. Instead, the stretcher was stripped of sheets and put into one of the hospital's adjoining elevators, only on the ground floor of the hospital.*

[illegible] *between what happened in the Parkland Hospital and what would have happened if the bullet that was found on the stretcher was actually the bullet that struck the President and Governor Connally. Specter then asked Humes: "Dr. Humes, in your opinion, is it possible that bullet 399 was planted?" Humes replied: "I have no knowledge of that."*

Specter: Dr. Humes, in your opinion, is it possible that bullet 399 was planted?

Humes: *I have no knowledge of that.

As we have repeatedly seen, it is essential to the lone assassin hypothesis that one bullet hit both Kennedy and Connally. And for this to be possible, it is essential that bullet 399, the one the Commission determined did the job, be found on *Connally's* stretcher. Connally, according to the Commission, was the second victim of that bullet. If the bullet were found on *Kennedy's* stretcher, it could not have been the one that wounded Connally. The confusion is compounded by the absence of any hard evidence that the stretcher from which the bullet fell had been used by either Kennedy *or* Connally.

On March 16, 1964, Commission Counsel Specter had not yet gone to Dallas to interview witnesses. In his possession, however, were FBI and Secret Service reports indicating that the bullet had *not* fallen from the stretcher presumed to have been Connally's.[98-A] Yet Specter was able to tell Commissioner Dulles during the hearings: "If I may say at this point, we shall produce later . . . evidence that the stretcher on which the bullet was found was the stretcher of Governor Connally."[99]

How Specter knew what would be shown by the evidence he had not yet gathered is far from clear. But when Specter did go to Dallas Tomlinson reiterated his statement that he thought the bullet had fallen from the stretcher already leaning against the wall, *not* from the one he took off the elevator. "Yes," said Tomlinson, "I believe that was it—yes."[100] Specter pursued his questioning:

SPECTER: *Now, Mr. Tomlinson, are you sure that it was stretcher "A" that you took out of the elevator and not stretcher "B"?*

TOMLINSON: *Well, really, I can't be positive, just to be perfectly honest about it . . .*

* * *

SPECTER: *You say you can't really take an oath today to be sure whether it was stretcher "A" or stretcher "B" that you took off the elevator?*[101]

Specter's questioning did not clear up the confusion, but it did irritate the witness:

TOMLINSON: (interrupting) *Here's the deal—I rolled that thing off [the elevator]. . . . Now, I don't know how many people went through . . . I don't know how many people hit them [the stretchers]—I don't know anything about what could have happened to them in between the time I was gone, and I made several trips before I discovered the bullet on the end of it there . . . I'm going to tell you all I can, and I'm not going to tell you something that I can't lay down and sleep at night with either.*[102]

One week later, Specter was back in Washington, informing the Commission about his latest findings on bullet 399: "May I say, Mr. Dulles, on that subject, I took several depositions on that subject in the Dallas hospital and I think we have a reasonably conclusive answer on that question; and, in fact, it came from the stretcher of Governor Connally. . . ."[103]

Specter based his argument on Tomlinson's statement that the stretcher from which the bullet fell had sheets on it. The sheets had been stripped from Kennedy's stretcher, a nurse testified, whereas Connally's sheets had been left on the stretcher.

It is difficult to see how Specter could have reached a positive conclusion from such an inconclusive muddle of evidence. Beyond that—and whatever stretcher the bullet fell from—the question remains why the bullet was not discovered sooner, and how it came to be lodged *under the mat* of the stretcher from which it fell. Left in an unguarded area, to which anyone had access who might be going to the men's room, the stretcher eventually was jostled and dispensed a clean, undeformed bullet linking a suspected assassin's weapon with the crime.

The question inescapably follows: *Was it a plant?* Or was it on Kennedy's stretcher after all, and was bullet 399 the bullet that traveled a "finger's length" into President Kennedy's back, later to drop back out through the entry wound as the Parkland doctors struggled to save the President's life?

Whatever else is true, bullet 399, contrary to the Commission's finding, was not a superbullet. It did not cause Governor Connally's wounds. It did not travel through the bodies of both men. It did not defy the laws of probability, the laws of physics and the laws of forensic pathology.

What it did do was appear mysteriously in Parkland Hospital.

[5. TWO OF THE ASSASSINS]

"The thought immediately passed through my mind," Governor Connally testified, "that there were either two or three people involved or more in this or someone was shooting with an automatic rifle."[104]

The governor's initial reaction was absolutely correct.

In organizing the evidence that two or more gunmen were firing from the rear, we proceeded from the Commission's fundamental assumption that the Carcano rifle found on the sixth floor of the Book Depository was fired during the assassination—and that it hit the mark. If this is so, the evidence shows that at least one other weapon *must* have been firing from behind to account for both Kennedy's back wound and the wounds of Governor Connally.

Questions which must be taken seriously have been raised, however, as to whether Lee Harvey Oswald actually fired shots at the motorcade, whether any shots at all were fired from that sixth floor window by anybody, and whether the Carcano rifle, the alleged murder weapon, was used in the assassination. If the Carcano was *not* fired at the motorcade—or if it was fired and the shots missed—then at least *two gunmen* with different rifles, *or one gunman with an automatic weapon* would have to have been firing from the rear to cause the back entry wounds on Kennedy and Connally (inflicted, as the Commission states, within a space of 2.3 seconds).

It is not the intention of the authors to go into this question in the present essay. But it should be noted that if this is so, then Oswald, whom the Commission found to be the owner of the Carcano, was clearly framed. For if the Carcano was *not* fired, what was it doing at the sixth floor window of the Depository with three spent shells? And if the Carcano was fired and missed the mark, then what was a bullet, ballistically traced to that particular rifle, doing on a stretcher at Parkland Hospital within 90 minutes of the assassination? What were two bullet fragments, also traced to the Carcano, doing in the front seat of the President's limousine when they were discovered late in the night of November 22 in Washington, some nine or ten hours after the assassination?[105]

It is possible to speculate endlessly about who might have been firing what from where on November 22. Most of these theories have yet to be proved. One thing is certain. If the Carcano rifle was involved in the assassination, as the Commission found, then only one conclusion is possible: Two or more gunmen were firing from the rear.

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Footnotes to Part I:

1—WR III.
2—III, 404.
3—WR 194.
4—WR 97.
5—WR 153-4.
6—*Inquest*, 117.
7—*Inquest*, 149.
8—*Inquest*, 150.
9—*Inquest*, 150.
10—e.g., Rep. Ford, CBS News, Nov. 23, 1966.
11—*Inquest*, 43.
12—WR 3.
13—WR, Appendix IX.
14—Washington Post, Dec. 18, 1963.
15—New York Times, Dec. 18, 1963.
16—Jack Langguth, "12 Unanswered Questions," New York Times, Jan. 26, 1964, p. 58.
17—*Inquest*, 115.
18—II, 350.
19—II, 373.
20—WR 543; XVII, 44.
21—National Archives; excerpts in *Inquest*.
22—FBI Summary Report, 18; *Inquest*, 184; italics added.
23—FBI Supplemental Report, 2; *Inquest*, 198.
24—II, 103.
25—Agents' report of Sibert and O'Neill; Commission Document 7, National Archives; *Inquest* (paperback edition only), 166.
26—V, 98.
27—New York Times, Nov. 26, 1966.
28—Washington Post, May 29, 1966.
29—Los Angeles Times, May 30, 1966.
30—II, 131.
31—II, 93. Lt. Col. Pierre Finck is described by Epstein as "a nationally known expert in forensic pathology and wound ballistics."
32—II, 127.
33—II, 361.
34—New York Times, Nov. 26, 1966.
35—U.S. News and World Report, Oct. 10, 1966.
36—II, 367.
37—U.S. News and World Report, Oct. 10, 1966.
38—WR 88-9; italics added.
39—II, 373.
40—WR 89-90.
41—II, 360.
42—WR 18.
43—WR 88; italics added.
44—II, 368; italics added. One wonders what "facts" the doctor was "taking into account" in preparing his revised final version of the autopsy report. Humes' "Clinical Summary" appearing at the beginning of his report includes such non-clinical information as this: "According to available information, the deceased was riding in an open car in a motorcade. . . . Three shots were heard. . . . According to newspaper reports (Washington Post, Nov. 23, 1963) Bob Jackson, a Dallas Times-Herald photographer, said he looked around as he heard the shots and saw a rifle barrel disappearing into a window on an upper floor of the nearby Texas School Book Depository Building." (WR 539) Why Dr. Humes found it necessary to include the statement of one witness—to the exclusion, moreover, of the observations of hundreds of others—in a medical report on the President's autopsy, is one of the innumerable anomalies of this investigation.
45—WR 88.
46—II, 367.
47—II, 367; FBI report of Sibert and O'Neill, reproduced in *Inquest* (paperback edition only), 166.
48—*Inquest*, 58.
49—The Nation, July 11, 1966.
50—Commission Exhibit 385.
51—II, 350.
52—WR 111.
53—WR 111.
54—II, 93.
55—II, 143; italics added.
56—II, 100.
57—II, 127.
58—II, 361.
59—FBI Summary Report, 18; *Inquest*, 48.
60—FBI Supplemental Report, 2; *Inquest*, 48.
61—Commission Exhibit 397.
62—II, 372; interview with Dr. J. Thornton Boswell, New York Times, Nov. 25, 1966.
63—New York Times, Nov. 25, 1966.
64—V, 60.
65—II, 366. Films taken from various angles during the crucial six seconds do not show the President's coat climbing up his neck (the films of Zapruder, Nix, Muchmore, Moorman and Willis).
66—WR 88.
67—FBI Summary Report, 18; *Inquest*, 48.
68—WR 88.
69—IV, 132-3; IV, 135-6.
70—Life, November 25, 1966.
71—IV, 147.
72—V, 155.
73—IV, 116.
74—V, 172; italics added.
75—V, 172; italics added.
76—WR 105.
77—III, 429.
78—II, 353.
79—II, 375.
80—IV, 113.
81—III, 428-9.
82—Testimony of Robert Frazier, V, 69.
83—XV, 746-52.
84—III, 430.
85—III, 430.
86—XVII, 18.
87—II, 374-5.
88—XVII, 20.
89—II, 376.
90—II, 382.
91—IV, 113-4; italics added.
92—IV, 109.
93—WR 95.
94—WR 95.
95—V, 92.
96—V, 90.
97—VI, 130.
98—VI, 130.
98A—*Inquest*, 77; Commission Documents 3, 5 and 7 in National Archives.
99—II, 368.
100—VI, 132.
101—VI, 132.
102—VI, 132-4.
103—III, 389.
104—IV, 133.
105—II, 90; III, 435; V, 67; XXIV, 411-413.

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Part Two:
The Shots From The Front

[Where it is shown that one or more gunmen were firing from the front]

[1. THE GRASSY KNOLL]

When the assassination occurred, at least two-thirds of the known witnesses reacted as if the shots were fired from the Grassy Knoll. The first reaction of policemen was to converge on the area; two tried to ride their motorcycles up the incline on the Knoll. Virtually all attention was focused at that spot.

Later, newsmen, police and the general public were told that their attention had been misplaced, that all the shooting had come from another direction. The evidence however—and the testimony of witnesses compiled in this essay—indicates that the first reaction was the correct one. Someone was indeed firing from the Grassy Knoll.

[2. THE FATAL HEAD SHOT]

a] *The Photographic Evidence*

The Zapruder film, now owned and jealously guarded by Life magazine (a copy is in the National Archives), serves as a time standard for the entire assassination sequence. It is the source of hundreds of numbered color photographs, 35-mm. slides each made from an individual motion picture frame.[1] The camera caught the motorcade from the time it turned onto Elm Street (frame 171) until it disappeared into the mouth of what is locally called the Triple Underpass (frame 434).

The FBI, using the film and the carefully checked camera speed, found that the car was moving at a rate of 11.2 miles per hour—about 16.6 inches from one frame to the next. They prepared a map[2] showing the precise position of the Presidential car on Elm Street at each numbered frame of the Zapruder film.

The critical number is 313. The shot which killed the President, the Commission says, struck his head at Zapruder frame 313.[3] The Commission states that the bullet ". . . entered the right-rear portion of his head causing a massive and fatal wound," and that ". . . its impact was evident from the explosion of the President's brain tissue. . . ."[4]

In the film, frame immediately preceding impact, Kennedy—who has already been wounded at least once—is ". . . slumped to his left, clutching at his throat, with his chin close to his chest and his head tilted forward at an angle."[5] The fatal bullet is in flight as the camera snaps frame 312, winging at about 2000 feet per second (over 1300 miles an hour). Its source, according to the Commission, is the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle of Lee Harvey Oswald, perched in a sixth floor window behind and above the President.

It should be possible to predict what the film would show if it recorded President Kennedy's head being struck from behind by an object going 1300 miles an hour. But the Zapruder film does not show his head snapping forward, as one might logically expect. It shows the opposite reaction. In the frames following the 313 head shot, say analysts of the film, "the sudden explosive violence with which President Kennedy is slammed *back* against the rear seat is unmistakable."[7]

His head snaps back and to the left—in the space of less than a half second according to the time standard established by the Zapruder film—before he bounces forward and spins into Mrs. Kennedy's arms.

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We have examined the evidence that there were at least two assassins firing on the motorcade from the rear. It is equally clear that the only argument against the existence of a third assassin, firing from the Grassy Knoll area forward of the motorcade, is to posit a fantastic set of neuromuscular reactions sufficiently strong to overcome even the slightest trace of any effect of the momentum of a bullet traveling 1300 mph.

It is physically possible, however unlikely, for such a neuromuscular reaction to have occurred. But there is other evidence that places this possibility in the realm of pure conjecture.

[3. MEDICAL EVIDENCE ON THE HEAD WOUNDS]

a] *The back of the skull*

According to the doctors at Parkland Hospital, the fatal head shot blew off the *right rear* portion of the President's head. It was a gaping wound, characteristic of *exit*, on the back of his skull, and 11 members of the Parkland staff and two Secret Service agents observed it closely. Each of their observations was consistent with a shot coming from a position forward of the President.

Dr. Ronald Jones of the Parkland staff described ". . . what appeared to be an *exit* wound in the posterior portion of the skull . . ."[14]

Dr. Robert McClelland, also of Parkland, testified:

As I took the position at the head of the table . . . I was in such a position that I could very closely examine the head wound, and I noted that the right posterior portion of the skull had been extremely blasted. It had been shattered, apparently, by the force of the shot. . . . This sprung open the bones . . . in such a way that you could actually look down into the skull cavity itself and see that probably a third or so, at least, of the brain tissue, posterior cerebral tissue and some of the cerebellar tissue had been blasted out.[15]

Four other doctors and one registered nurse described the wound in the rear of the President's head as ". . . a large gaping wound in the skull . . . literally the right side of his head had been blown off";[16] ". . . a large, gaping wound in the right posterior part . . .";[17] ". . . a large avulsive injury of the right occipitoparietal area . . .";[18] ". . . back of . . . his head was shattered, with brain substance extruding";[19] and ". . . one large hole."[20]

Secret Service agent Clinton Hill, who climbed onto the Presidential limousine as it sped away, and rode with it all the way to the hospital, gave the following description:

The right rear portion of his head was missing. It was lying in the rear seat of the car. His brain was exposed. There was blood and bits of brain all over the entire rear portion of the car. Mrs. Kennedy was completely covered with blood.[21]

(Aside from its contribution to the medical evidence, Hill's testimony can also be read in the light of the laws of physics. Regardless of neuromuscular reactions, Hill's description of "blood and bits of brain all over the entire rear portion of the car"—and a piece of the skull flying into the rear seat—is hardly compatible with the force of a 1300-mile-an-hour projectile having come from *behind*.)

The autopsy doctors at Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland observed not only the large gaping wound, but a "small occipital wound" at the back of the skull.[22] This, they and the Commission concluded, was the entry point of the fatal bullet.[23] Their finding became a central prop for the theory that Oswald fired the fatal shot from the rear with a 6.5 mm. rifle.

The members of the Parkland staff who saw the wound were unanimous: none of them observed such a small wound of entry on the rear of the President's head. Commission Counsel Arlen Specter did his best to elicit testimony from seven Parkland doctors, one nurse, and two Secret Service agents to support the thesis of a rear entry wound. Typical was his questioning of Registered Nurse Diana Bowron:

SPECTER: *How many holes did you see?*

MISS BOWRON: *I just saw one large hole.*

SPECTER: *Did you see a small bullet hole beneath that one large hole?*

MISS BOWRON: *No, sir.*[24]

Leading questions in the same vein were also put to Dr. Jenkins, Dr. Peters, Dr. Giesecke, Dr. Perry, Dr. Clark, Dr. McClelland, Dr. Baxter and Secret Service agent William Greer.[25] Each one answered, "No."

The fact that the Parkland doctors observed no entry wound there does not mean that it did not exist, and it is conceivable that a hit from the rear occurred. But if it did, the Zapruder film shows no obvious head reaction consistent with a head shot from the rear. At the very least, there is a conflict of evidence here between what the Zapruder film shows (corroborated by what the Parkland doctors observed) and the findings of the Bethesda autopsy.

What is clear is that the gaping wound at the rear of Kennedy's skull was a wound of *exit*, and that the bullet which hurled his head sharply back and to the left, blowing the rear portion of his cranium back into the rear seat of the car, was fired from in front of the President.

b] *Eyewitness testimony: right side entry, right temporal wound*

The position of the President's car at frame 313, when the fatal shot hit him, was such that the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository was almost directly behind President Kennedy, and only slightly to his right. Kennedy would have had to turn almost completely around, looking over his right shoulder, in order to look directly at the sixth floor window. The Zapruder film, on the other hand, clearly shows the President facing forward at the time of the fatal shot. The middle point of the 200-foot-long Grassy Knoll was just coming abreast of the car on the President's right.

The unanimous verdict of the Parkland staff, therefore—which found the rear head wound to have all the characteristics of an exit wound with no signs of entry—must be seen in the light of testimony that a bullet entered the President's head *from the right side*.

Secret Service agent Samuel Kinney, the driver of the car immediately following the President's, testified, "I saw one shot strike the President in the right side of the head. The President then fell to the seat to the left toward Mrs. Kennedy."[26] George W. Hickey, a Secret Service man seated in the left rear of the follow-up car, said, "I heard what appeared to be two shots and it seemed as if the *right side of his head was hit*. . . ."[27]

William Eugene Newman was standing at the edge of the curb directly in front of a concrete wall on the Grassy Knoll. As the re-enactment photos clearly show, the car was just coming abreast of the concrete wall at frame 313, the Zapruder film frame that depicts the fatal head shot. Newman swears in his affidavit filed within hours of the shooting: *We were standing at the edge of the curb looking at the car as it was com-*

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ing toward us . . . he was directly in front of us and I was looking directly at him when he was hit in the side of the head.[29]

Hurchel Jacks, a Texas highway patrolman and driver of Lyndon Johnson's car in the motorcade, testified that he saw a right frontal wound on Mr. Kennedy's head in Parkland Hospital: ". . . It appeared that the bullet had struck him above the right ear or near the temple."[30] Seth Kantor, of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, a member of the Washington press corps who followed the motorcade to Parkland Hospital, made this apparent reference to the President's head wounds in his notebook: "intered [sic] right temple."[31]

Roy Kellerman, a Secret Service agent who was riding in Kennedy's car and who was present during the Bethesda autopsy, was questioned by Commission counsel on the location of the head wounds. He described an entrance wound on the right side of the President's head, at the hairline in front of the right ear[31]—corroborating the wound location observed by Jacks, as well as the less precise "right side entry" observations of Kinney, Hickey and Newman.

It is doubtful whether these observations can be reconciled with a shot from the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository. It is equally doubtful whether they can be reconciled with the findings of the Bethesda autopsy.

c] *The autopsy at Bethesda*

The black-and-white and color photographs taken during the autopsy at Bethesda Naval Hospital were turned over, undeveloped, to the Secret Service.[32] The record shows no indication that the Commission saw them during its life.

Artist's drawings—instead of the official medical photographs—were accepted in evidence by the Commission.[33] The drawings were made from a verbal description of the wounds supplied by the autopsy doctors themselves—more than three months after the autopsy.[34]

Humes conceded that the drawings "are in part schematic. The artist had . . . no photographs from which to work, and had to work under . . . verbal description, of what we had observed. . . . If it were necessary to have them absolutely true to scale, I think it would be virtually impossible for him to do this without the photographs."[35]

Vincent Salandria, a Philadelphia attorney and a serious student of the medical evidence, comments: "*The Warren Commission was loaded with attorneys. Each one of them knew that no criminal court in the land would have admitted those drawings as evidence without having first required the production of the autopsy X-rays and black-and-white photographs of the body.*"[36]

Dr. Humes certified on November 24, 1963, that he had "destroyed by burning certain preliminary draft notes relating to Naval Medical School Autopsy Report A63-272 and have officially transmitted all other papers related to this report to higher authority."[37] Later, Dr. Humes testified that he burned the *original draft* of his autopsy report.[38]

Not one member of the Commission thought to ask why.

The burning of Humes' draft was only one of a series of unusual happenings surrounding the autopsy. The autopsy photographs and X-rays were suppressed. In their stead, the Commission had to rely on belatedly made artist's drawings, valueless as evidence. Jacqueline Kennedy's freely given description of her husband's wounds has been inexplicably deleted from her testimony.[39] And there is evidence of a possible wound in the forward upper left-hand octant of the President's head, unmentioned by the autopsy doctors and ignored by the Commission.[40-41-42-43-44-45-46]

One would not be so inclined to raise an eyebrow, were it not for the serious questions about the autopsy findings raised here and in Part One.

[4. THE WOUND IN THE THROAT]

The Commission's contention that the bullet which entered President's Kennedy's back went on to exit at his throat, as the discussion in Part One demonstrates, is not supported by the evidence.

Left unanswered in that discussion, however, was the question: If the throat wound was not caused by the exit of the back bullet, how *was* it caused?

One theory is that a piece of bone or a metallic fragment pierced the President's throat at the time of the fatal head shot. The head shot, however, was not inflicted until Zapruder frame 313, and the President appeared to be grabbing at his throat at least as early as frame 225,[47] about five seconds before being hit in the head. It is therefore reasonable to assume that the throat wound was not caused by a fragment of bone or metal exiting from the fatal head wound.

The most likely possibility—that the throat wound was caused by a shot fired from the front—is consistent with the statements of Parkland Hospital doctors, the only medical personnel to see the wound. Their statements were reported in press accounts and in testimony before the Commission.

a] "*How could the President have been shot in the front from the back?*"

Veteran reporter Tom Wicker talked with doctors on the day of the assassination:

. . . Dr. Malcolm Perry, an attending surgeon, and Dr. Kemp Clark, chief of neurosurgery at Parkland Hospital, gave more details. Mr. Kennedy was hit by a bullet in the throat, *just below the Adam's apple, they said. This wound had the appearance of a bullet's entry. . . .*[48]

Early news reports are not always accurate, and it is possible that accounts written in the hectic hours immediately after the assassination might contain errors. It was four days after the assassination, however, when another veteran reporter, John Herbers, supported his colleague:

Dallas, Nov. 26 . . . Dr. Kemp Clark, who pronounced Mr. Kennedy dead, said one [bullet] struck him about the necktie knot. "*It ranged downward in his chest and did not exit,*" *the surgeon said.*[49]

In the same issue of The New York Times that carried Herbers' story another item appeared. It cited "informed sources" explaining the frontal entry wound in terms of Oswald firing on the motorcade while it was still on Houston Street, before it made the better-than-90-degree turn into Elm.[50]

The "informed sources" quoted by the Times four days after the assassination and the autopsy, explained the Parkland doctors' analysis of an entry wound in the throat by concluding that it was inflicted while the motorcade was still on Houston Street. At that time, of course, the Presidential car was *facing* the Texas School Book Depository, where the alleged sole assassin was firing.

But Life magazine, which had bought the original Zapruder film, soon knew better. The film showed that the President's

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car had already turned onto Elm and was over 100 feet past the Book Depository (and approaching the Grassy Knoll) when the first wound was inflicted. (Life at first attempted an awkward explanation to support the Oswald-firing-from-the-rear thesis of the Commission,[54] but has now joined with earlier critics in asking for a reopening of the investigation.)

Nine days after the assassination, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch carried a story by renowned reporter Richard Dudman under the headline, "Uncertainties Remain Despite Police View of Kennedy Death." The subhead was, "Position of Wound Is Puzzling—Did Assailant Have an Accomplice?"

Dudman wrote: *The strangest circumstance of the shooting, in this reporter's opinion, is the position of the throat wound, thought to have been caused by the first of two shots that struck Mr. Kennedy. Surgeons who attended him at Parkland Hospital described it as an entrance wound. . . . The question that suggests itself is:* How could the President have been shot in the front from the back? *Dr. Perry described the bullet hole as an entrance wound. Dr. McClelland told the Post-Dispatch: "It certainly did look like an entrance wound." He explained that a bullet from a low velocity rifle like the one thought to have been used characteristically makes a small entrance wound, sets up shock waves inside the body and tears a big opening when it passes out the other side.*

Dr. McClelland conceded that it was possible that the throat wound marked the exit of a bullet fired into the back of the President's neck . . . "but we are familiar with wounds," he said. "We see them every day—sometimes several a day. This did appear to be an entrance wound."[55] [emphasis added]

Seventeen days earlier, on December 18, the Post-Dispatch carried the headline, "Secret Service Gets Revision on Kennedy Wound," with the subhead, "After Visit by Agents, Doctors Say Shot Was from the Rear." The story read, in part:

Two Secret Service agents called last week on Dallas surgeons who attended President Kennedy and obtained a reversal of their original view that the bullet in his neck entered from the front.

The investigators did so by showing the surgeons a document described as an autopsy report from the United States Naval Hospital at Bethesda. The surgeons changed their original view to conform with the report they were shown.

"There was no coercion at all," Dr. Robert N. McClelland told the Post-Dispatch. "They didn't say anything like 'This is what you think, isn't it?' "

The surgeons' earlier description of a wound in the front of the President's throat as an entry wound had cast doubt on the official belief that Lee Harvey Oswald was the only assassin. . . . The surgeons now support the official view that both bullets that struck the President were from behind. . . . They now believe that the bullet in the neck entered from the back . . . and passed out through the hole in front, about two inches below the Adam's apple.[56]

b] *The Parkland Doctors' Testimony*

Because the outlines of the frontal throat wound were destroyed by an emergency tracheotomy performed in an attempt to revive the President, the only persons able to see the original throat wound were the staff at Parkland Hospital.

Let us examine their testimony:

Dr. Malcolm Perry: "The wound was roughly spherical to oval in shape, not a punched-out wound, actually, nor was it particularly ragged. It was rather clean cut, but the blood obscured any detail about the edges of the wound exactly."[57]

Dr. Robert McClelland: ". . . if I saw the wound in its state in which Dr. Perry described it to me, I would probably initially think this were an entrance wound. . . ."[58]

Dr. Ronald Jones: "The hole was very small and relatively clean cut, as you would see in a bullet that is entering rather than exiting from a patient."[59]

Dr. Charles Baxter: "Judging from the caliber of the rifle that we later found or became acquainted with, this would more resemble a wound of entry."[60]

Registered Nurse Margaret Henchliffe also thought it was an entrance wound. She testified that she had never seen an exit bullet hole that looked like that one.[61]

The Parkland staff clearly showed, by their testimony, that they observed the throat puncture to have all the characteristics of an entrance wound (small, clean cut) and none of the characteristics of the usual type of exit wound (large, jagged edges). But Commission Counsel Specter was not content to hear testimony on what the only doctors who had seen it *observed* of the wound. In his questioning, he asked each of them to *assume* that the bullet had traversed from back to front through the President via a "fascia channel" (fascia are thin tissue membranes that connect muscles, undeflected, without wobble or yaw. The doctors were then asked to express an opinion, based on that type of passage, as to whether the throat puncture was consistent with an exit wound.

Typical was Specter's questioning of Dr. James Carrico: *Permit me to add some facts which I shall ask you to assume as being true for purposes of having you express an opinion. First of all, assume that the President is struck by a . . . bullet from a rifle . . . at a time when the President was approximately 160 to 250 feet from the weapon [Oswald's range], with the President being struck from the rear at a downward angle of approximately 45 degrees [Specter here seems to accept the angle cited in the FBI Summary Report, instead of the angle of about 15 degrees shown in the artist's drawing—Commission Exhibit 385—which accompanies the autopsy report; this 45 degree angle would render the pass-through theory just that much more ridiculous], being struck on the upper right posterior thorax [near the base of the neck]. . . . Assume further that the missile passed through the body of the President striking no bones, traversing the neck and sliding between the large muscles in the posterior aspect of the President's body through a fascia channel . . . then* exiting precisely *at the point where you observe the* puncture wound *to exist. Now based on those facts, was the appearance of the wound in your opinion consistent with being an exit wound?*[62]

Dr. Carrico responded: *With those facts, and the fact as I understand it no other bullet was found, this would be . . . I believe . . . an exit wound.*[63]

Dr. Perry, who had given the vivid description of an entry-type wound quoted above, responded to similar questioning ". . . with the facts which you have made available and with these assumptions, I believe that it was an exit wound."[64]

It is obvious that such yanked-from-mouth testimony cannot be taken seriously as independent medical opinion—when, questioned on whether the wound was caused by an entry or an exit, the doctors are asked to assume the wound to be an exit to begin with. Norman Redlich, who wrote chapter three of the Warren Report, in the liberal use of such testimony, safely out of context, to support the conclusion that the throat puncture was an exit wound.

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Some of the Parkland doctors, however, gave more argumentative answers to Specter's leading questions.

Dr. Charles Baxter testified: *Although it would be* unusual *for a high velocity missile of this type to cause a wound as you have described, the passage through tissue planes . . . could have well resulted in the sequence which you outline, namely, that the anterior wound does represent a wound of exit . . . . It would be* unlikely *because . . . the farther it went, the more jagged would be the damage that it created, so that ordinarily there would have been a rather large wound of exit.*[56]

Dr. Ronald Jones was highly dubious of the Commission's thesis, but assented with one important condition:

DR. JONES: *If this were an exit wound, you would think that it exited at a very low velocity to produce no more damage than this had done, and if this were a missile of high velocity, you would expect more of an explosive type of exit wound, with more tissue destruction than this appeared to have on superficial examination.*

SPECTER: *Would it be consistent, then with an exit wound but of low velocity, as you put it?*

DR. JONES: *Yes; of very low velocity to the point that you might think that this bullet barely made it through the soft tissues and just enough to drop out of the skin on the opposite side.*[57]

Dr. Jones' testimony is of singular importance. His condition for conceding that the throat wound may have been a wound of exit—that the bullet had to be traveling so slowly as to "barely make it through"—precludes the possibility that it subsequently went through Connally. It could not, then, be the same bullet that hit Connally and smashed ten centimeters of his fifth rib, fractured his right wrist, and went on to wound his thigh. By this criterion, even if the bullet defied all the evidence and passed through Kennedy it would not have possessed sufficient energy to cause *any* of Connally's wounds.

The Zapruder film shows that the President had his back to the Texas School Book Depository throughout the assassination sequence, and that at the time the throat wound was believed to have been inflicted, he was facing slightly to his right. This position is consistent with the strong evidence that the throat puncture was a wound of entry.

There was at least one gunman firing from the front. There were at least three assassins.

[5. THE 64 WITNESSES INDICATING FIRING FROM THE GRASSY KNOLL AREA]

An estimated 32 known witnesses indicated that shots were fired from the Book Depository,[57A] an observation consistent with the strong evidence that at least two gunmen were firing from somewhere to the rear of the motorcade.

By the same token 64 known witnesses indicated that shots originated from forward of the motorcade, from the vicinity of the Grassy Knoll, lending further credence to the physical evidence that President Kennedy was hit from the right front. At least four persons saw smoke in the Knoll area, several smelled smoke there, and a healthy majority of witnesses heard the sound of shots coming from the Knoll. Yet the Commission was able to conclude: . . . *There is no question in the mind of any member of the Commission that all the shots . . . were fired from the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository . . . There is* no credible evidence *that the shots were fired . . . from any other location.*"[57B]

One reason for the Commission's apparent ignorance of this impressive body of evidence is their consistent failure to call witnesses who indicated, in statements to sheriff's deputies or the FBI, that they thought shots came from the Knoll. For example, photographs show approximately 20 persons standing with their backs to the Knoll, facing the Presidential motorcade, at the time of the assassination. Of these, 12 were interviewed by the sheriff's department or the FBI, 10 of whom thought the shots had come from the Knoll directly behind them. Only two were called to testify before the Commission.

Photographs and documents show more than 100 more witnesses to the event than were interviewed by any investigative agency, let alone the Commission. To call them all, said one member of the Commission staff, would have been "redundant."

A. WITNESSES STANDING ON THE TRIPLE OVERPASS:

A1. SAM HOLLAND, railroad signal supervisor for the Union Terminal, was standing on the Triple Overpass inspecting signals and switches when he stopped to watch the parade. He said in a sworn affidavit on the day of the assassination:

. . . The President's car was . . . just about to the arcade [when] I heard what I thought for the moment was a firecracker . . . and I looked over towards the arcade and trees and saw a puff of smoke come from the trees. . . . The puff of smoke I saw definitely came from behind the arcade and through the trees.

What Holland calls the "arcade"—also called by other witnesses the "monument"—is a structure on the Grassy Knoll.

Testifying later before the Commission, Holland reiterated:

I have no doubt about seeing that puff of smoke come out from under those trees. . . . I definitely saw the puff of smoke and heard the report from under those trees.[58]

In his lengthy and detailed testimony, Holland tells about "two policemen that were riding in that motorcade and one of them throwed the motorcycle down right in the middle of the street and run towards that location with his gun in his hand." They were heading, he said, toward "where I saw the puff of smoke. And another one tried to ride up the hill on his motorcycle and got halfway up there and he run up the rest of the way on foot."[59]

Holland advised the Commission that he immediately ran to the corner of the fence near the arcade and that by the time he arrived there were 12 or 15 policemen and people he surmised to be plainclothesmen. He said that among the other cars backed up to the fence was a station wagon with mud on the bumper "as if someone had cleaned their foot, or stood up on the bumper to see over the fence." On the grass by the station wagon was "a spot, I'd say three foot by two foot, looked to me like somebody had been standing there for a long period. I guess if you could count them about a hundred foottracks in that little spot and also mud up on the bumper of that station wagon."[73]

A2. FRANK RILEY, electrician for the Union Terminal, standing with Holland on the Overpass, told the Commission: "It seemed to me like the shots come out of the trees. . . . On the north side of Elm Street at the corner up there. . . . at that park where all the shrubs is up there . . . up the slope."[74]

A3. JAMES SIMMONS, railroad employee standing on the Triple Overpass, was inter-

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viewed by the FBI. An FBI report states:

Simmons said he thought he saw exhaust fumes of smoke near the embankment. . . .[73]

A4. CLEMON JOHNSON, machinist for the railroad, standing on the Triple Overpass, was interviewed by the FBI (never by the Commission). An FBI report says: "Mr. Johnson stated that white smoke was observed near the pavilion."[74]

A5. AUSTIN L. MILLER, mail clerk and tariff compiler for the Texas-Louisiana Freight Bureau located in Union Terminal, was standing on the railroad overpass. He testified:

I turned and looked toward the—there is a little plaza sitting on the hill. I looked over there to see if anything was there, who threw the firecracker or whatever it was. . . .[75]

Miller also swears in a sheriff's department affidavit: "One shot apparently hit the street past the car. I saw something which I thought was smoke or steam coming from a group of trees north of Elm off the railroad tracks."[76]

B. WITNESSES STANDING ON THE GRASSY KNOLL

B6. ABRAHAM ZAPRUDER, who was filming the assassination sequence from a concrete abutment extending from the pavilion, testified to Assistant Commission Counsel Wesley Liebeler:

LIEBELER: *. . . you say the police ran over behind the concrete structure behind you and down the railroad track behind that, is that right?*

ZAPRUDER: *. . . yes, some of them were motorcycle cops—I guess they left their motorcycles running and they were running right behind me, of course, in the line of the shooting. I guess they thought it came from right behind me.*[77]

Zapruder said his initial impression was that "it came from back of me," but he added that he could not be positive because "there was too much reverberation. There was an echo which gave me a sound all over."[78] Later in his testimony the following exchange took place:

ZAPRUDER: *. . . they claim it was proven it could be done by one man. You know there was an indication there were two?*

LIEBELER: *Your films were extremely helpful to the work of the Commission, Mr. Zapruder.*[79]

B7. MARY WOODWARD, MAGGIE BROWN, AURELIA LORENZO and ANN DONALDSON, four newspaperwomen watching the motorcade from the sidewalk near the east end of the pavilion, said they heard ". . . a horrible, ear-shattering noise coming from behind us and a little to the right."[80]

B8. JEAN NEWMAN, who was standing halfway between the Stemmons Freeway sign (about halfway down the Elm Street slope) and the Depository, facing the motorcade, said in a sheriff's department affidavit: ". . . the shots came from my right"[81] (the Depository was to her left).[82]

B9. JOHN ARTHUR CHISM swore in his sheriff's department affidavit: "I was standing with my wife and three year old boy, we were directly in front of the Stemmons Freeway sign. . . . At this point [just after the second shot was fired], I looked behind me, to see whether it was a fireworks display or something."[83] Behind Chism was the Grassy Knoll.

B10. MARVIN FAYE CHISM, his wife, said in her affidavit: "It came from what I thought was behind us."[84] The Chisms were not called to testify before the Commission.

B11 and B12. MR. and MRS. WILLIAM NEWMAN were standing near the curb with their two children, further down from the Stemmons Freeway sign, directly in front of the concrete wall on the Grassy Knoll. In William Newman's sheriff's department affidavit, filed within hours after the shooting, he swears:

I was looking directly at him when he was hit in the side of the head. . . . *Then we fell down on the grass as it seemed that we were in direct path of fire. . . . I thought the shot had come from the garden directly behind me, that was on an elevation from where I was as I was right on the curb. I do not recall looking towards the Texas School Book Depository. I looked back in the vicinity of the garden.*[85]

Mrs. Gayle Newman supported her husband's testimony. Neither was called by the Commission.

B13. EMMETT HUDSON, caretaker of Dealey Plaza, was a few feet past the Newmans, standing on the steps that ascend the Grassy Knoll. In his sheriff's department affidavit filed that afternoon, he swears: ". . . I was sitting on the front steps of the sloping area and about half way down the steps. . . . The shots that I heard definitely came from behind and above me."[86,87]

B14. A. J. MILLICAN, standing on the north side of Elm Street, about halfway between Houston Street and the underpass on the Grassy Knoll, states in his deposition:

Just after the President's car passed, I heard three shots come from up towards Houston and Elm right by the Book Depository Building and then immediately I heard two more shots come from the Arcade between the Book Store and the underpass, and then three more shots came from the same direction only sounded further back. It sounded approximately like a .45 automatic, or a high powered rifle. Then everybody started running up the hill.[88]

C. WITNESSES STANDING IN DEALEY PLAZA

C15. RONALD B. FISHER, standing on the curb at the southwest corner of Houston and Elm (the Texas School Book Depository is on the northwest corner; the Presidential car was heading west) during the assassination, was questioned by Commission Counsel David W. Belin:

BELIN: *Where did the shots appear to be coming from?*

FISHER: *. . . from just west of the School Book Depository Building. There were some railroad tracks and there were some railroad cars back in there.*

BELIN: *And they appeared to be coming from those railroad cars?*

FISHER: *Well, that area somewhere. . . . We ran up to the top of the hill there where all the Secret Service men had run, thinking that that's where the bullets had come from since they seemed to be searching that area over there.*[89]

C16. MRS. JEAN HILL, school teacher and companion of Mrs. Mary Moorman, was standing on the curb of Dealey Plaza directly opposite the concrete wall on the Knoll—as close to the Presidential limousine as any other witness before the Commission. She testified:

We were standing on the curb and I jumped to the edge of the street and yelled, "Hey, we want to take your picture!" . . . The shot rang out. Mary took the picture and fell to the ground and I . . . grabbed my slacks and said, "Get down, they're shooting. . . ." I have always said there were some four to six shots. There were three shots—one right after the other, and a distinct pause . . . and then I heard more. . . . They were rather rapidly fired. . . . I think there were at least four or five shots and perhaps six . . .[90]

I frankly thought they were coming from the Knoll. . . . I thought it was just people shooting from the Knoll. . . . I did think there was more than one person shooting . . . the way the gun report sounded . . . the timing. . . .[91]

The [first] three were fired as though one person were firing . . . just like you could reload and fire again. . . . I thought they [the rest of the shots] were different—I thought the sequence was quicker . . . more automatic.[92]

Mrs. Hill testified that she had talked to a Secret Service man on the afternoon of the assassination, and that she had asked him, "Am I a kook or what's wrong with me? . . . They keep saying three shots—three shots . . . I know I heard more. I heard from four to six shots anyway." She testified that the Secret Service man replied, "Mrs. Hill, we were standing at the window and we heard more shots also, but we have three wounds and we have three bul-

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lets [an apparent reference to the three spent shells found on the sixth floor of the Depository], three shots is all that we are willing to say right now."[93]

As soon as the motorcade passed, Mrs. Hill testified, she saw:

. . . a man up there running, or getting away . . . at the tip of the slope. . . .[94]

Commission Counsel Arlen Specter had Mrs. Hill indicate the location of the running man on a hand-drawn sketch. The sketch appears in the hearings as "Hill Exhibit 5." It is stamped with the notation, "TOP SECRET."[95] Nobody knows why.

Within hours of the shooting, a local newsman, James Featherstone, instructed Mrs. Hill not to mention that she had seen the running man. She testified:

He said, "You know you were wrong about seeing a man running." He said, "You didn't . . ." and I said, "But I did," and he said, "No, don't say that any more on the air." . . . He said . . . that the shots had come from a window up in the Depository and for me not to say that any more, that I was wrong about it. . . .[96]

C17. Charles Brehm told police reporter George Carter of The Dallas Times-Herald that he was standing on the curb approximately ten feet from the Presidential limousine when the shots struck. Carter wrote: "Brehm seemed to think the shots came from in front of or beside the President. He explained the President did not slump forward as he would have after being shot from the rear."[97]

D. WITNESSES IN OR IMMEDIATELY OUTSIDE THE DEPOSITORY

D18. William Shelley, manager of the Depository, testified that he was on the top landing of the entrance watching the motorcade when he heard the shots:

BALL: *What seemed to be the direction or source of the sound?*

SHELLEY: *Sounded like it came from the west.*[98]

The Oswald "nest," of course, was directly over Shelley's head. To the west of his position is the Grassy Knoll area.

D19. Roy S. Truly, superintendent of the Depository, was standing in front of the building at the time of the shots. He joined a policeman, Marrion Baker, and showed him the way to the top of the Depository.

[*Commission Counsel David*] BELIN: *Where did you think the shots came from?*

TRULY: *I thought the shots came from the vicinity [of] the railroad or the WPA project, behind the WPA project west of the building [the reference is to the pavilion on the Knoll].*

BELIN: *Did you have any conversation with the officer . . . about where you thought the shots came from?*

TRULY: *I said, ". . . I think we are wasting our time up here," or words to that effect, "I don't believe these shots came from the building."*[99]

D20. Ochus Virgil Campbell, vice-president of the Depository, was standing next to Truly in front of the building. He gave an affidavit to the FBI:

. . . I heard shots being fired from a point which I thought was near the railroad tracks located over the viaduct on Elm Street.[100]

D21. Steven F. Wilson, vice-president of a textbook publishing company, watched the motorcade from his corner office on the third floor of the Depository—three floors directly beneath the Oswald "nest." Wilson said in an FBI affidavit:

At that time it seemed the shots came from the west end of the building or from the colonnade located on Elm Street across from the west end of our building. The shots really did not sound like they came from above me.[101]

D22. Mrs. Alvin Hopson was looking out of a fourth floor window on the south side of the Depository, facing on Elm Street, during the assassination. Although she was never called by the Warren Commission, she was questioned by the FBI, which reported:

She stated that it did not sound to her like the sounds were coming from her building. . . . She stated she thought they had been set off on the street below, and she saw people on the street running toward the underpass and the railroad tracks.[102]

D23. Mrs. Charles Thomas (Avery) Davis was standing on the steps of the Depository, where she worked, when she heard "three explosions." She told the FBI, "I did not know from which direction the shots had come, but thought they were from the direction of the viaduct which crosses Elm Street west from where I was standing."[103]

D24. Dorothy Ann Garner was watching the motorcade from a fourth floor window in the Depository when she heard the shots. She said in an FBI affidavit, "I thought at the time the shots or reports came from a point to the west of the building."[104]

D25. Mrs. George Andrew (Dolores Arlene) Kounas was outside the Depository, her place of employment, when she heard gunfire. She told the FBI:

Although I was across the street from the Depository building and was looking in the direction of the building as the motorcade passed and following the shots, I did not look up at the building as I had thought the shots came from a westerly direction in the vicinity of the viaduct.[105]

D26. Otis Nevelle Williams, a bookkeeping supervisor at the Depository, who was standing on the steps of the building when the assassination occurred, told the FBI that he heard "three loud blasts" and that "I thought these blasts or shots came from the direction of the viaduct which crosses Elm Street."[106]

D27. Victoria Adams was watching from a pair of windows on the fourth floor of the Book Depository, where she worked. The alleged assassin's window was two floors above her and to her left; the Grassy Knoll was below and to her right. Testifying about the source of the shots, she said, ". . . It seemed as if it came from the right below rather than from the left above."[107]

D28. Billy Lovelady, an employee of the Depository who at the time of the assassination was standing on the steps at the entrance to the building, was questioned by Commission Counsel Joseph Ball:

BALL: *Where was the direction of the sound?*

LOVELADY: *Right there around that concrete little deal on that knoll. . . .*

BALL: *How did you happen to go down there?*

LOVELADY: *. . . because everybody was running . . . toward that way; everybody thought it was coming from that direction.*[108]

Lovelady told the FBI, "I did not at any time believe the shots had come from the Texas School Book Depository Building."[109]

D29. Danny Arce, who was standing in front of the Depository, where he worked, testified: "I thought [the shots] came from the railroad tracks to the west" of the Depository.[110]

D30. Wesley Frazier, the Depository employee who had driven Oswald to work that morning, was standing on the steps of the Depository building. He testified:

Well, to be frank with you I thought it come from down there, you know, where that underpass is. There is a series, quite a few number, of them railroad tracks running together and from where I was standing it sounded like it was coming from down the railroad tracks there.[111]

D31. Joseph Molina was standing on the steps of the Depository building. He was interviewed by the Commission:

BALL: *Where—what was the source of the sound?*

MOLINA: *. . . sort of kind of came from the west side. . . . I didn't want to think what was happening . . . but I wanted to find out so I went down to where the grassy slope is. . . .*[112]

D32. Mrs. Donald Baker, who had been standing at the southwestern corner of the Depository—at the end of the building nearest the Grassy Knoll—testified that she heard shots after the President's car passed the building.

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LIEBELER: *Did you have any idea where they were coming from?*

MRS. BAKER: *Well, the way it sounded . . . there was a railroad track that runs behind the building . . . so I guess it would be by the underpass . . . as well as I can remember now, back there, and we all ran to the plaza. . . .*

LIEBELER: *And you say there are some railroad tracks back in there . . . immediately behind Dealey Plaza away from Elm Street . . . and is that where you thought the shots came from?*

MRS. BAKER: *Yes.*[113]

D33. JAMES JARMAN JR., a Depository employee, was on the fifth floor of the building watching the motorcade from the southeast windows. He thought the shots came from below, near the motorcade.[114]

Jarman was standing with two other employees, Bonnie Ray Williams and Harold Norman, both of whom testified that they heard shots from above them. Upon hearing the shots, however, the immediate reaction of all three men was to run to the west side of the building, not upstairs. "We saw the policemen and people running. . . . There are some tracks on the west side of the building, railroad tracks. They were running towards that way and so we all ran that way."[115]

Williams was later questioned by Commissioner Gerald Ford:

FORD: *Why didn't you go up to the sixth floor?*

WILLIAMS: *I really don't know. We just never did think about it.*[116]

E. MEMBERS OF THE DALLAS COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

Because law enforcement officers are trained observers and familiar with firearms, the following sheriff's deputies, as well as Secret Service agents and Dallas police officers in the sections to follow, are being treated separately.

E34. E. L. BOONE was standing in front of the sheriff's office on Main Street at Houston, a block south of Elm. He raced across Houston Street when he heard shots coming from the vicinity of the President's car (only Dealey Plaza separated him from the car).

"Some of the bystanders said the shots came from the overpass," Boone said. "I ran across the street [Elm] and up the imbankment [*sic*] over the retaining wall and into the freight yard. . . ."[117]

E35. HARRY WEATHERFORD, standing in the same place as Boone, said in his sworn affidavit:

. . . I heard a loud report which I thought was a railroad torpedo, as it sounded as if it came from the railroad yard. . . . By this time I was running towards the railroad yards where the sound seemed to come from.[118]

E36. HAROLD E. ELKINS, who was also standing in front of the sheriff's office at the time of the shooting, declared in an investigation report:

I immediately ran to the area from which it sounded like the shots had been fired. This is an area between the railroads and the Texas School Book Depository. . . . There were several other officers in this area, and we secured it from the public. . . . Later a City of Dallas policeman came to our office with three prisoners who he had arrested on the railroad yards. I took these three to the city jail and turned them over to Captain Fritz.[119]

There is no mention in the Warren Report of who these men were, why they were arrested, or the disposition of their cases.

E37. SEYMOUR WEITZMAN was questioned by Commission Counsel Ball:

WEITZMAN: *I immediately ran toward the President's car. Of course, it was speeding away and somebody said the shots or the firecracker, whatever it was at that time, we still didn't know the President was shot, came from the wall. I immediately scaled that wall.*

BALL: *What is the location of that wall?*

WEITZMAN: *It would be between the railroad overpass and I can't remember the name of that little street that runs off Elm; it's cater-corner—the section there between the—what do you call it?—the monument section?*[120]

* * *

BALL: *Didn't you, when you went over to the railroad yard, talk to some yardman?*

WEITZMAN: *I asked a yardman if he had seen or heard anything during the passing of the President. He said he thought he saw somebody throw something through a bush. . . .*

BALL: *Did the yardman tell you where he thought the noise came from?*

WEITZMAN: *Yes, sir; he pointed out the wall section where there was a bunch of shrubbery. . . .*[121]

E38. ROGER CRAIG was standing in front of the sheriff's office. "At the retort [*sic*] of the first shot," he stated, "I started running . . . up the terrace on Elm Street, and into the railroad yards."[122]

E39. A. D. MCCURLEY was also standing at the front entrance of the sheriff's office when the shots were fired. He said:

I rushed towards the park and saw people running towards the railroad yards . . . and I ran over and jumped a fence and a railroad worker stated to me that he believed the smoke from the bullets came from the vicinity of a stockade fence which surrounds the park area.[123]

E40. J. E. DECKER is the sheriff of Dallas County. He was riding in a car immediately ahead of the President's car.

I noted motorcycle officers coming off their cycles and running up the embankment. . . . I took the microphone and requested the [Dallas Police Department dispatcher] to notify all officers in my department to immediately get over to the area where shooting occurred and saturate the area of the park. . . ."[124]

The "park" referred to by Sheriff Decker is the Grassy Knoll.

E41. J. L. OXFORD reported that shots rang out as the end of the motorcade passed in front of him. He declared:

Officer McCurley [E39, above] *and myself ran across Houston Street on across Elm and down to the underpass. When we got there, everyone was looking toward the railroad yards. . . . When we got over there, there was a man who told us that he had seen smoke up in the corner of the fence. We went on up to the corner of the fence to see what we could find. . . .*[125]

E42. LUKE MOONEY was another deputy who was standing in front of the sheriff's office when he heard the shots. "I started running across Houston Street and down across the lawn to the triple underpass," he stated, "and up the terrace to the railroad yards. I searched, along with many other officers, this area. . . ."[126]

E43. JACK FALKNER, a deputy who later helped to search the Depository, said in his investigative report:

When we got down to the third floor, we talked to office workers who told us they were looking out of the third floor window when the shots were fired from the street near the concrete arcade.[127]

E44. I. C. TODD, watching the motorcade from Houston Street, said that after hearing the shots he "immediately recognized them as being gunfire. I ran across the street and went behind the railroad tracks. . . ."[128]

E45. JAMES N. CRAWFORD, deputy district clerk at the Dallas County Courthouse, watched the motorcade from the corner of Houston and Elm. He was questioned by Commission Counsel Joseph Ball:

BALL: *Did you have any impression as to the source of the sound, from what direction the sound came, the sound of the explosions?*

CRAWFORD: *Yes; I do . . . I thought it was a backfire in the cavalcade from down the hill, down the hill toward the underpass.*[129]

F. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS

E46. ROY KELLERMAN was the Secret Service agent for the President. He was riding in the right front seat of the President's car. He testified before the Commission:

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. . . there was a sign on the side of the road which I don't recall what it was or what it said, but we no more than passed that and you are out in the open. . . .[130]

* * *

SPECTER: *You say that you turned to your right immediately after you heard a shot?*

KELLERMAN: *Yes, sir.*

SPECTER: *What was the reason for your reacting to your right?*

KELLERMAN: *That was the direction I heard this noise, pop.*[131]

The sign to which Kellerman referred was probably the Stemmons Freeway sign mentioned in other testimony and shown in the Zapruder film. Directly to Kellerman's right at the moment the gunfire sounded was the Grassy Knoll.

147. CLINTON HILL was riding in the Presidential follow-up car with fellow Secret Service agent Emory Roberts. At the time of the shooting, the Depository was to the rear of their vehicle; the Grassy Knoll was on the right. Hill was also questioned by Commission Counsel Specter:

SPECTER: *And did you have a reaction or impression as to the source or point of origin of the second shot that you described?*

HILL: *It was right, but I cannot say for sure that it was rear, because when I mounted the car it was—it had a different sound, first of all, than the first sound that I heard. The second one had almost a double sound. . . .*[132]

148. EMORY ROBERTS was riding in the front seat of the follow-up car directly behind the President. He stated, "I could not determine from what direction the shots came, but felt they had come from the right side."[133]

149. PAUL LANDIS JR. was riding in the right rear of the follow-up car. He recalled: ". . . I heard what sounded like the report of a high powered rifle from behind me, over my right shoulder." An estimated two or three seconds later, Landis heard another shot. "I still was not certain from which direction the second shot came," he related, "but my reaction at this time was that the shot came from somewhere towards the front, right-hand side of the road."[134]

150. FORREST SORRELS, head of the Dallas office of the Secret Service, was riding in the lead car of the motorcade. Almost at the Triple Underpass when the shots rang out, he testified that he ". . . turned around to look up on this terrace part there, because the sound sounded like it came from the back and up in that direction."[135]

G. DALLAS POLICE OFFICERS

151. JESSE CURRY, the chief of police, spoke over the police radio at 12:30 p.m.:

Notify station five to move all men available out of my department back into the railroad yards and try to determine what happened and hold everything secure until Homicide and other investigators can get in there.[136]

152. ROBERT HARGIS, the motorcycle patrolman riding escort at the left rear of the Presidential car:

. . . At the time it sounded like the shots were right next to me. . . . There was something in my head that said that they probably could have been coming from the railroad overpass, because I thought since I had got splattered, with blood—I was just a little back and left of. . . Mrs. Kennedy, but I didn't know. . . . I ran up to this kind of a little wall, brick wall up there to see if I could get a better look on the bridge, and, of course, I was looking all around that place by that time.

Hargis then jumped back on his motorcycle and "rode underneath the first underpass to look on the opposite side in order to see if I could see anyone running away from the scene. . . ."[137]

153. CLYDE HAYGOOD, the motorcycle policeman riding to the right rear of the Presidential car, was just turning the corner from Houston onto Elm when he heard shots:

. . . I could see all these people laying on the ground there on Elm. Some of them were pointing back up to the railroad yard, and a couple of people were headed back up that way. . . . And I left my motor on the street and ran to the railroad yard.[138]

154. E. L. SMITH, who at the time of the shots was standing cater-corner from the Depository, testified to the Commission:

I thought when it came to my mind that there were shots, and I was pretty sure there were when I saw his [President Kennedy's] car because they were leaving in such a hurry, I thought they were coming from this area here [the Grassy Knoll area], and I ran over there and checked back of it. . . .

155. J. M. SMITH was standing at Houston and Main when he heard the shots. He testified, ". . . This woman came up to me and she was just in hysterics. She told me, 'They are shooting the President from the bushes.'"[139] Smith said he ran past the Depository, up the Grassy Knoll and into the parking lot behind. In a newspaper interview he said that he smelled gunpowder there, a "faint smell of it—I could tell it was in the air."[140]

156. ABEL BROWN, on duty at a railroad overpass directly behind the railroad yards, testified, "I heard these shots and then I smelled this gunpowder."[141]

H. WITNESSES RIDING IN THE MOTORCADE

157. ROBERT JACKSON, a staff photographer for The Dallas Times-Herald who rode in the motorcade, testified:

It did sound like it came from ahead of us or from that general vicinity but I could not tell whether it was high up or on the ground. . . . It did sound as though it came from somewhere around the head of the motorcade.[142] Jackson also saw a rifle being withdrawn from a window of the Depository.

158. MRS. JOHN CONNALLY, wife of the governor and a passenger in the Presidential limousine, testified, "I had no thought of whether they were high or low or where. *They just came from the right;* sounded like they were to my right."[143] Directly to Mrs. Connally's right was the Grassy Knoll.

159. MALCOLM COUCH, Dallas TV news cameraman who rode in the motorcade, was questioned by Commission Counsel David Belin:

BELIN: *Is there any particular reason, Mr. Couch, why you didn't take your first pictures of the School Book Depository Building itself when you say you saw a rifle being withdrawn?*

COUCH: *. . . The excitement on the ground . . . the activity on the ground kept my attention. . . . All the policemen had their pistols pulled. And people were pointing back around those shrubs. . . . You would think there was a chase going on in that direction.*[144]

160. DAVID POWERS, a Presidential aide in the right side jump seat of the follow-up car, said in an affidavit:

My first impression was that the shots came from the right and overhead, but I also had a fleeting impression that the noise appeared to come from the front in the area of the Triple Overpass. This may have resulted from my feeling, when I looked forward toward the overpass, that we might have ridden into an ambush.[145]

I. OTHER WITNESSES

161. LEE BOWERS, towerman for the Union Terminal Company, was at work in a railroad tower 14 feet high, located just north of the Grassy Knoll behind the curving railroad tracks. He tells of three cars that slowly cruised the area during the half hour before the shooting.

Two had out-of-state plates, he said, and a third, a 1957 black Ford, had "one male in it that seemed to have a mike or telephone. . . . He was very close to the tower, I could see him. . . ."

The last Bowers saw of another of the cars, ". . . he was pausing . . . just above the assassination site. . . . At the moment I heard the sound, I was looking directly towards the area. . . . At the time of the shooting there seemed to be some commotion. . . . I just am unable to describe rather than it was something out of the or-

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dinary, a sort of milling around, but something occurred in this particular spot which was out of the ordinary, which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify.[147]

162. JAMES TAGUE, an automobile salesman standing on the south side of Main Street near the mouth of the Triple Underpass watching the parade, was wounded in the cheek after a bullet struck the curb near him. He told the Commission:

My first impression was that up by the, whatever you call the monument . . . somebody was throwing firecrackers up there. . . . When I saw the people throwing themselves on the ground is when I realized there was serious trouble. . . ."[148]

163. J. C. PRICE had been standing on the roof of the Terminal Annex Building. He said in a sheriff's deposition:

. . . There was a volley of shots, I think five. . . . I saw one man run towards the passenger cars on the railroad siding after the volley of shots. . . . He had something in his hand. I couldn't be sure but it may have been a head piece.[149]

164. ARNOLD ROWLAND, who at the time of the shooting was standing with his wife in front of the Dallas Courthouse, about 150 feet from the corner of Main and Houston Streets, gave his impression of the point of origin of the first shot:

I didn't look at the building mainly, and as practically any of the police officers that were there then will tell you, the echo effect was such that it sounded like it came from the railroad yards. That is where I looked, that is where all the policemen, everyone, converged on the railroads. . . .

SPECTER: *Why did you not look back at the Texas School Book Depository Building in view of the fact that you had seen a man with a rifle up there earlier in the day?*

ROWLAND: *. . . It was mostly due to . . . the fact that it sounded like it came from this area [indicating the Triple Underpass on Commission Exhibit 354] and that all the officers, enforcement officers, were converging on that area and I just didn't pay any attention to it at that time.*[150]

Recapitulation:

We have presented two separate bodies of evidence, each of which adds another gunman to the single assassin posited by the Commission. From this, we have concluded that there were at least three assassins firing, and that President Kennedy was caught in a crossfire on November 22.

ONE BODY OF EVIDENCE shows that someone was firing on the motorcade from the rear in addition to the gunman firing the Italian bolt-action rifle.[151]

1] Both Kennedy and Governor Connally, as the Commission concluded, were struck from the rear in less time than the minimum time needed to fire the alleged murder weapon twice.

2] The Commission's attempt to prove the existence of a single assassin by showing that one bullet fired from the rear struck both men, collides with the evidence:

a] Evidence now available shows that the bullet entered the President's back at a point lower than that posited by the Commission. Further, there is no conclusive evidence that it left a continuous path through the President's body, or that it exited at his throat.

b] Testimony of Governor and Mrs. Connally, together with study of the Zapruder film, shows that he and President Kennedy were hit from the rear by separate bullets.

c] The Commission's own experts contradicted the Commission thesis that a bullet (Exhibit 399), discovered unmutilated on a stretcher in Parkland Hospital, caused all the wounds of Governor Connally.

3] One bullet fired from the rear did not pass through President Kennedy and then go on to cause all of Connally's wounds. Wounded within less than 2.3 seconds of each other, they were hit by separate bullets. There were at least two assassins firing from the rear.[151]

A SECOND BODY OF EVIDENCE shows that at least one gunman was firing from a position forward of the motorcade.

1] Study and measurement of the Zapruder film shows the President's head snapping sharply back and to the left, consistent with a shot fired from the right front, where the Grassy Knoll is situated. For the fatal shot to have been fired from the rear would violate Newton's law of conservation of momentum—barring a highly improbable neuromuscular reaction sufficiently strong to overcome any trace of the impact of a bullet traveling 1300 miles an hour.

2] Medical testimony of the Parkland doctors shows a wound of exit on the right rear portion of the President's head, consistent with a shot fired from the front.

3] Medical testimony of the Parkland staff, the only doctors to view the bullet hole in the President's throat before it was obliterated by the tracheotomy, shows that based on the appearance of the wound, it was a wound of entry—consistent with a shot from the front.

4] Testimony of 64 witnesses to the assassination shows that shots originated from forward of the motorcade, from the area of the Grassy Knoll. Witnesses saw smoke rising from the Knoll area, heard the sound of gunfire coming from the Knoll, and smelled smoke behind the Knoll.

THESE TWO ARGUMENTS are logically independent of each other. The validity of either adds one gunman to the Commission's version of the assassination. If either argument could be proved invalid, it would not affect the validity of the other.

We feel the evidence is persuasive that there were at least three gunmen firing at the Presidential motorcade in Dallas. And we feel that a thorough re-investigation should be launched immediately—with the full resources of the United States government and private citizens at its disposal—to discover the identity of the three or more assassins, and the identity of those who planned the crime and ordered its execution.

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Footnotes to Part II:

1—XVIII, 1-80.
2—XVII, 901.
3—WR 115.
4—WR 19.
5—WR 109.
6—WR 109.
7—Thomas Stamm, unpublished treatise; italics in original.
8—V, 169.
9—The rate of change of momentum is proportional to the impressed force, *and is in the direction in which the force acts.* (Note by Dr. Riddle)
9A—We must be careful how we apply these principles. It is only in cases where the impact is with bone, i.e. a rigid part of the body, that a definite statement of the resulting motion can be made. This is true of the present case, but not, for example, of a hit in the stomach. (Note by Dr. Riddle)
9B—J. Edgar Hoover has acknowledged that two of these film frames, 314 and 315, were transposed in publication in Volume XVIII. (Note by Dr. Riddle)
10—The initial motion of the head (frames 312-313) is consistent with a bullet fired from an elevation of about 25 degrees or more from the direction we have postulated, since this would cause a turning motion about the neck in the direction observed. (Note by Dr. Riddle)
11—"Mrs. Connally heard a second shot fired and pulled her husband down into her lap. . . . The governor was lying with his head on his wife's lap when he heard a shot hit the President. At that point, both Governor and Mrs. Connally observed brain tissue spattered over the interior of the car. According to Governor and Mrs. Connally, it was *after* this shot that Kellerman issued emergency instructions and the car accelerated." (WR 50) Note that no other testimony relating to this point is adduced in the Report. The Commission apparently accepted the testimony of the Governor and his wife on this point as accurate and factual. See also testimony of Clint Hill, Secret Service agent who jumped on the back of the President's car, about the sudden acceleration of the car: ". . . the initial surge was quite violent, because it almost jerked me off the left rear stepboard." (II, 141) Lyndal Shaneyfelt, the FBI photo expert, testified: ". . . I examined the Zapruder film and determined that Agent Hill first places his hand on the Presidential car at frame 343. This is approximately 1.6 seconds after the President is hit in the head at frame 313. Special Agent Hill placed one foot on the bumper of the car at frame 368, which is approximately three seconds after frame 313. Agent Hill had both feet on the car at frame 381, which is approximately 3.7 seconds after frame 313." (XV, 699) The testimony of Hill and Shaneyfelt, taken together, clearly establishes that the car did not accelerate until several seconds after the fatal head shot. (Note by Dr. Riddle)
12—Even if the bullet impacted in such a way as to cause a turning motion of the head, we would expect to see *some* forward motion before the head is completely turned (see footnote 9); we see only a backward motion. (Note by Dr. Riddle)
13—R. A. J. Riddle, private study conducted for Ramparts; previously unpublished.
14—VI, 56; italics added.
15—VI, 33.
16—VI, 40-41.
17—VI, 20.
18—VI, 11.
19—VI, 65.
20—VI, 136.
21—II, 141.
22—WR 538-43.
23—WR 86.
24—VI, 136.
25—VI, 48, 71, 74, 11, 25, 35, 42; II, 128.
26—XVIII, 731.
27—XVIII, 765; italics added.
28—XIX, 490; italics added.
29—XVIII, 801.
30—XX, 353.
31—II, 81. Kellerman's first observation was of the gaping (exit) wound in the right rear portion of the head, which he described as "to the left of the [right] ear . . . and a little high." The President's body was face down when Kellerman made this observation. Clearly, he is measuring leftward from the right ear. Kellerman went on to say, "Entry into this man's head was right below that wound, right here." SPECTER: "Indicating the bottom of the hairline immediately to the right of the [right] ear about the lower third of the ear? . . ." KELLERMAN: "Right . . ." SPECTER: "What was the size of that aperture?" KELLERMAN: "The little finger." Again, it is apparent that Kellerman is measuring from the right ear.
32—WR 542.
33—Commission Exhibits 385, 386, 388.
34—XVI, 984.
35—II, 349-50.
36—Liberation, March 1965; italics in original.
37—XVII, 48.
38—II, 373.
39—V, 180.
40—A full photographic record from the autopsy might also help to clear up the question of a possible wound in the forward upper left-hand octant of the President's head. If such a wound existed, it may have been an exit wound for either a bullet or a fragment, or an entry wound for another bullet; and there are competent witnesses who swear that it existed. Father Oscar L. Huber, pastor of the Holy Trinity Catholic Church of Dallas, administered the last rites to the President. According to one account, he "wet his right thumb with holy oil and anointed a Cross over the President's forehead, noticing as he did a 'terrible wound' over his left eye." (Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin, Nov. 24, 1963).
41—Two eyewitnesses to the assassination, James Altgens and Norman Simalis, made statements indicating the existence of a left temporal wound. Altgens, an Associated Press photographer, was standing on the side of Elm Street to the *left* of the Presidential car. He testified: "There was flesh particles that flew out of the side of his head in my direction from where I was standing, so much so that it indicated to me that the shot came out of the left side of his head." (VII, 518)
42—Norman Simalis, a visitor from Toronto, said he was ten feet from the President and "could see a hole in the President's left temple and his head and hair were bathed in blood." (New York Times, Nov. 23, 1963) Simalis was not called as a witness before the Commission.
43 and 44—Dr. Robert McClelland of Parkland Hospital—who testified that he was "in such a position that [he] could very closely examine the head wound" (VI, 33) —stated in his written report (dated and timed: November 22, 1963, 4:45 p.m.) that "the *cause of death* was due to massive head and brain injury from a gunshot wound of the *left* temple." (XVII, 12; italics added.) The Commission failed to question Dr. McClelland about these findings.
45—Two other doctors, Dr. Giesecke and Dr. Jenkins, noticed a left frontal wound. Jenkins testified, ". . . I don't know whether this is right or not, but I thought there was a wound on the left temporal area," to which Commission Counsel Specter replied: "The autopsy report discloses no such development, Dr. Jenkins." (VI, 48)
46—Specter was apparently too busy proving that one bullet went through two men to examine carefully the medical documents he himself admitted into evidence. Included in the autopsy report was the pathologist's diagram showing a front view of the President's body, annotated by surgeons during the autopsy (Commission Exhibit 397). Just over the left eye—where Father Huber had observed a "terrible wound"—there appears a thick black dot, similar to the notation used to identify other wounds on the body. A measurement in centimeters, again similar to the notation employed for other wounds, is clearly marked next to the black dot over the left eye. There is no further reference to a wound in the forward upper left hand octant of the President's head, and despite

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the clear markings on the pathologist's diagram, the autopsy surgeons were not questioned about them.

47—WR 98.

48—New York Times, Nov. 23, 1963; italics added.

49—New York Times, Nov. 27, 1963; italics added.

50—New York Times, Nov. 27, 1963; italics added.

51—Life undertook to explain the contradiction in its issue of Nov. 29, 1963: "But the 8-mm. film shows the President *turning his body far around to the right as he waves to someone in the crowd. His throat is exposed—toward the sniper's nest*—just before he clutches it." (italics added)

Unfortunately for Life's explanation, the Zapruder film shows no such thing. One had only to look at the film frames published in that same issue—and more recently republished in Life for November 25, 1966—to see that the President was clearly facing forward and turned slightly to the right when he was shot.

52—St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Dec. 1, 1963; italics added.

53—The problem of resolving an entry wound in the throat with the proposition that a lone assassin was firing from the rear, hadn't gone away by the following week. The New York Times reported: ". . . Thirteen days after the assassination of President Kennedy, federal investigators were still reconstructing the crime on film today. . . . One question was *how the President could have received a bullet in the front of the throat* from a rifle in the Texas School Book Depository after his car had passed the building and was turning a gentle curve away from it. One explanation from a competent source was that the President had turned to his right to wave, and was struck at that moment." (Times, Dec. 6, 1963; italics added.)

54—If the FBI, in reconstructing the event 13 days later, had access to the conclusion of the autopsy—that the throat wound was a wound of exit—it might not have puzzled over this problem. According to Dr. Humes, the autopsy report was written and transmitted to "higher authority" by Sunday, November 24. Why was the FBI reconstructing the crime the "wrong" way on December 5? Did it have the final autopsy report? Did it have another, earlier version? The next lines from the same Times story are not reassuring: "The best authority presumable on the *exact angle of entry* of the bullet is the man who conducted the autopsy. He is Dr. J. J. Humes of the Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Md. Dr. Humes said he has been forbidden to talk." (Times, Dec. 6, 1963; italics added.)

55—On the following March 16, Dr. Humes was indeed an authority, before the Warren Commission—on the angle of *exit*. Yet if we are to accept the findings of the Commission—then we must also accept the spectacle of the FBI reconstructing the crime *as though the front neck wound were one of entrance inflicted by a lone assassin firing from behind*, and doing so two weeks after the autopsy, apparently without access to authoritative medical evidence as to the origin of the shots. J. Edgar Hoover disclosed that the FBI and the Warren Commission did not receive *official* copies of the autopsy report until December 23, 1963, from the Secret Service. (New York Times, Nov. 26, 1966.)

56—St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Dec. 18, 1963.

57—VI, 43.

58—VI, 9.

59—VI, 37.

60—VI, 55.

61—VI, 42.

62—VI, 141.

63—III, 362; italics added.

64—III, 362; WR 92.

65—III, 373; WR 92.

66—VI, 42; italics added.

67—VI, 55.

67-A—Harold Feldman, Minority of One, March 1965.

67-B—WR 19.

68—XXIV, 212.

69—VI, 244.

70—VI, 247.

71—VI, 244-6.

72—VI, 230.

73—XXII, 833.

74—XXII, 836.

75—VI, 225.

76—XIX, 485.

77—VII, 571.

78—VII, 571-2.

79—VII, 576.

80—Dallas Morning News, Nov. 23, 1963; Feldman, Minority of One, March, 1965.

81—XXIV, 218.

82—XXII, 843.

83—XXIV, 204.

84—XXIV, 205.

85—XXIV, 219; italics added.

86—XXIV, 213.

87—VII, 560; italics added.

88—XIX, 486.

89—VI, 195-6.

90—VI, 206-7.

91—VI, 212-3.

92—VI, 207.

93—VI, 220-1.

94—VI, 210-3.

95—XX, 158.

96—VI, 222.

97—Dallas Times-Herald, Nov. 22, 1963

98—VI, 328-9.

99—III, 227.

100—XXII, 638.

101—XXII, 685.

102—XXIV, 521.

103—XXII, 642.

104—XXII, 648.

105—XXII, 659.

106—XXII, 683.

107—VI, 388.

108—VI, 338-9.

109—XXII, 662.

110—VI, 365.

111—II, 234.

112—VI, 371-2.

113—VII, 510-1.

114—III, 204.

115—III, 175.

116—III, 177.

117—XIX, 508.

118—XIX, 502.

119—XIX, 540.

120—VII, 106.

121—VII, 109.

122—XIX, 524.

123—XIX, 514.

124—XIX, 458.

125—XIX, 530.

126—XIX, 528.

127—XIX, 511.

128—XIX, 543.

129—VI, 173.

130—II, 73.

131—II, 74.

132—II, 144.

133—XVIII, 739.

134—XVIII, 754-5.

135—VII, 345.

136—XXI, 390-1.

137—VI, 294-6.

138—VI, 298.

139—VII, 568-9.

140—VII, 535.

141—The Texas Observer, Dec. 13, 1963.

142—VI, 233.

143—II, 162.

144—IV, 149; italics added.

145—VI, 159-60.

146—VII, 473.

147—VI, 286-8.

148—VII, 557.

149—XIX, 492.

150—II, 180-1.

151—See Part One, section 5, for a consideration of the possibility that the Carcano rifle was not used in the assassination.

RESEARCH CONSULTANTS—Mae Brussel, Marjorie Deschamps, Penn Jones Jr., Jones Harris, Paul Hoch, Ray Marcus, Shirley Martin, Elizabeth Stoneborough

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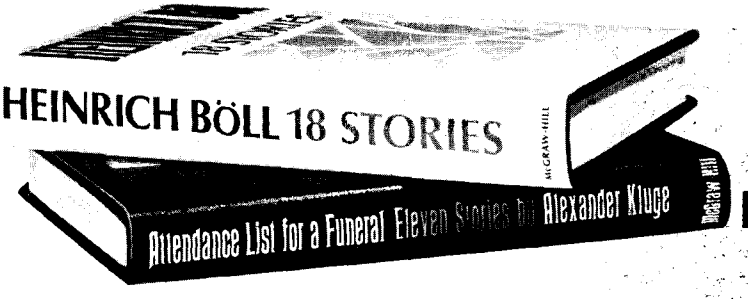

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